★ Mar. 8, 1947

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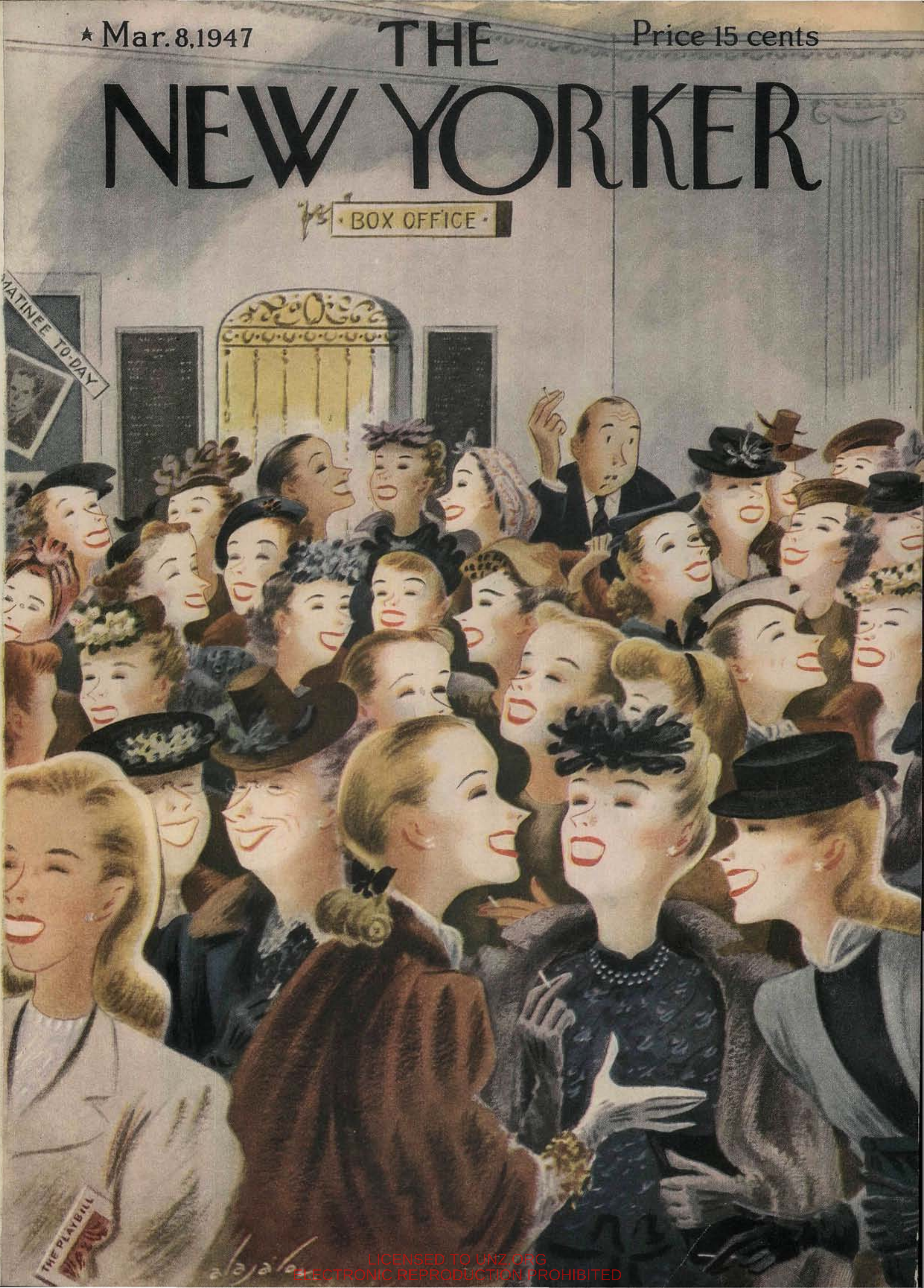
THE NEW YORKER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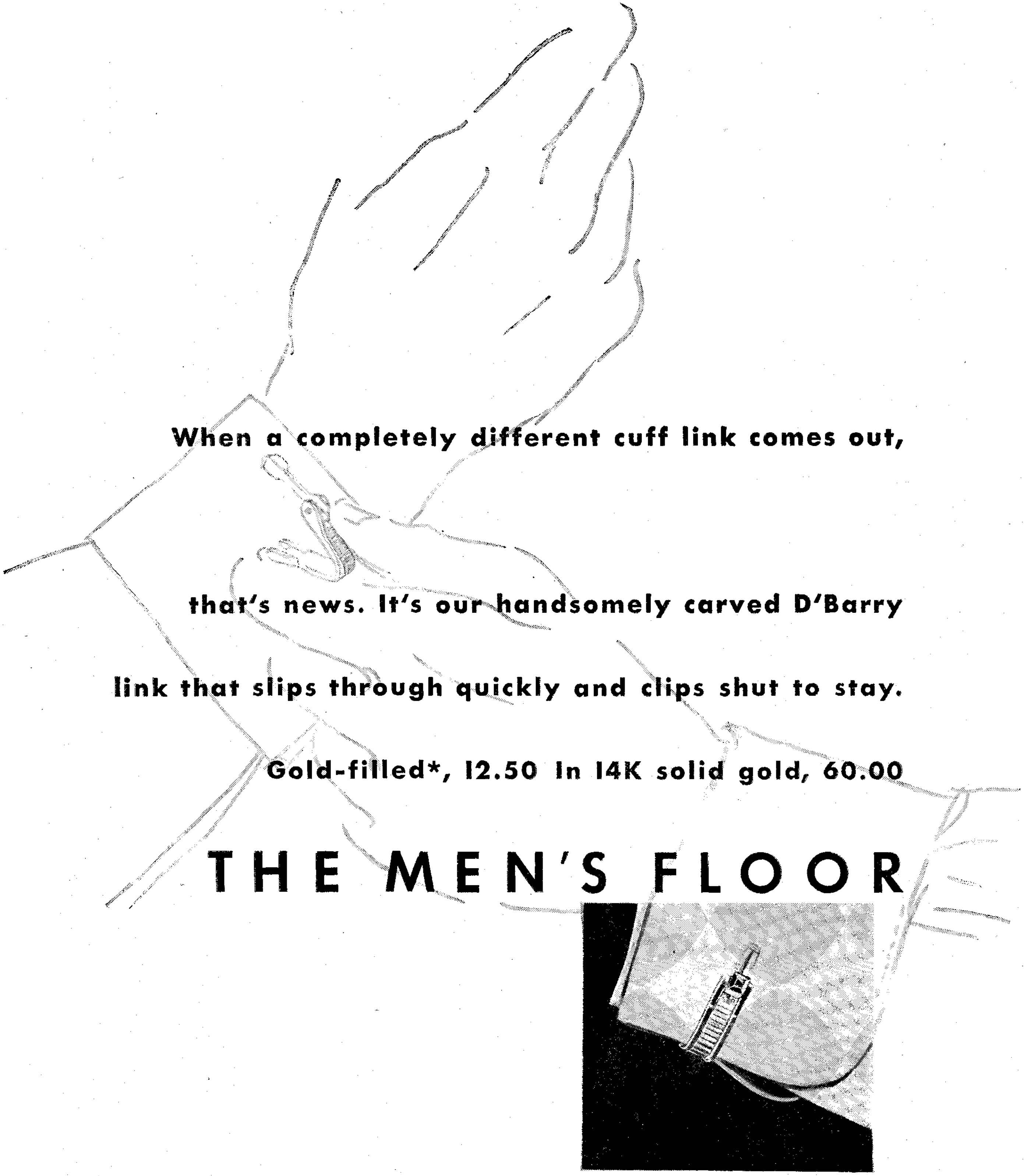

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play about war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. With Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Another Part of the Forest—The venomous characters of "The Little Foxes" taken back to 1880 to show how they got that way. One of Lillian Hellman's slighter efforts. With Patricia Neal and Margaret Phillips. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This play about a drunken comedian doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as funny, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. Jean Parker is very fetching as his principal assistant. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Christopher Blake—Moss Hart's somewhat overemotional and not wholly convincing study of the effect of divorce on a twelve-year-old boy. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 8.)

Craig's Wife—An almost too faithful reproduction of the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1925, which turns out to be more stilted of speech than you may have remembered it. The fine cast is headed by Judith Evelyn. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer, in his own revival of the Rostand play, is perhaps more subtle than Walter Hampden used to be, if not quite so romantic. Also with Frances Reid, Ernest Graves, Paula Laurence, and Hiram Sherman. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's interesting and sometimes powerful four-hour drama. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Monday, at 7:30. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Joan of Lorraine—Ingrid Bergman is altogether magnificent in Maxwell Anderson's piece about an actress who plays the Maid of Orleans and also seems to share a good many of her opinions. The rest of the cast is excellent, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this well-tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Oscar Wilde's comedy in probably the most stylish revival it has ever had. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood help deliver the famous old epigrams. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Present Laughter—A comedy concerning a man (Clifton Webb) who has far too many girls. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Donald Wolfit Repertory—An old-fashioned and not very imaginative job of playing Elizabethan drama, by a veteran troupe. The schedule for this week follows. Thursday evening, March 6: "Volpone." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 7: "Hamlet." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8: "As You Like It." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 8: "King Lear." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 8.)

Years Ago—Ruth Gordon's loving and witty reminiscences of her days in Boston when she dreamed of being an actress. Fredric March is almost perfect as her eccentric father, and Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are very nice as the ladies in the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Yellow Jack—A repertory reading of Sidney Howard's old, terse, and reliable play about Army doctors after the Spanish-American War. Time has done it no special damage. With Philip Bourneuf, Victor Jory, and Alfred Ryder. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, gets crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays a lady tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. With Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **life with father:** It goes on forever. With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **o mistress mine:** Well, it has the Lunts, and that should be enough for anybody. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy almost becomes the Republican candidate for President. With Minor Watson and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** A sergeant on a weekend pass. Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Importance of Being Earnest—John Gielgud and Margaret Rutherford in the Oscar Wilde comedy. Directed by Mr. Gielgud. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Parlor Story—A play by William McCleery, with a cast headed by Walter Abel and Edith Atwater. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Paul Streger. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Beggar's Holiday—Duke Ellington has written an interesting, if uneven, score for this variation of "The Beggar's Opera," and John Latouche has contributed the book and lyrics. Alfred Drake heads a lively cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical fantasy about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. With Ella Logan and David Wayne. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Street Scene—An operatic version of Elmer Rice's old war horse. Some of Kurt Weill's music is lovely and the singers range from good to wonderful, but the whole thing may be a little pretentious. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, for it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to romp over, with loyal assistance from

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 3, March 8, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $9.00.

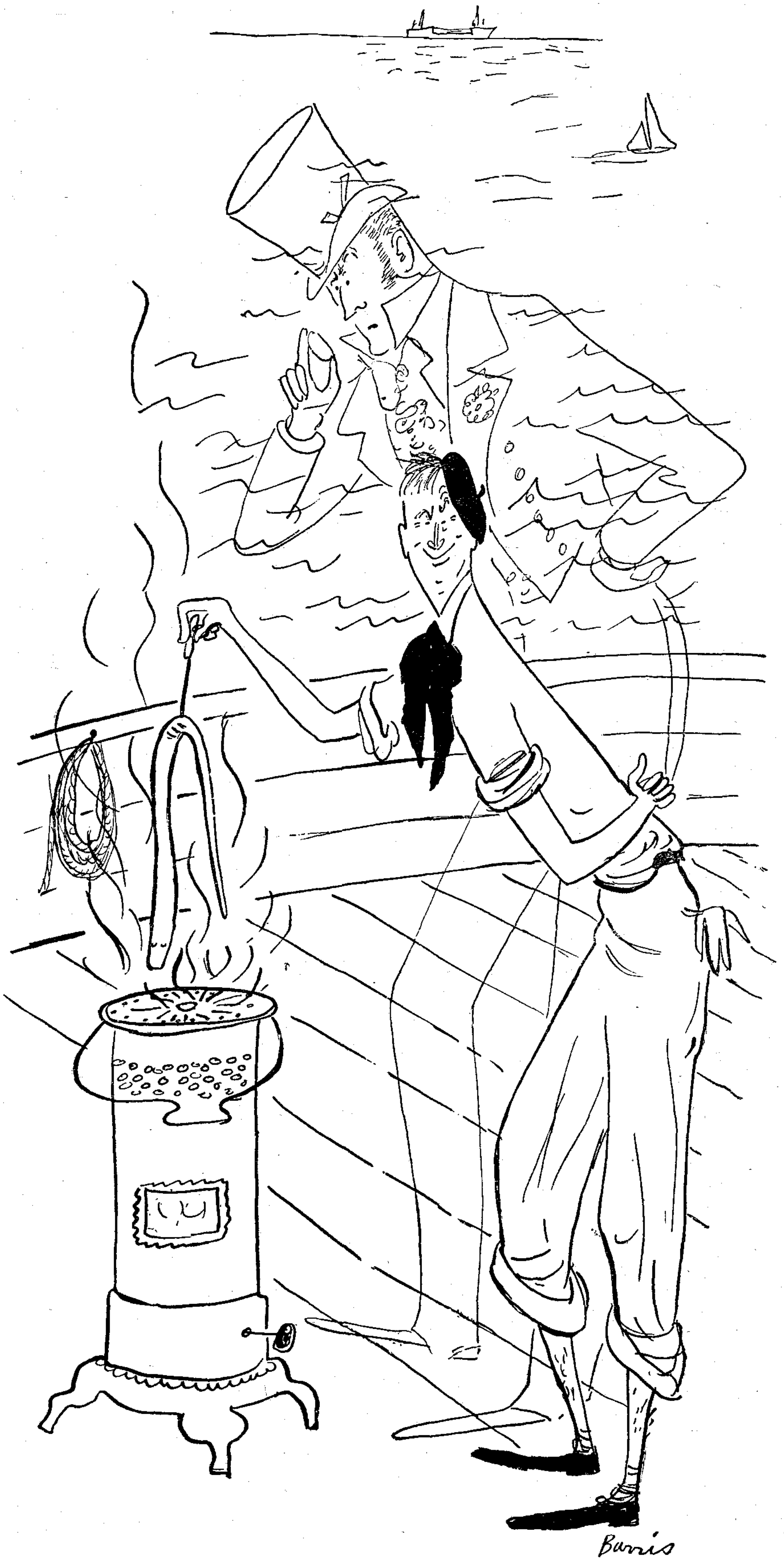
This is our Mr. Felgarrk

Mr. Felgarrk is an ex-bohemian who was born in Bournemouth, England, and caught a fast boat to America. For twenty-three years he's been sketching men's raiment in our advertisements, or Art for the sake of Saks Fifth Avenue plus a wife and two kiddies.

It was he who invented the Major, a character appearing in our men's ads and serving as a dandy excuse for Mr. Felgarrk to gad. For instance, the Major is crazy about horse-flesh on the move, flanked by high fashion, and must be sketched at Saratoga and Belmont. Recently, when Mr. Felgarrk got hungry for the feel of a new motor-car, he announced that the Major had to dash off to Detroit and be sketched at the new Saks men's shop in that motor-fertile city. Next he mentioned that the Major must fly to Hollywood for a few weeks, to look over the Saks Beverly Hills men's shop *which doesn't even open till June.*

He came back from California in ruddy shape, but he's been yacketa, yacketa about the impulsive sartorial get-up of male movie people.

Several years ago Mr. Felgarrk bought a houseboat floundering off the coast of New Rochelle, to serve as a rest-cure between trips with the Major. Here he and his wife have spent many a tranquil week-end fishing the kids out of the water when they fell overboard. Last summer Mr. F., who fancies himself as an outdoor chef, caught an eel and was dangling it over the boat's oil burner, making smoked eel, when his wife happened in. She must have made some unfavorable comment, because the houseboat and the eel changed hands rather suddenly.



Oh Mr. Felgarrk— where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: Ethel Merman impersonating Little Sureshot to an Irving Berlin score. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **call me mister:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) ... **carousel:** "Liliom," taken in hand by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **oklahoma!:** Mr. R. and Mr. H. again. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(Before hailing a taxi to go to the theatre, you should be sure that there have been no last-minute changes in the dates and curtain times.)

Maurice Chevalier—In a one-man show. Opens Monday, March 10. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

The Chocolate Soldier—The Oscar Straus operetta, with a revised book by Guy Bolton. Directed by Felix Brentano and produced by J. H. Del Bondio and Hans Bartsch. The cast is headed by Billy Gilbert. Opens Wednesday, March 12. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Brigadoon—A musical produced by Cheryl Crawford, with a cast including David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner and the music by Frederick Loewe. Robert Lewis is the director. Opens Thursday, March 13. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 6: "Baiser de la Fée," "Schéhérazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne." ... ¶ Friday evening, March 7: "Danses Concertantes," "Night Shadow," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Frankie and Johnny." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8: "Serenadé," "Night Shadow," "Blue Bird," and "Le Beau Danube." ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 8: "Serenade," "The Bells," and "Coppélia." ... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 9: "The Snow Maiden," "Comedia Balletica," and "The Nutcracker." ... ¶ Sunday evening, March 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Virginia Sampler," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 11: "Les Sylphides," "Virginia Sampler," and "Coppélia." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 12: "Comedia Balletica," "Frankie and Johnny," "Virginia Sampler," and "Rodeo." ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 13: "Ballet Imperial," "Night Shadow," "Blue Bird," and "Gaîté Parisienne." ... ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Swan Lake," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Schéhérazade." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Les Sylphides," "Comedia Balletica," and "Raymonda." ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Baiser de la Fée," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Martha Graham—Assisted by her group, in a program of dances from her repertory. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Thursday and Friday evenings, March 6-7, at 8:40, and Saturday matinée and evening, March 8, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

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Children's Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Rudolph Ganz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, March 8, at 11.)

Children's Drama Guild—Presenting "Hansel and Gretel," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Children's Center Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday afternoon, March 8, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The handsome Trianon Room has dance music by William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and a rumba band play for dinner and supper dancing in the dignified Bowman Room.

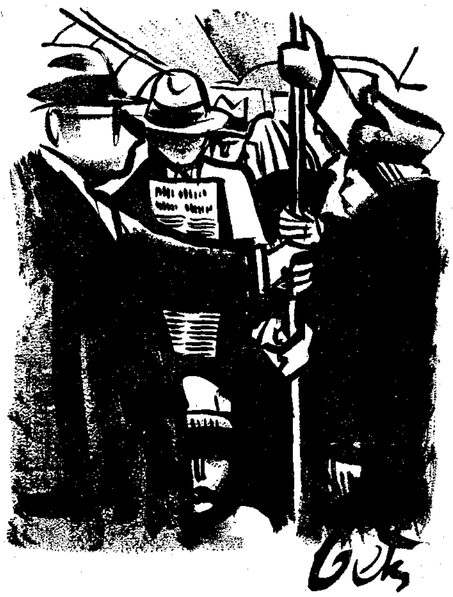
Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, the French-vintage chanteuse, effervesces nightly at dinner and supper. Edmund Hall's orchestra for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Eddie Davis and Bernie Dolen, steadily providing the simple, one-two rhythm that Larue is famous for.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—A chromium, glass, and leather jungle that is both lush and comfortable. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band back up a little show in the stately Cotillion Room. ... ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, pleasantly irritating everybody in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's string orchestra plays dinner music in the Oval Room, one of the last refuges for the *ancien régime*.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ice show in the Iridium Room is pretty and not long enough to grow tiresome. Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras for dancing. ... ¶ Two small dance orchestras are downstairs, in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—George and Gene Bernard, demonstrating that impersonation can be one of the merriest of the lively arts. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, after the theatre, Jane Pickens, singing, and Russell Swann, doing tricks. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's rumba band helping out around midnight. ... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

drake, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): The sedate and opulent Drake Room has sotto-voce piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock. Paul Berlin takes a spell at cocktails and dinner. ... **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting. ... **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano solos, half submerged in murmurous small talk; no dancing. ... **casino russe,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Animated entertainment, full of Slavic shouts and violins; dance music for the patrons, too. ... **madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Placid and unpretentious, with the Dardanelle Trio's music for dancing until nine. ... **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after nine-thirty, in this ageless holdover from another day; no dancing. ... **st. moritz,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A becalmed little place, stirred gently from time to time by the music of Ford Harrison's orchestra. ... **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in Sheridan Square includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin. ... **café society downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White and some lesser entertainers, and dance music by Gene Sedric's orchestra. ... **café trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A reminder of what a night out was like before Hollywood became the arbiter of the way a place should conduct itself. A violin and a piano fill in any pauses in the fashionable clatter; no dancing. ... **town house,** 108 E. 38th St. (LE 2-6044): If it were not for John Mehegan's piano music, in the dining room and, later, in the bar, you might think you were trespassing in somebody's private residence. (The banal matter of a check also dissipates the impression.) No dancing.

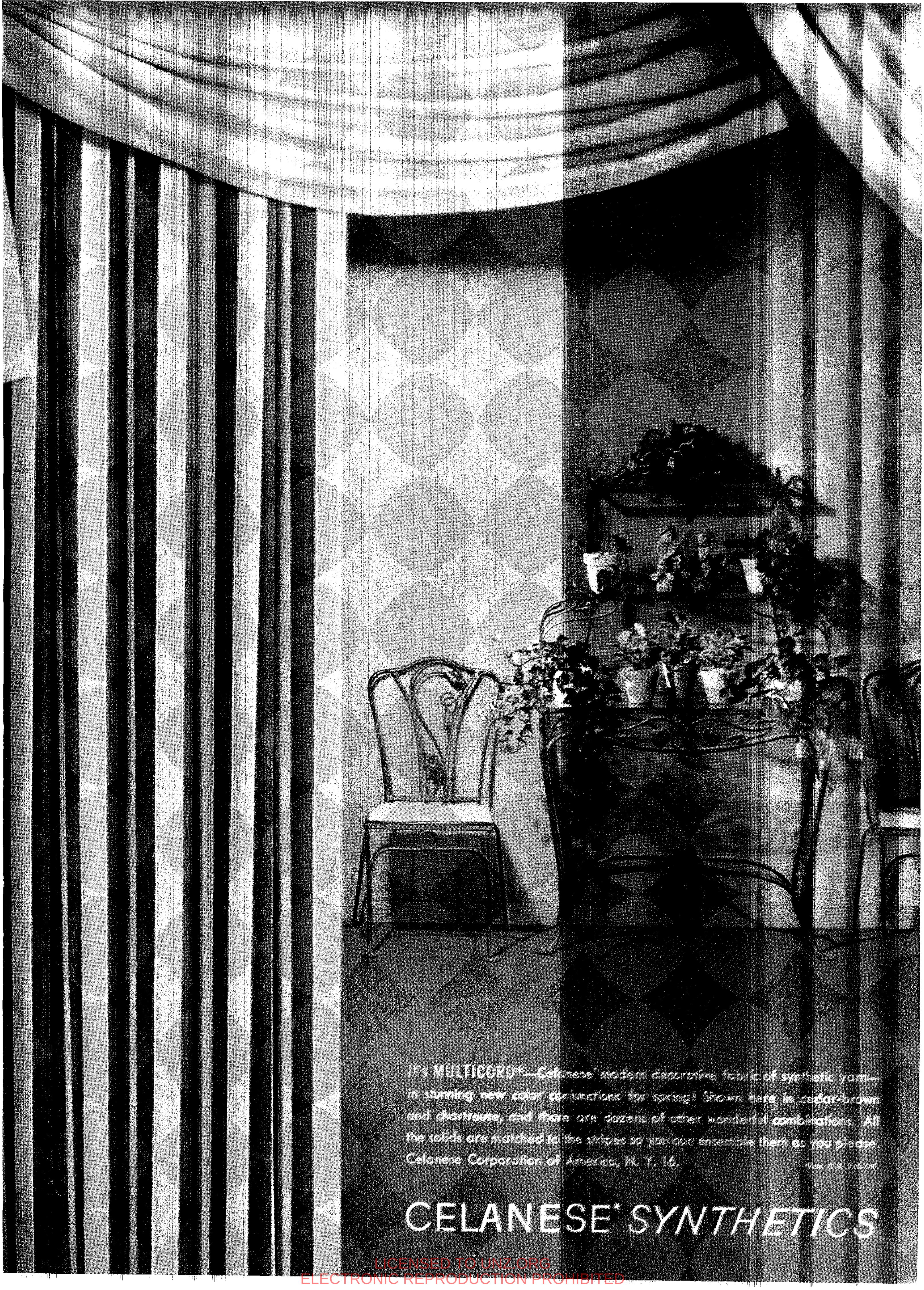
BIG AND BRASSY

carnival, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson, in a typically vast and aggressive charivari; dance music for those who survive the bedlam. ... **copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Tony Martin, and a floor show bolstered by the dance team of Raye and Naldi; Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

blue angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Florence Desmond, John Buckmaster, Josephine



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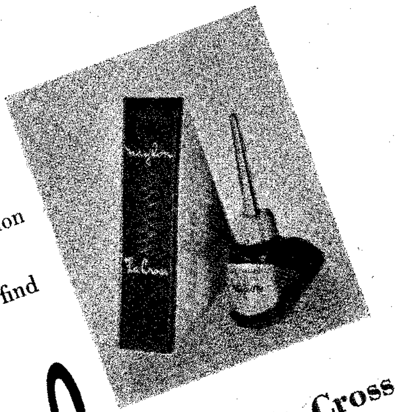

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Premice, and the Ellis Larkin Trio—all of whom can do no wrong.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Four Notes, Josef Marais and Miranda, and other entertainers.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This old and honored dugout is made inviting by the presence of Maxine Sullivan, Pete Seeger, and the Three Flames; dancing.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): One of those narrow East Side caverns, lushly done up in red and white stripes and sporting a trio for dancing and a singer named Doris Day.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Spivy, and Daphne Hellman, the decorative harpist, perform late in the evening in this venerable rookery.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright, who makes agreeably bitter fun of some female celebrities.... **JIMMY RYAN'S EAST SIDE,** 55 E. 54th St. (EL 5-7845): Just a chink in a Fifty-fourth Street wall, but warmed by the singing of Bunty Pendleton.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A number of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and Joe Sullivan. Tuesday nights are untrammelled free-for-alls, with performers from the outlands dropping in to take a hand.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud.... **DIXON'S,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): In the main room, there's the Joe Mooney Quartet, playing its talented brand of souped-up chamber music, and in the bar (through March 12) Herman Chittison's nimble trio holds forth.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, Max Kaminsky, and Danny Alvin, making a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five.... **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday, singing those long laments about the reversals of love.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra will be replaced by Jack Edwards' on Thursday, March 13.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

DARREL AUSTIN—Bulls and fishermen have been added to this artist's familiar categories of tigers and moonstruck ladies. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through March 22.)

HERBERT BARNETT—Figure paintings and elaborately patterned landscapes. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through March 14.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Drinking and drunkenness celebrated in a series of spry abstractions. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

ABE BIRNBAUM—Neat, witty, understated paintings of people absorbed in steak fries, housecleaning, and other wholesome pursuits. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

THEODORE CZEBOTAR—Day-by-day life in the country, recorded in very personal and rather appealing water colors. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through March 8.)

ENGLISH PAINTERS—A small collection of lesser-known landscapes by Constable, Gainsborough, and others. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

ANGNA ENTERS—More of this dancer's piquant, childlike water colors. (Newhouse, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 14.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Maine and Pennsylvania landscapes that show more feeling for design than for atmosphere. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 8.)

ARSHILE GORKY—A symbolic abstractionist plays around with rural subjects in an engaging series of drawings in pencil and crayon. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

LOUIS HARRIS—Dreamy young girls and children, painted with just enough strength to avoid being cloying. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

CLEO HARTWIG—Small sculptures, mostly animals and birds, that show a close relationship between the subjects and the materials used to represent them. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.)

CHILDE HASSAM—Paintings done by this Impressionist around 1900, when nudes were nymphs and Dunkirk Beach was lined with bathing wagons. (Milch, 106 W. 57th St.; through March 15.)

WINSLOW HOMER—An exhibition, for the benefit of the New York Botanical Gardens, of oils, water colors, and drawings, in which the oils are most important. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through March 22.)

GERRIT HONDIUS—Clowns, moonlight, and fishermen, done in slightly heavy-handed but capable Expressionism. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 7.)

GEORGE INNESS—A first-rate collection of twenty-two American and Italian landscapes. (John Levy, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

ROBERT LAURENT—Graceful sculptured figures in mahogany, alabaster, and stone. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

ANDRÉ MARCHAND—Paintings by a postwar Parisian who can make his blacks as sparkling as his colors. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

PICASSO—Nine paintings done in the twenties and thirties, most of them never previously shown in this country. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

IVER ROSE—Clowns and other subjects, portrayed in a pleasant swirl of color. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

JOSEF SCHARL—Religious drawings, done in a mixture of Oriental and symbolic styles that carries great conviction. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings by one of the foremost contemporary Mexican artists. (Valentine, 55 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—A small and superior group of lithographs and posters. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through March 8.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL—Spidery, precise abstractions, mostly having to do with fish, the sea, and

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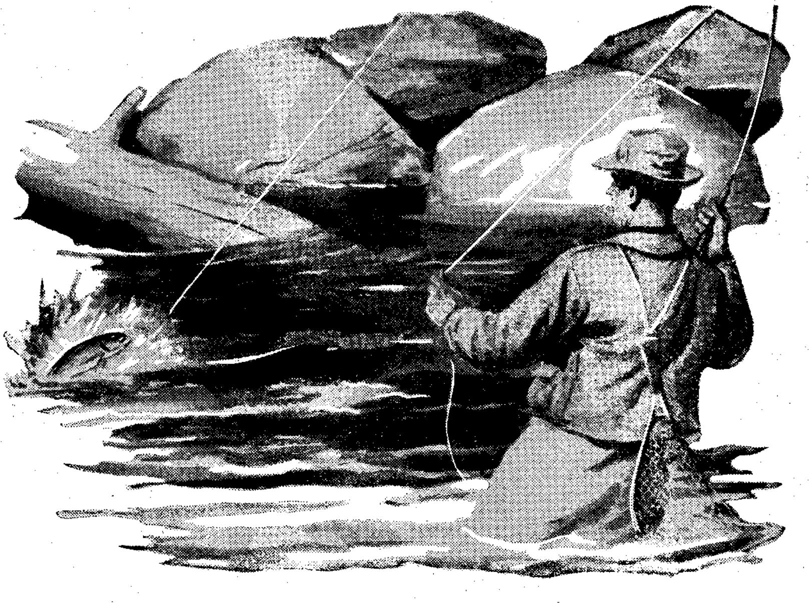

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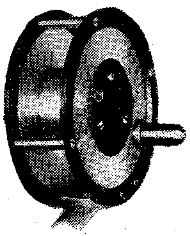

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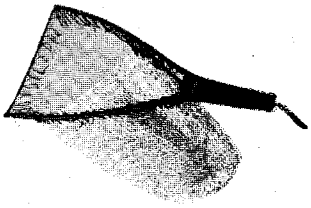

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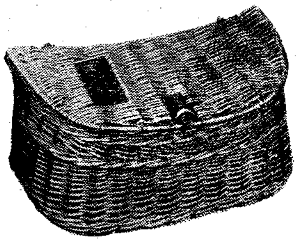

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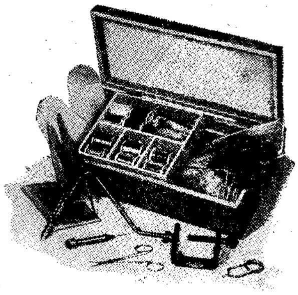

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

boats. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 12.)

War Paintings—Sixteen battle scenes, commissioned by the Chrysler Sales Corporation. You have to go through the automobile salesroom to get to them, but some of the canvases are worth the trouble. (Chrysler Building, 405 Lexington Ave., at 42nd St.; through March 15.)

Sol Wilson—Waterfront and beach scenes that have a fine, briny quality. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and other members of this gallery. (New Age, 138 W. 15th St. Weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through March 15.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: William Zorach; through March 29. . . . DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: German fifteenth-century paintings; through March 29. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Georges Seurat; through March 29. . . . ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57th St.: Richard Pousette-Dart; through March 22. . . . LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57th St.: Auguste Chabaud, Richard Mandin, and Parra; through March 31. . . . MARQUIÉ, 16 W. 57th St.: Nicholas Mocharniuk; through March 22. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Maurice Grosman; through March 13. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Doris Caesar; through March 26. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Contemporary Irish paintings; through March 22. . . . DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Enrico Donati; through March 22. . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones; through March 22. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Mark Rothko; through March 22. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Georges Constant; through March 15. . . . AQUAVELLA, 38 E. 57th St.: De Chirico; through March 31. . . . ¶ Group exhibitions at the CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.; HUGO, 26 E. 55th St.; WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.; and BIGNOU, 32 E. 57th St.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A fiftieth-anniversary show of paintings, prints, and sculptures newly acquired by the Museum. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings by Hogarth, Constable, and Turner, lent by British museums and private collectors. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 16.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore; through March 16. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, a man who combines an understanding of people and their troubles with a discriminating eye for composition; through April 6. . . . ¶ Stage sets and costume designs by Eugene Berman; through March 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six recent lithographs by Picasso; through April 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A new loan exhibition of paintings, by twenty-six artists, including Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, March 6, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Jarmila Novotna, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel and Lauritz Melchior. . . .

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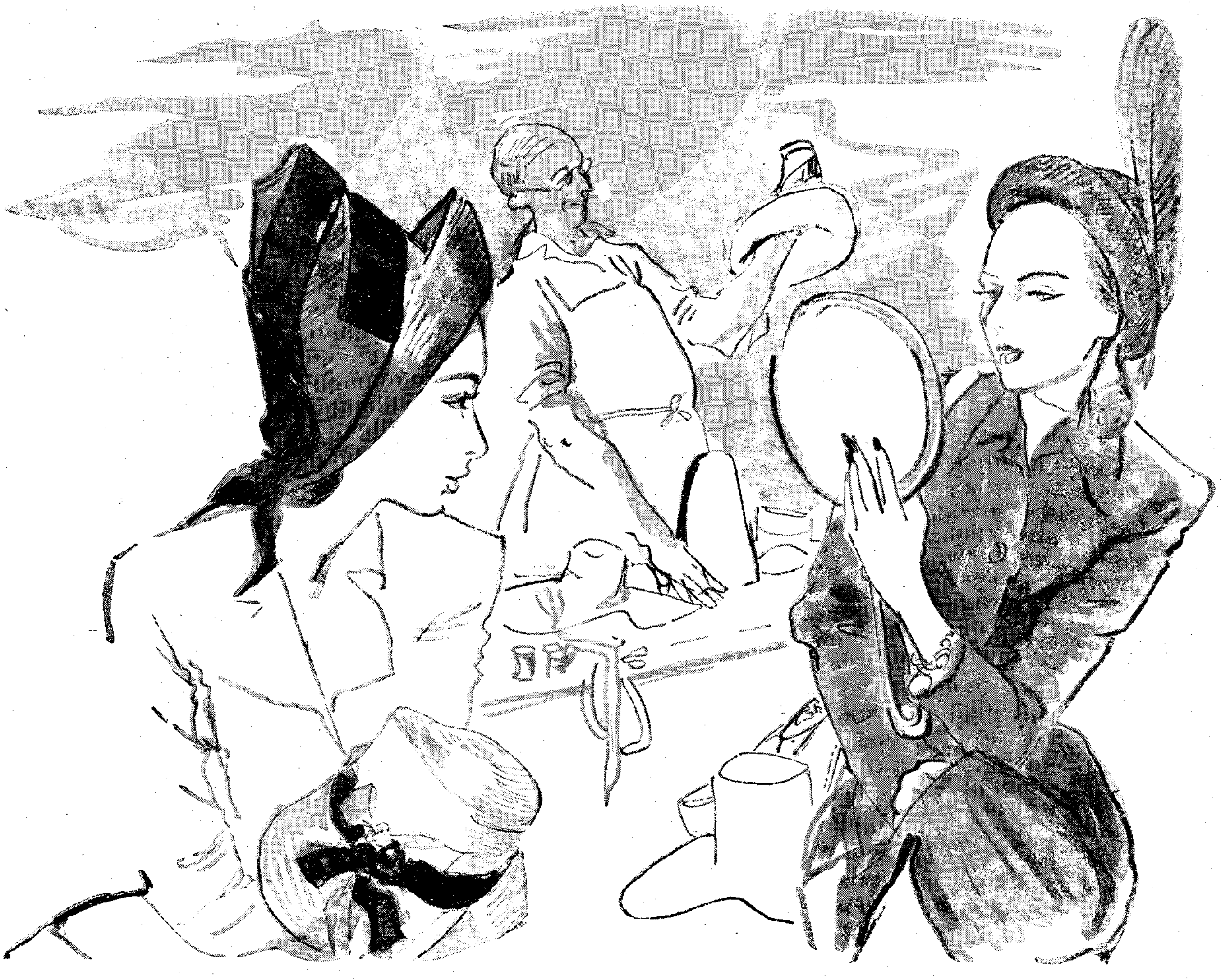

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday evening, March 8, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patrice Munsel and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 10, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel and Lauritz Melchior. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 12, at 8: "Otello," with Daniza Ilitsch, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 13, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Rose Bampton and Torsten Ralf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Hjoerdis Schymberg, and Ezio Pinza. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15, at 8:15: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov and Ramon Vinay.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, March 6, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, March 7, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, March 9, at 3; all with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, March 13, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 14, at 2:30, both with Robert Casadesus, piano.

Roesch Little Symphony—Clara Roesch conducting. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, March 9, at 5:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Thor Johnson conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, March 10, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, March 12, at 8:45, and Saturday afternoon, March 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

Smith College and Princeton University Glee Clubs—In a joint concert. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday evening, March 15, at 8:30.)

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—Annual concert. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, March 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ezio Pinza—Bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RH 4-1500, Ext. 33. Saturday evening, March 8, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Saturday evening, March 8, at 8:40.)

Simon Barere—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, March 9, at 8:30.)

Gregor Piatigorsky—Cello. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday evening, March 9, at 8:40.)

Maria Jeritza—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, March 11, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

Louis Kaufman—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

College Basketball—C.C.N.Y. vs. Lafayette, and L.I.U. vs. Muhlenberg, Thursday, March 6. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y., and St. John's vs. St. Francis, Tuesday, March 11. . . . ¶ National Invitation Tournament, quarter-finals, Saturday, March 15. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Artie Levine vs. Georgie Abrams, middleweights, 10 rounds, Friday, March 7. . . . ¶ Jake LaMotta vs. Tommy Bell, middleweights, 10 rounds, Friday, March 14. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, March 9. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit, Wednesday, March 12. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—New York A.C. vs. Squadron A; and the first match in the Sherman Low-Goal

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tournament. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30 P.M.)

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships: Men's Singles and Doubles, Women's Singles and Doubles, and Mixed Doubles. (Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200. Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8.)

Snow Trains—When there is enough snow to warrant the trip, a special train leaves Grand Central for Manchester, Vt., on Friday evenings at 7:15 P.M. At 12:15 A.M. Friday nights, another special takes off, for North Creek, N.Y. Return trips arrive in New York at 11:30 and 10:25, respectively, Sunday nights. A regular train to Lake Placid leaves Friday evenings at 8:10 and arrives back in New York Monday mornings at 7:30.

Indoor Track—Knights of Columbus meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 8, at 8 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations Meetings—The Economic and Social Council is in plenary session, and two hundred unofficial spectators are admitted to all open meetings. The Security Council, of course, continues to function, and two hundred and fifty visitors are allowed to sit in. If you are thinking of attending one of these meetings, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

National Antiques Show—There's no telling what you may run into in this vast hodgepodge—furniture, bric-a-brac, old glass, bibelots of one kind or another, and maybe even a hockey player, left over from an earlier attraction. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., starting Monday, March 10.)

Planetarium—The current demonstration is "Seven Wonders of the Universe." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

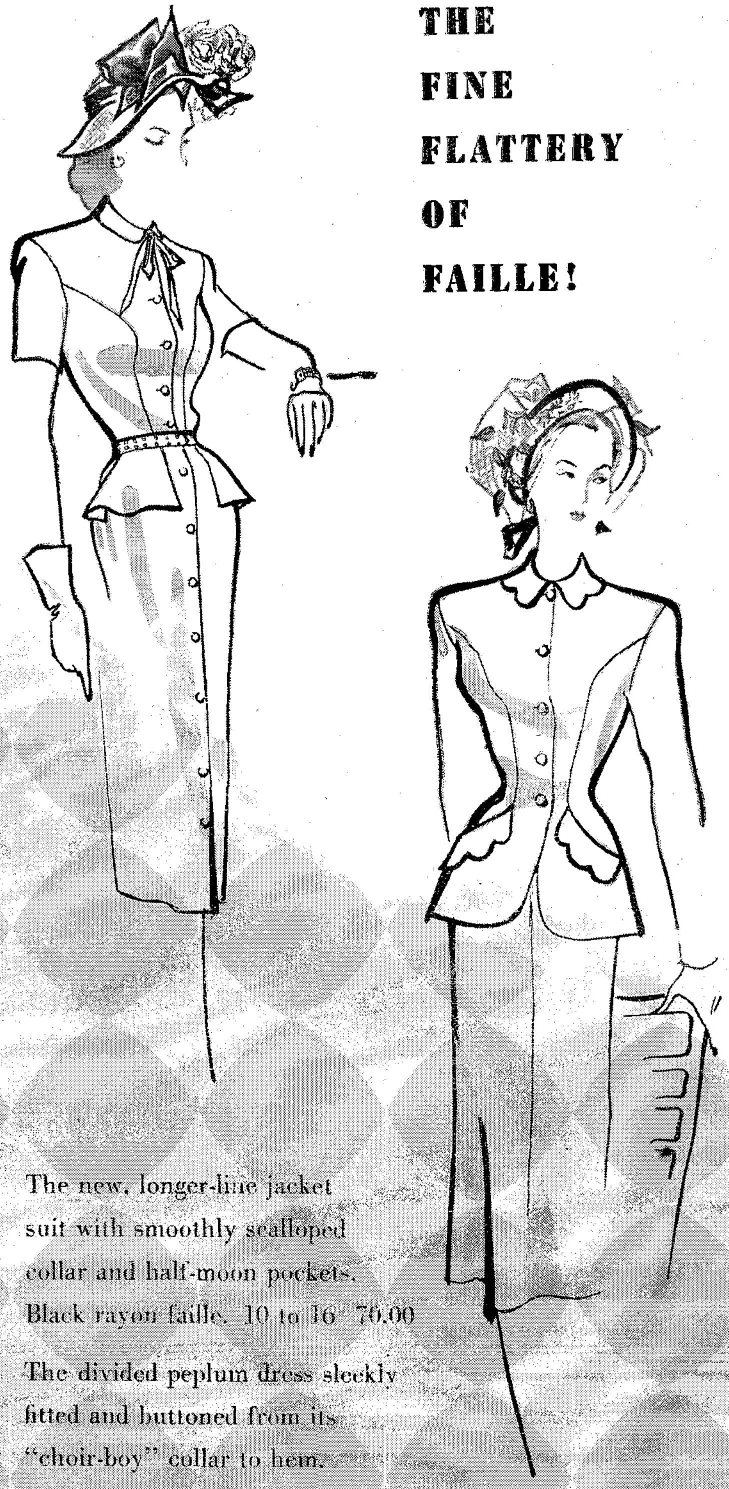
Auctions—Chinese porcelain and pottery, from the collections of the late B. W. Fleisher and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Friday, March 7, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ French and English eighteenth-century paintings and furniture, owned by the late Mary Clark Thompson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, Saturday, March 8, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ A large number of paintings by contemporary artists, including Marc Chagall, Max Weber, John Sloan, and Milton Avery. (A.C.A. Gallery, 63 E. 57th St. Sunday, March 9, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel and Lauritz Melchior, Saturday, March 8; "The Marriage of Figaro," with Eleanor Steber and Ezio Pinza, Saturday, March 15; both at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, March 9, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, March 9, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, March 8 and 15, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, Monday, March 10, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Wanda Landowska, harpsichord, Sunday, March 9, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Monday through Thursday at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

TODAY
PARANK

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES.

Angel and Sinner—Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi" combined into a risible description of a half-dozen collaborationists of 1870, who look rather tawdry when contrasted with a noble prostitute who gives her all to a German officer in the name of *La Patrie*. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Beginning or the End—The story of the development of the atom bomb, somewhat debilitated by the introduction of a bit of tedious Hollywood love play. With Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, and Audrey Totter. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—A determined attack on the lachrymal ducts that takes almost as long to get through as a testimonial dinner. In spite of all the excited comments you've been hearing about this account of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, it is often just slick and pretentious. However, there's some reasonable dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some excellent acting by Fredric March. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Brief Encounter—A tender and touching British film for grown-up moviegoers. It tells the story of a married woman and a doctor she meets by chance. Beautifully played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Extenuating Circumstances—A retired French judge finds himself, through no fault of his own, leading a band of crooks, and the results are often fairly funny. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6.)

Henry V—A magnificent rendition of Shakespeare's historical drama. In the triple capacity of producer, director, and protagonist, Laurence Olivier is splendid, and the cast that supports him is pretty splendid, too. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sundays at 3 and 8:40 P.M.)

Jericho—An episode in the history of the French Resistance movement, showing the reactions of fifty hostages to their probable doom in terms that are credible and frequently absorbing. In French. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; starting March 8.)

Man's Hope—A discerning glimpse of the Spanish Civil War, as seen by André Malraux. While it is a long way from being as powerful as the book from which its episodes were taken, the film is grimly fascinating and makes the most of the authentic melodrama that was to be found in 1938 in Barcelona, where it was put together. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6.)

Open City—A deeply moving film, made in Italy, that describes the functioning of the Italian underground. With Anna Magnani. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Sea of Grass—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in a romance of the plains, which offers some nice scenery as a background to a confused tale about a cattle baron and his battle against a horde of homesteaders. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French piece that treats seduction and its embarrassing consequences with lots of gaiety and understanding. The late Raimu is admirable in the picture. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

REVIVALS

Along Came Jones (1945)—Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea in a burlesque Western. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 6.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. With Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 8.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; starting March 12.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 9-10.)

Lady in Distress (1942)—British melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 6.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 9-10.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., playing Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 11-12.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 7-10. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 11.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. James Mason and Ann Todd. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; March 7-8.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, romance, and songs—just like in a musical comedy. With Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; starting March 11.)

Street Scene (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; March 12.)

These Three (1936)—Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea in a doctored version of Lillian Hellman's play "The Children's Hour." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 6.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The Sidney Howard drama of life in a California vineyard. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 9-10.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble; namely, George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshall. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 9-10.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the rut of a tedious marriage by the war. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 7-10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St., CI 5-8900) is showing movies from its collection on the following schedule. Thursday, March 6, at 4 and 8 P.M.: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook; and "March of Time" (1935), Vol. I, No. 2. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 7-9: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Starting Monday, March 10: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. Showings, except as noted, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE BEGINNING OR THE END.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Song of Scheherazade," Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, Jean Pierre Aumont.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Strange Woman," Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Angel and the Bad Man," John Wayne, Gail Russell.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Nora Prentiss," Ann Sheridan, Kent Smith.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SEA OF GRASS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through March 11: "Sinbad the Sailor," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara.
From March 12 (tentative): "The Locket," Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Suddenly It's Spring," Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Blaze of Noon," Sterling Hayden, Sonny Tufts, Anne Baxter.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Boomerang!," Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Perfect Marriage," Loretta Young, David Niven.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
March 6: "That Way with Women," Dane Clark, Martha Vickers, Sydney Greenstreet.
From March 7: "Pursued," Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, revival.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"I'll Be Yours," Deanna Durbin, Tom Drake.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), Arletty.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through March 7: "The Brothers Osterman" (in Swedish).
From March 8: **JERICHO.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ANGEL AND SINNER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

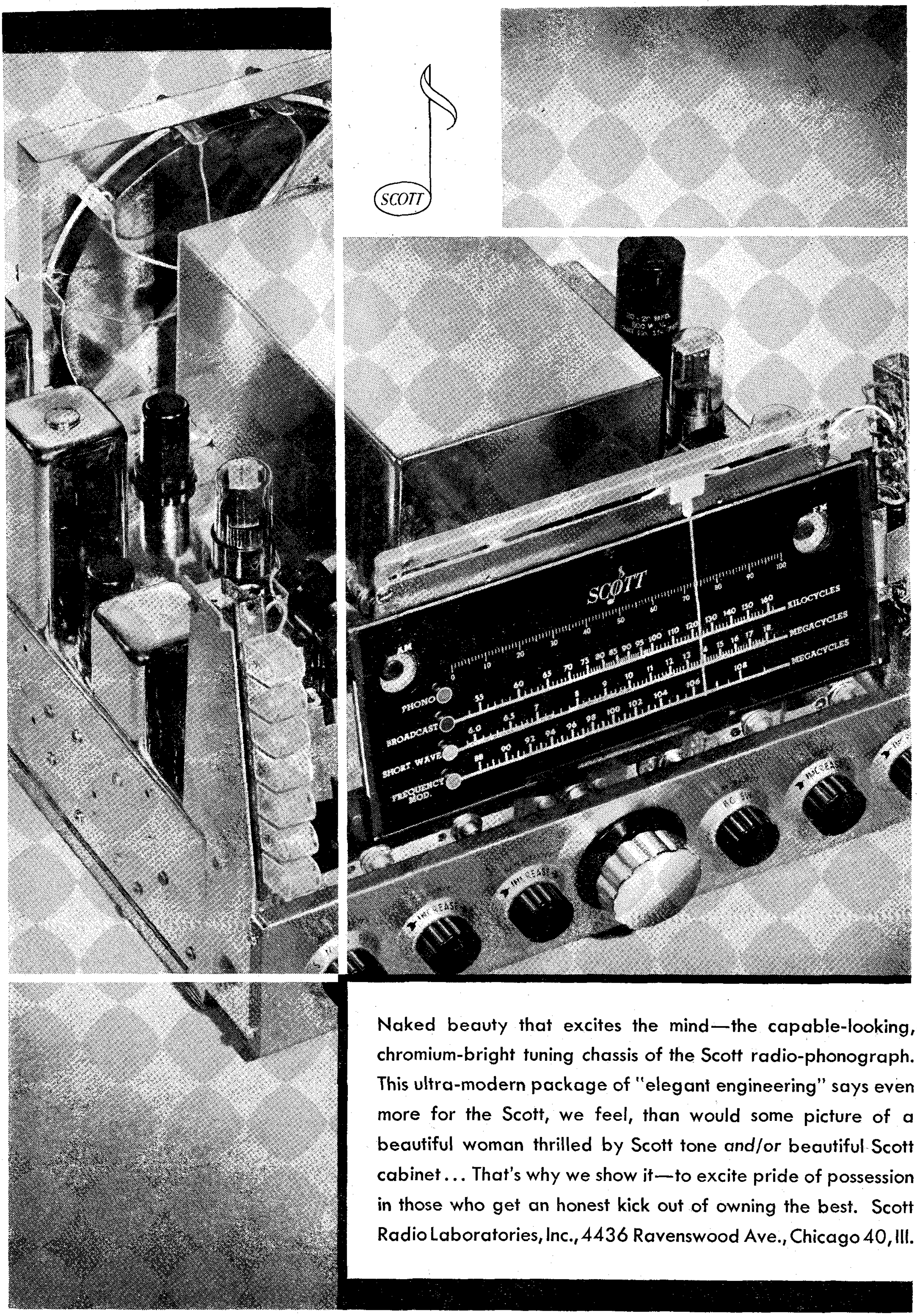
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through March 7: "Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. (Showings, Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays at 2:15, 4:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; and Sundays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30 P.M.)
From March 8: "The Years Between," Valerie Hobson, Michael Redgrave. (Continuous.)

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
"Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
Through March 7: "Stone Flower" (in Russian).
From March 8: "Ivan the Terrible" (in Russian).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

SCOTT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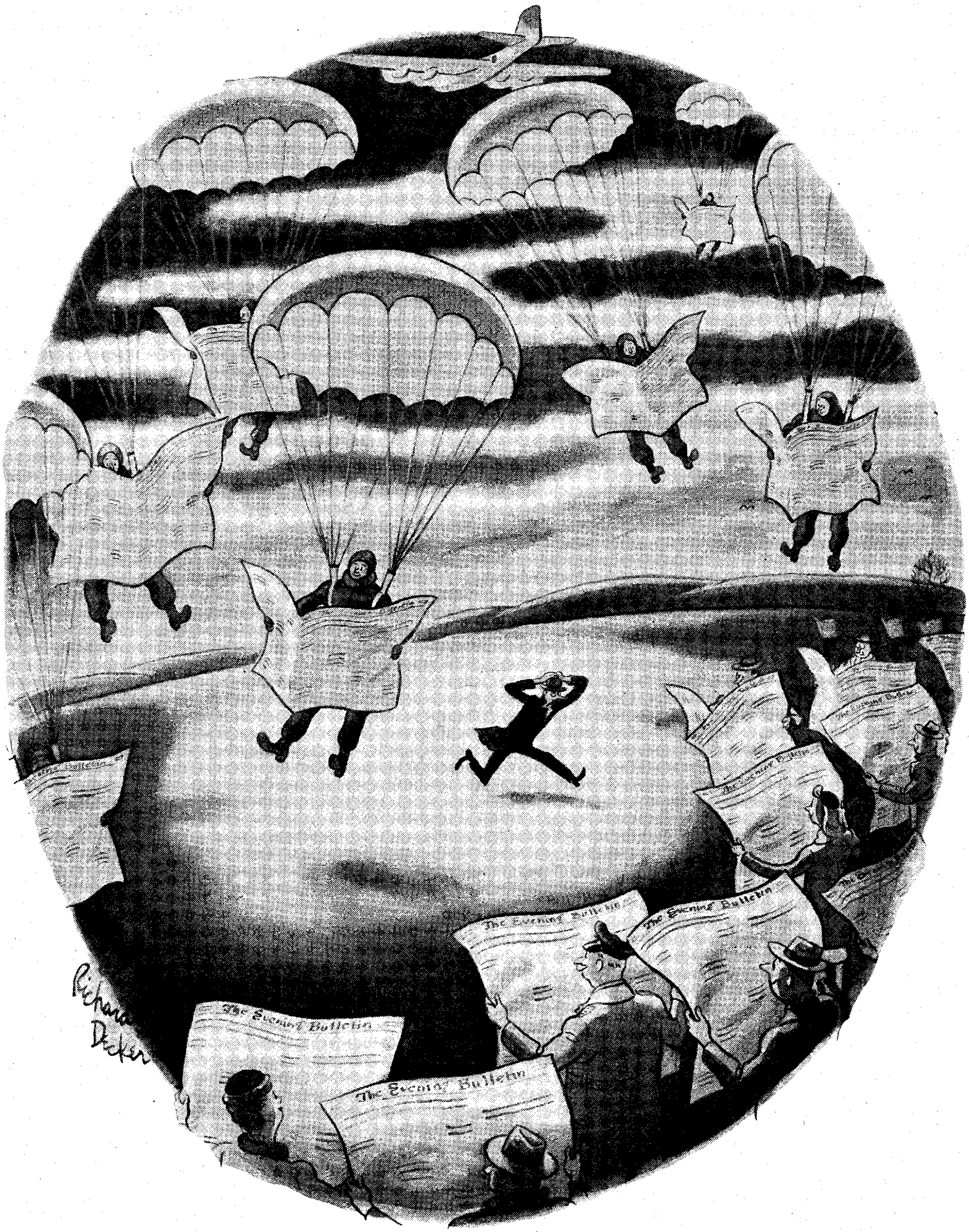
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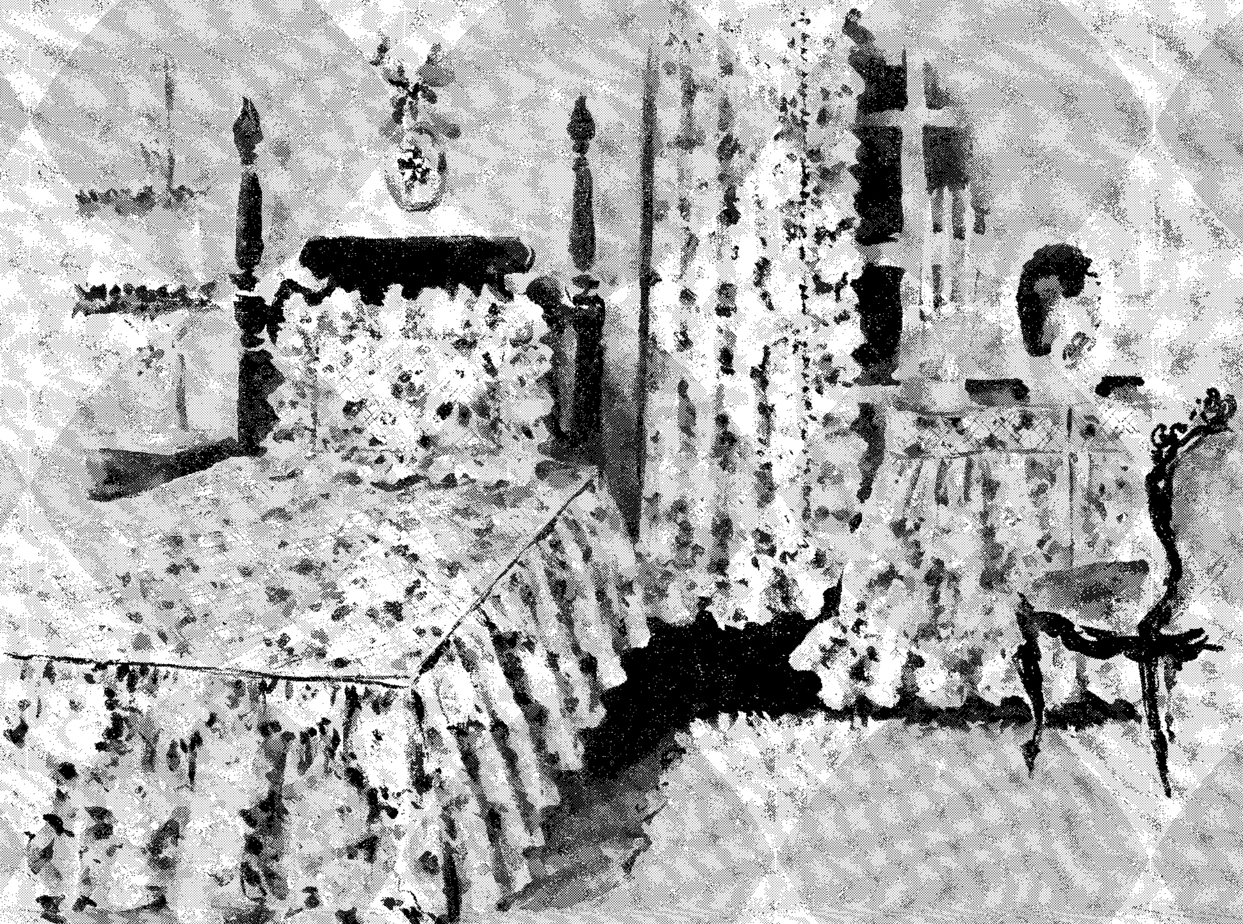

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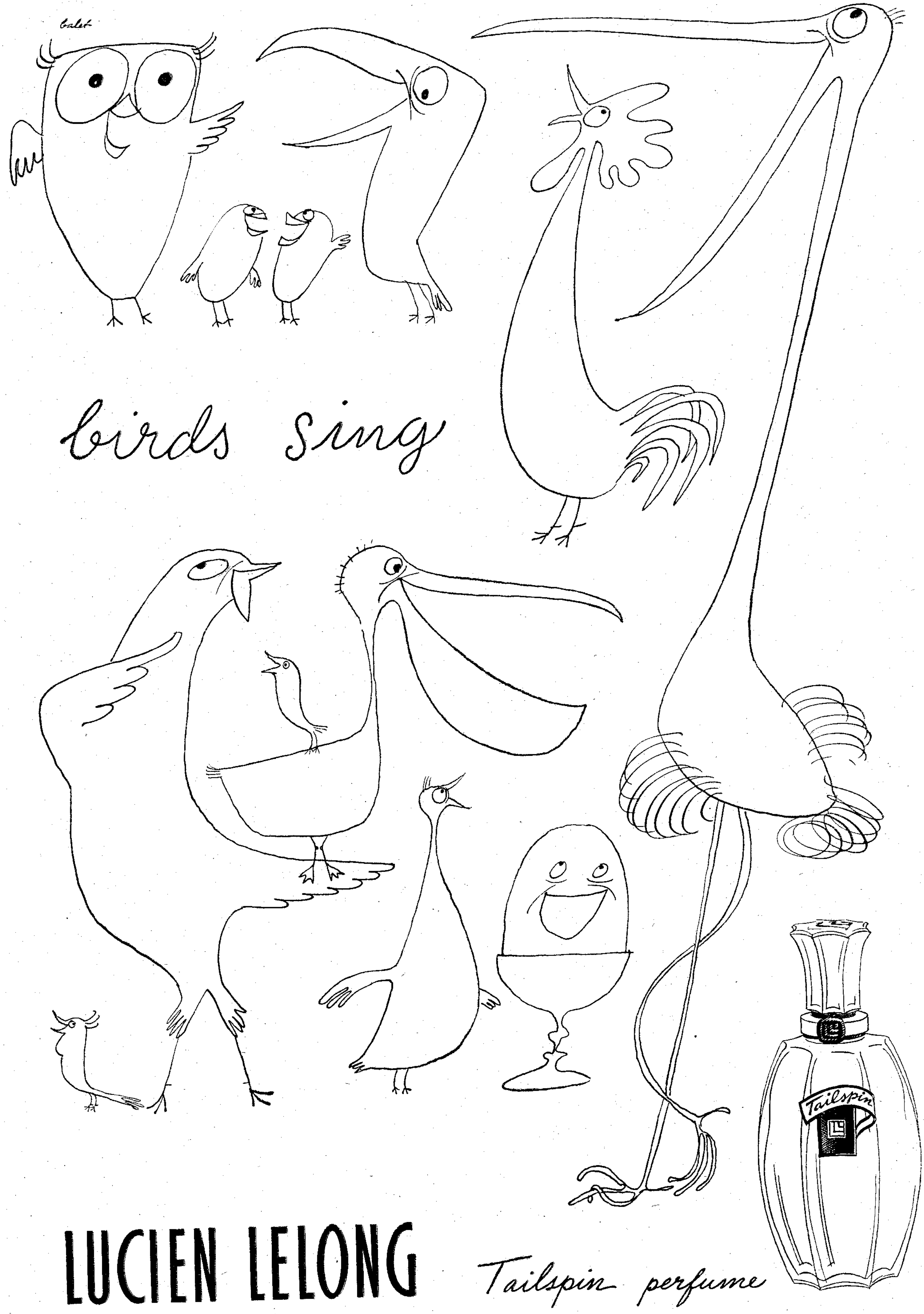
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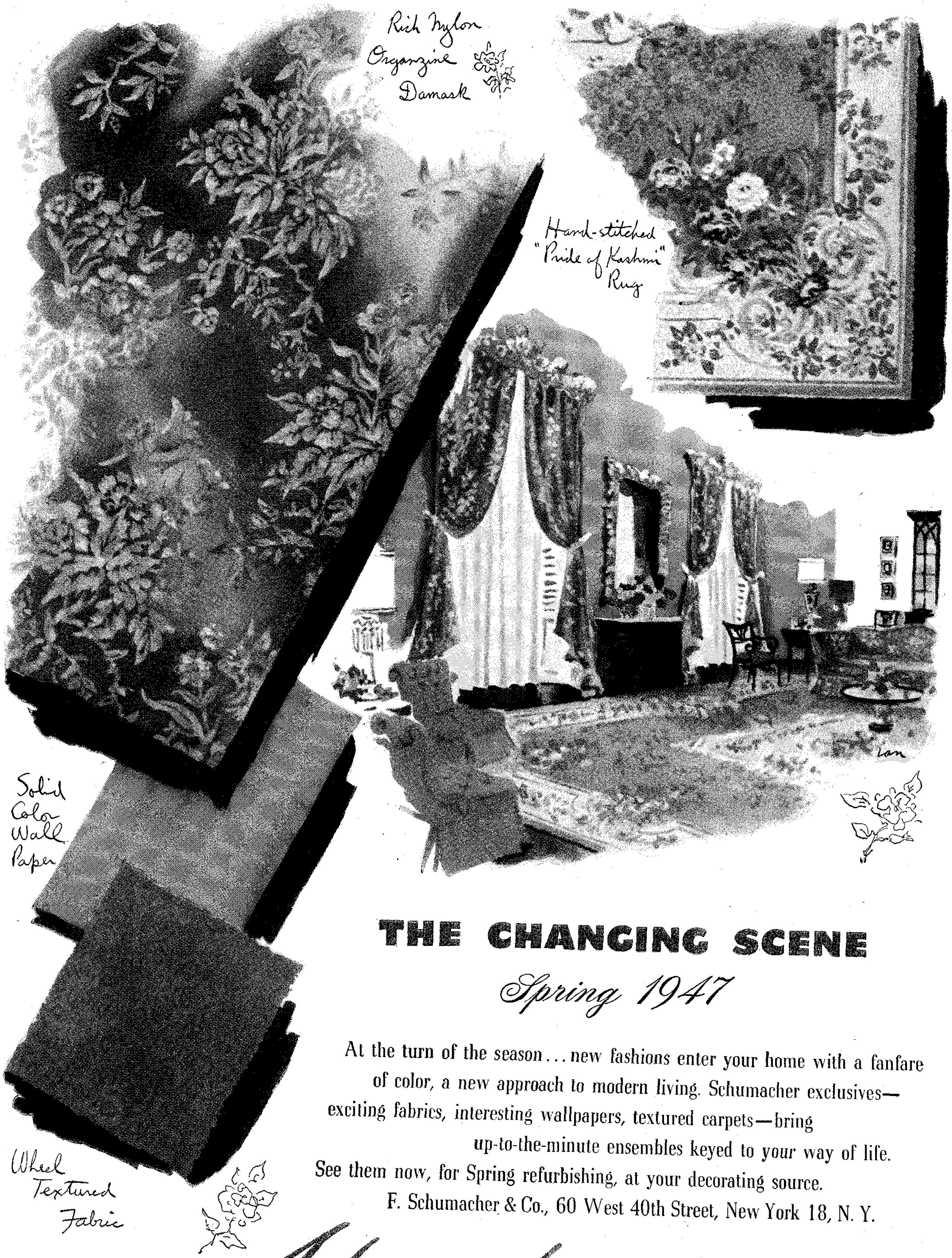
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Spring 1947

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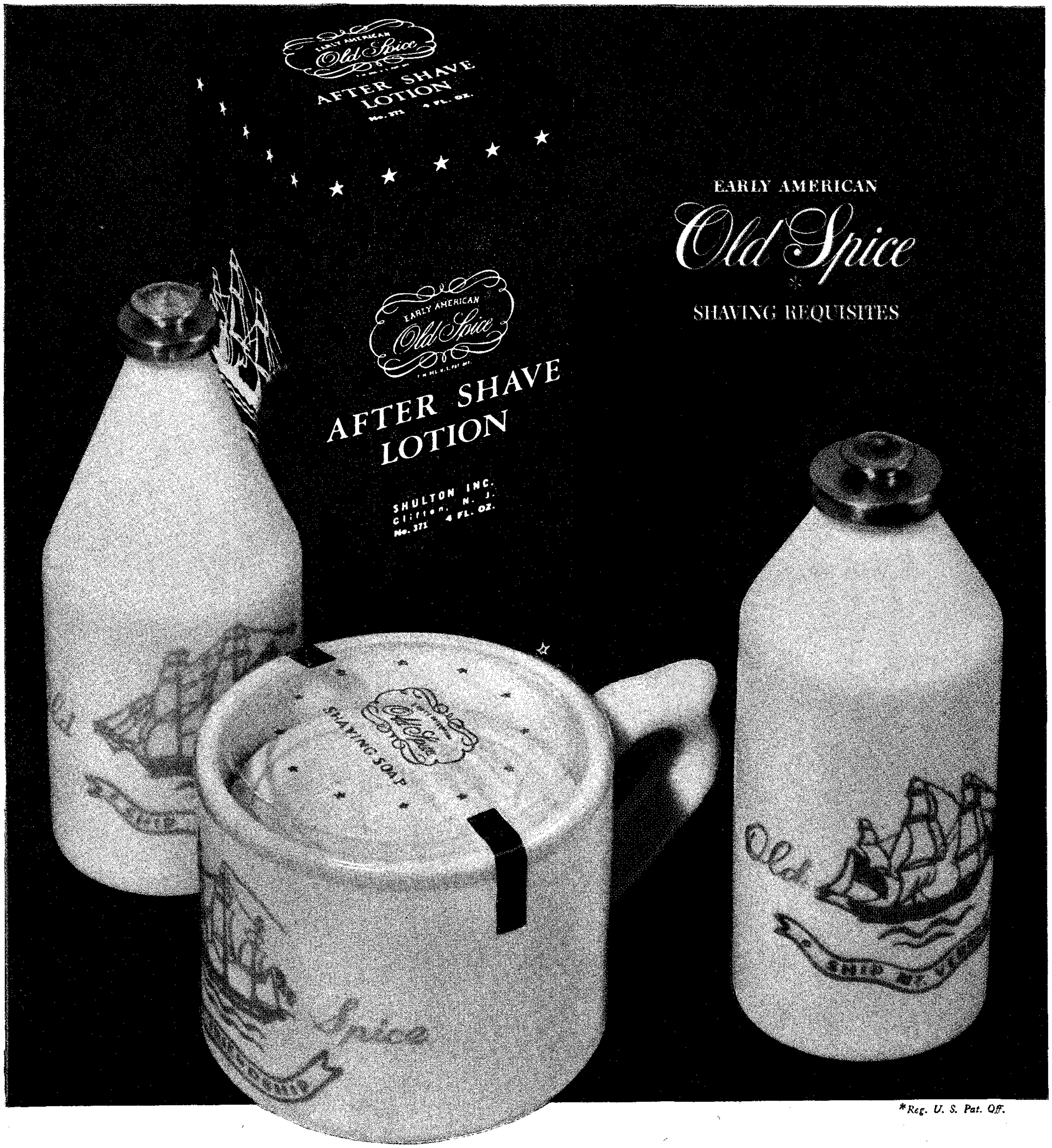
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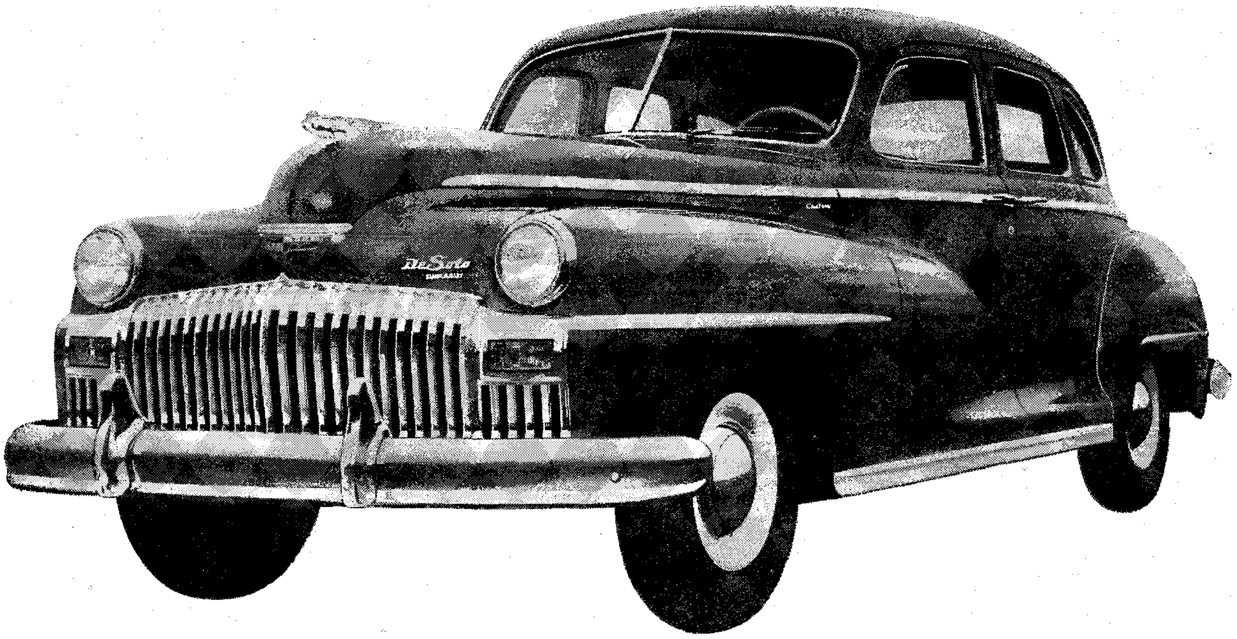

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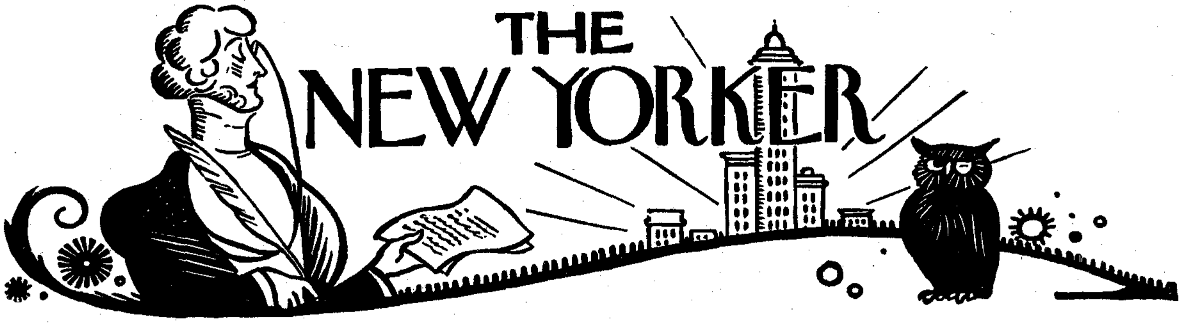


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

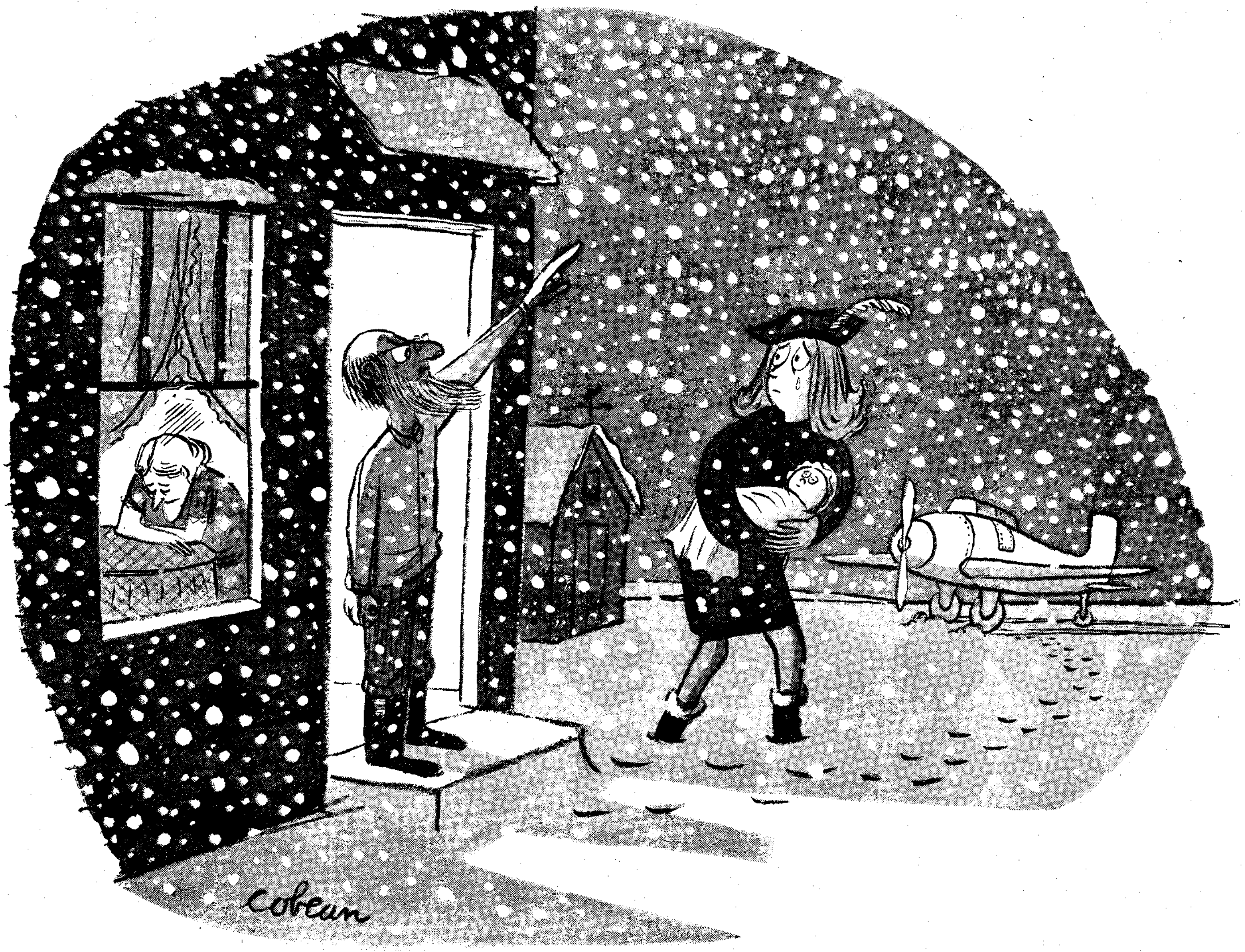
WEAPONS of mass destruction create, among other problems, a problem for the editors of almanacs, who feel obliged to report the population of cities. In the 1947 *World Almanac*, the editors desperately faced up to the matter by the use of a footnote. Nagasaki is listed as having a population of *253,000, and the footnote reads, "*Before atom bombing." Apparently, Hiroshima was to have been solved the same way, but the asterisk slipped (or was pushed). We found it in front of Minsk, U.S.S.R., population *239,000—an errant asterisk, the work, probably, of a mad typesetter, fumbling with his own private Domesday.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Roy J. Wilkes, president of a firm called Remember, with offices on East Forty-ninth Street, inviting us to sign up for a service that will remind us of important dates in our life—"the birthday of someone in your immediate family, a memorable anniversary, a long-planned appointment." "How many times during each year are you socially embarrassed simply because you have failed to remember an important date?" Mr. Wilkes writes. "The consequences can be severely humiliating and unsavory. On the enclosed calendar you circle the dates that are important for you to remember during the course of a year that commences one month from the date on which you mail in the enclosed registration. Thereafter, one week prior to each date that you have circled, we shall inform you by letter that this particular date is just around the corner. We tie the string around our finger for YOU." The cost of this *aide-mémoire* depends on how much string you sign up for.

Well, the sun never sets but what we find ourself in some mortifying fix caused by forgetfulness, so the answer to Wilkes' question is three hundred and sixty-five. The trouble with his offer, as far as we are concerned, is (a) our immediate relatives always remind us of their birthdays, usually on the morning thereof, when there is still plenty of time to get to the stores; (b) we rarely make appointments (the source of all our humiliation) from one to thirteen months ahead; and (c) even if we did, a week's notice would do us no good, for who would remind us at the end of that week? What we need is someone who will tie the string around his finger for us fifteen minutes ahead of the deadline. Wilkes isn't geared for this, and that lets us out. But we shall think with pleasure of the less demanding people whom Remember is currently saving from shame. "Meet you at the Yale Club bar, twelve-forty-five, Washington's Birthday, 1949," one says to a friend, secure in the knowledge that on February 15th of that year he will get a timely nudge. And if his lunch companion has died in the interim, or moved to Jamaica, or signed up with a firm called Forget, our man can always pick someone up, for Yale men are a notably gregarious bunch and do not let each other eat alone.

AT the urging of an upper-East Side tipster, who said that the water in his neighborhood had been tasting funny lately ("kind of like a swimming pool," he wrote), we splashed down to the Municipal Building last week and had an informative chat with Mr. Tobias Hochlerner, Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Water Supply of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity. Mr. Hochlerner was delighted to hear that we were concerned about water. "The average New Yorker just isn't interested in his water supply," he told us moodily. He admitted right off that the last few weeks have been trying ones in municipal water circles. Several dozen dwellers in the East Seventies and Eighties have registered complaints, ranging from mild to hysterical, about their water, saying that it seems intolerably over-chlorinated and demanding immediate corrective action.

Mr. Hochlerner's explanation of the situation appeased us. New York uses a billion gallons of water a day, he told us, and always chlorinates it, as does every other self-respecting municipality. At the city's two main sources of supply—the Catskills and Croton—chlorine is mixed with water in the proportion of from two to three pounds to a million gallons. Additional chlorine is applied as the water flows toward local faucets. Most of the chemical gets thoroughly absorbed, and by the time the water reaches its destination there is only a faint residue of free chlorine, usually one part to thirty million parts of water. Not even Lucius Beebe can taste it. Now, then, that section of Manhattan just east of Central Park uses Croton water, which reaches the Park reservoir by means of an aqueduct and a system of pipe lines, and is thence pumped eastward at Eighty-sixth Street. Early in January, the Bureau of Water Supply, which is continually sampling its water upstate, noticed, at Croton, the sudden appearance of a microscopic vegetable organism called synura, which is perfectly harmless but gives off an oil that has a disagreeable taste and odor, which chlorine intensifies. The Bureau



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promptly increased its chlorine ration by almost one-half and, for good measure, dosed its Croton water with copper sulphate (around a pound and a half per million gallons), hoping thus to kill off the organisms long before they got close to the city. Some of the dead organisms, however, slipped through into the Central Park Reservoir. When the water containing the vegetable matter was again chlorinated, at Eighty-sixth Street, people living close to this point of treatment got a strong, earthy, cucumber-like taste. "There was nothing we could do about that," said Mr. Hochlerner. "These visitations of undesirable organisms come and go. This time it was synura. Next time, for all we know, it may be aphamezonenon. But there was never any cause for alarm. Why, you could drink a billion synuras and they wouldn't affect you." New York's last previous visitation of the synura occurred in the winter of 1945 (cold weather seems to bring out the worst in water-borne microscopic vegetable organisms), but it lasted only two weeks. The current siege reached its peak of unpleasantness early in February, and the last, slight traces of it will probably be trickling through some fashionable East Side spigots this week.

Most of the run-of-the-mill complaints the city gets about water, Mr. Hochlerner told us, are attributable not to any basic aqueous defect but to rusty plumbing. In thirty-seven years with the water-supply system, he has never heard of an authentic case of a frog's popping up in anybody's bathtub, but every now and then the city does have a visitation of the cyclops, a fresh-water crustacean the size of a pinhead, which sneaks through the Bureau's defenses. There have been scattered instances, too, of eels turning up in apartments. They enter the water system when they are infants and mature in the pipes, sometimes growing so large they get stuck in them. The Bureau's most nerve-racking experience occurred five years ago, in connection with some Catskill water flowing into the Hillview Reservoir, near the Empire City race track. At Hillview, the water passes through fine-mesh screens, to block the way of full-grown eels and other undesirables. All at once, in 1942, billions of sawbellies, a species of fish less than an inch long, came cruising down the aqueduct from the Catskills. For a week, day and night, the Bureau had men cleaning sawbellies off the Hillview screens, but a few fish got into the city anyhow. "I guess you never really know what you'll find in the water next," Mr. Hochlerner told us. "But remember, New York water is perfectly excellent and sanitary water."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A set of service plates at Plummer's is ticketed at fifteen hundred dollars a dozen and bears the following notation: "11 in stock, 1 in Palm Beach."

The Victory Detective Bureau, Park Avenue and 125th Street, advertises "Civil, Criminal, and Domestic Troubles Carefully Done."

The West-Park Presbyterian Church,

at Eighty-sixth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, has posted a sign reading:

YOU'LL AVOID DISASTER
IF YOU HAVE A PASTOR

Pound-Foolish

WE mentioned here recently that Brooks Brothers had sent a man a bill for three cents; now a lady in New London informs us that that's nothing—she got a bill from Best's some weeks ago for two cents. Came in a three-cent-stamped envelope, of course. She didn't suppose she could send a money order or check for that piddling amount, so she mailed the bill to her daughter, in Jackson Heights, who took a bus in to Best's and paid the two cents. Total cost: twenty-six cents.

Gulley's Experiment

RALPH GULLEY, an industrial designer and partner of Donald Deskey, has completed an experiment that deserves recording. He wore the same tie every day for a year, and nobody caught on. He was wearing it when we interviewed him the other day—an Indian hand-woven number, with alternate slanting stripes of brown and rust, unobtrusive but not mousy. The experiment came about more or less accidentally. "I bought the tie in the fall of 1945 and put it on the next day," the great pioneer told us. "We were terribly busy at the office, and every morning I'd throw my clothes on and run. This tie always happened to be handy, and after two or three weeks it occurred to me I'd been wearing it every day and nobody had noticed it, not even my wife, whom I regard as a normally vigilant woman. I decided to keep on wearing it until somebody did." Well, no one did, and after six monotonous months, Gulley gave his wife a hint. This took the form of a loud snicker at breakfast each morning. After two weeks of his snickering, Mrs. Gulley inquired what the joke was. "Haven't you noticed anything peculiar about me lately?" Gulley asked. "You snicker a lot," she said. "I mean haven't you noticed anything about my tie?" he pursued. After a pause, she said she thought he'd been wearing it an awful lot, and he let her in on the experiment. She was mortified.

Gulley saw his secretary, a girl called Peggy, and Deskey, an acknowledged authority on color, line, and design, nearly every day. "There were times," he said, "when I'd think they probably had noticed it but were just being tactful—you know, thought I had some neurotic compulsion and wanted to be polite about it. There are fifty or sixty people in the office, and none of them caught on. I wore the damn thing everywhere, night and day, and none of my friends noticed it." This went on, as we said, for a year. Gulley was thinking of continuing his experiment for another twelve months when an office conversation caused him to wind it up. "A bunch of us were talking about clothes," he said, "how important colors and tailoring and so on are, and I asked the others if they really notice what people wear. They all said yes, of course. I sprang the tie on them, and they couldn't believe it. Peggy swore she'd seen me in other ties during the year, and even tried to describe them, but she gave up after a couple of days."

Since violating security, Gulley has occasionally broken out other ties, but he has got to like his Indian one so much that he still wears it most of the time, without any scientific excuse. Though it has never been cleaned or pressed, it is in fine shape. "It's got to be sort of part of me," he told us. "If it wears out, I'll try to have it duplicated, though I can't remember where I bought it. I think I paid a couple of dollars for it, and the salesman said it came from Arizona or New Mexico." Gulley says his experiment saved him the strain most men undergo each morning selecting a tie, and from twenty-five to thirty dollars.

Explanation

AN ardent skier of our acquaintance has forwarded the following explicit letter, which the manager of a ski hostel up in Vermont sent him in response to a request for reservations for three couples:

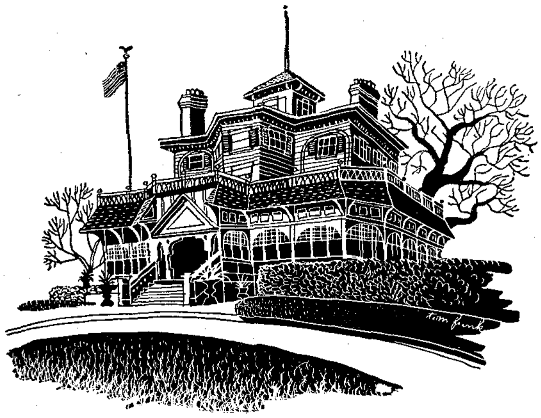
DEAR SIR:

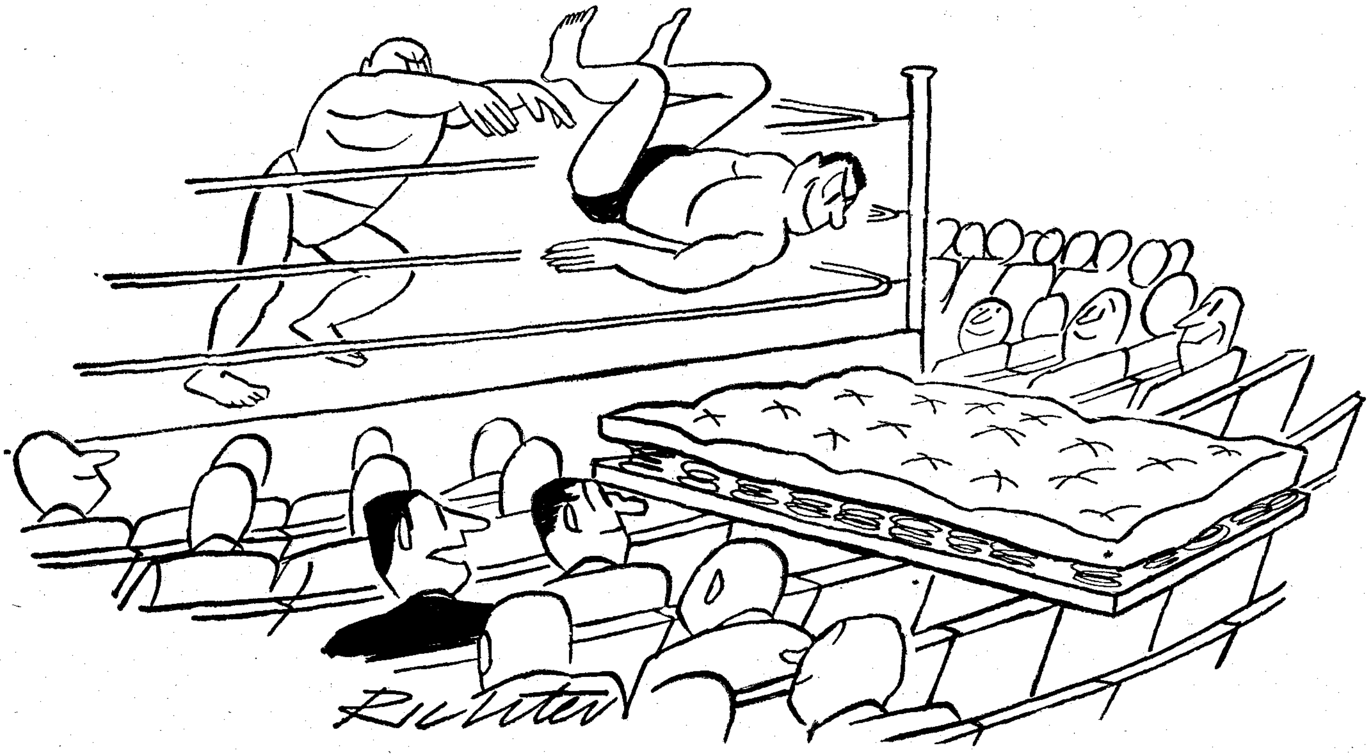
We are sorry to report that at present we are sold out until March 10th, and even then there are only rooms for four left. The majority of our rooms are for four people, and usually when the space is so limited groups like yours will split up and the three women will sleep in one four room with two double beds and the men in the other four room. Another idea would be for two couples to take a four room and the third couple a room for two, but just now we have no room for two and even with cancellations there would never be three cancellations on the rooms for two, so if we have any four rooms you would either have to take the two four rooms with two couples in one and one couple in the other or the two four rooms with three apiece. Please let us know if the above is of any help to you.

Wise Fraud

WHEN the movie "Duel in the Sun" has its première here, more or less simultaneous premières will take place in a number of South American countries, and in the copies of the film shown down there the characters will be speaking fluent Spanish. We've been to see the people responsible for passing this miracle, the Eastern Sound Studios, 550 Fifth Avenue, and have had a seminar with Dr. Lester G. Crocker, a dark-haired, articulate young man who used to be a professor of Romance languages at Queens College and is now director of production at Eastern, and hence knows practically all there is to know about lip synchronization, vulgarly called dubbing. Dr. Crocker, who has been with Eastern since it started operations, back in 1944, speaks excellent French and Spanish, can get along in Portuguese and Italian, and has a smattering of German. With us, he spoke English.

Most of the pictures Eastern works on, he told us, are headed for Latin-American countries, since Spain, France, and other important European outlets have laws providing that foreign-made pictures must be dubbed over there. Eastern's treatment of a picture takes from eight to twelve weeks. The procedure begins with a runoff attended by a sound engineer, a translator, young Dr. Crocker, and the man who is to direct the Spanish-speaking actors, of which there seem to be plenty around New York. The picture is then broken down into "loops," or short sections of film that include five or six sentences





"It's hard to believe these things aren't prearranged."

of refreshing dialogue. ("I love you." "I love you, too." "Yeah?") The average American movie produces up to four hundred loops. Next, working from the English script, the translator makes a rough Spanish translation with the aid of a Moviola, a machine that enables him to view the loops through a large magnifying glass while listening to the sound track through earphones. Then he joins the director in what is known as "adjusting," which takes about three weeks. The two men go over each loop together, changing the Spanish dialogue until it matches all the lip movements of the original actors. "That's the crux of the whole thing," Dr. Crocker said, "and it hinges on two factors—the length of the sentences and the matching of the labials. We have to find words and phrases that preserve the meaning of the story, are good Spanish, and at the same time match the lip movements. It would look funny to a Spanish audience if a character who said 'I'll break it' in English said something in Spanish that didn't require him to close his mouth."

Eastern has a large file of voice recordings on hand, and from these are chosen actors with voices appropriate to, but not necessarily the equivalents of, the originals. The recording is then undertaken. The actors learn their parts by heart, loop by loop. (Dr. Crocker feels strongly that few people can act and read at the same time.) When the Spanish-speaking actors' voices have been recorded, cutters take over, matching the new sound track to the movements of the lips. This sound track is then mixed with other sound tracks, containing music and sound effects, which, when they occur along with dialogue, have to be duplicated rather than transferred from the English sound track. We saw a list of effects that are being duplicated in a single reel of a film now being worked on, and among them were the sounds of a volcano rumbling and in eruption, fire crackling, a waterfall falling, a wild parrot screaming, a sword hitting a mask, and church bells.

When all the sound tracks have been blended onto a master sound track, Eastern bows out. The making of the working film is done in laboratories elsewhere. Eastern dubs for most of the big companies. "Duel in the Sun," which Eastern hopes to finish by March 15th, is the second-longest picture it has ever tackled; "Since You Went Away" was the longest. Some people down in Latin America apparently regard dubbing as a fraud, but Dr. Crocker has an answer for that. "Suppose it *is* a fraud?" he says. "It's a wise fraud. A large percentage of Latin-American people are illiterate and wouldn't be able to understand subtitles. Besides, a person who merely sees subtitles is bound to miss the finer shades of acting. Finally, everything in moving pictures is fraud, is illusion. Plenty of American pictures take place in France, but the people in them talk English, don't they?"

Chivalry

A MEMBER of our intelligence staff happened to be hanging around in a Liggett's last week when a couple of worn, middle-aged men came in and looked for a place at the fountain. A girl who was seated there with an empty stool on either side of her perceived that they wanted to sit together, smiled at them, and shifted to the empty place on her left. One of the men thanked her, then turned to his companion. "You see, Harry?" he said. "There *are* some ladies left in the world."

Milestone

NOW that the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, on which Mrs. Roosevelt sits, has concluded its first session, she is off on a West Coast lecture tour. Topic: "Have We an Instrument for Peace?" We had a talk with her just before she left. Topic: "United Nations Commission on Human Rights to Date." "Most of its members believe its work is more important than that of any other commission," she said. "We feel that for a very long time people have been groping for a definition and enforcement of the rights of man. I know these are mentioned in many constitutions and recognized by many nations, but this is the first time an attempt has been made to put them on an international basis. If that principle can be accepted, it will be a milestone in the time schedule of history." We asked Mrs. Roosevelt if history really has a time schedule, and she nodded. "I remember hearing my husband tell of a talk he had with Chiang Kai-shek in Cairo," she said. "They were discussing the Pacific area and the development of different peoples on different islands there. Some, they thought, could have self-government almost immediately, others in ten or fifteen years. When they came to Borneo, where, as you know, there are savage head-hunters, one of them said, 'I'm afraid it will take about fifty years before they are ready to govern themselves.' Of course, it's not so much a matter of whether you have a bamboo hut or a bathtub as whether you want the freedom to say what customs you're to have in order to live coöperatively. We have to assume that people really want this freedom, or we will suffer destruction."

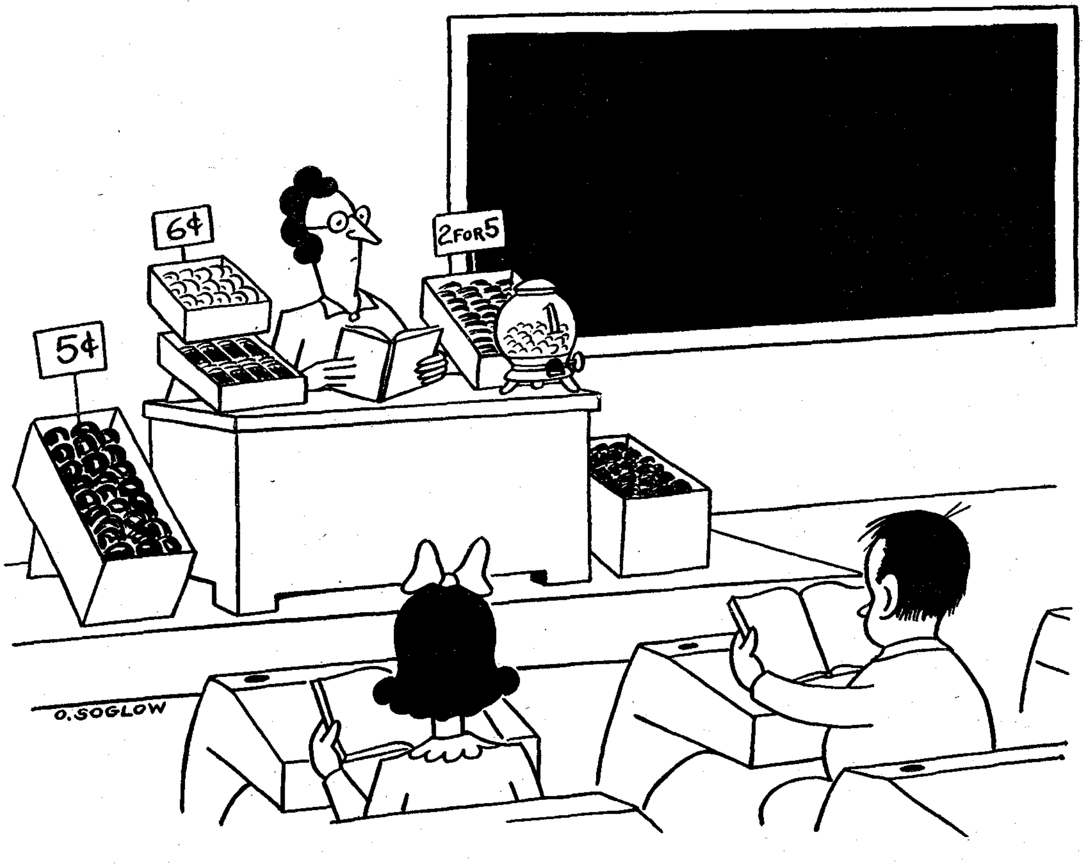
Mrs. Roosevelt thinks there isn't much hope for her commission's objective, or for much else, unless we can get along with Russia. "Oh," she said, "the misunderstanding that can arise from such an apparently small matter as a difference in parliamentary procedure! For example, we vote first on the amendment that is furthest away from the original motion, whereas in Russia they vote first on the amendment nearest the original motion. The Russians feel they're being discriminated against when they have to wait for their amendments to come up." They also feel, we gathered, that our newspapers are not always fair to them. According to Mrs. R., a Russian member of the commission who once remarked, philosophically, that no man is really free was, on the strength of that observation, accused in the local press of not believing in liberty. "I wish to point out that I am for liberty," he stated at the next meeting.

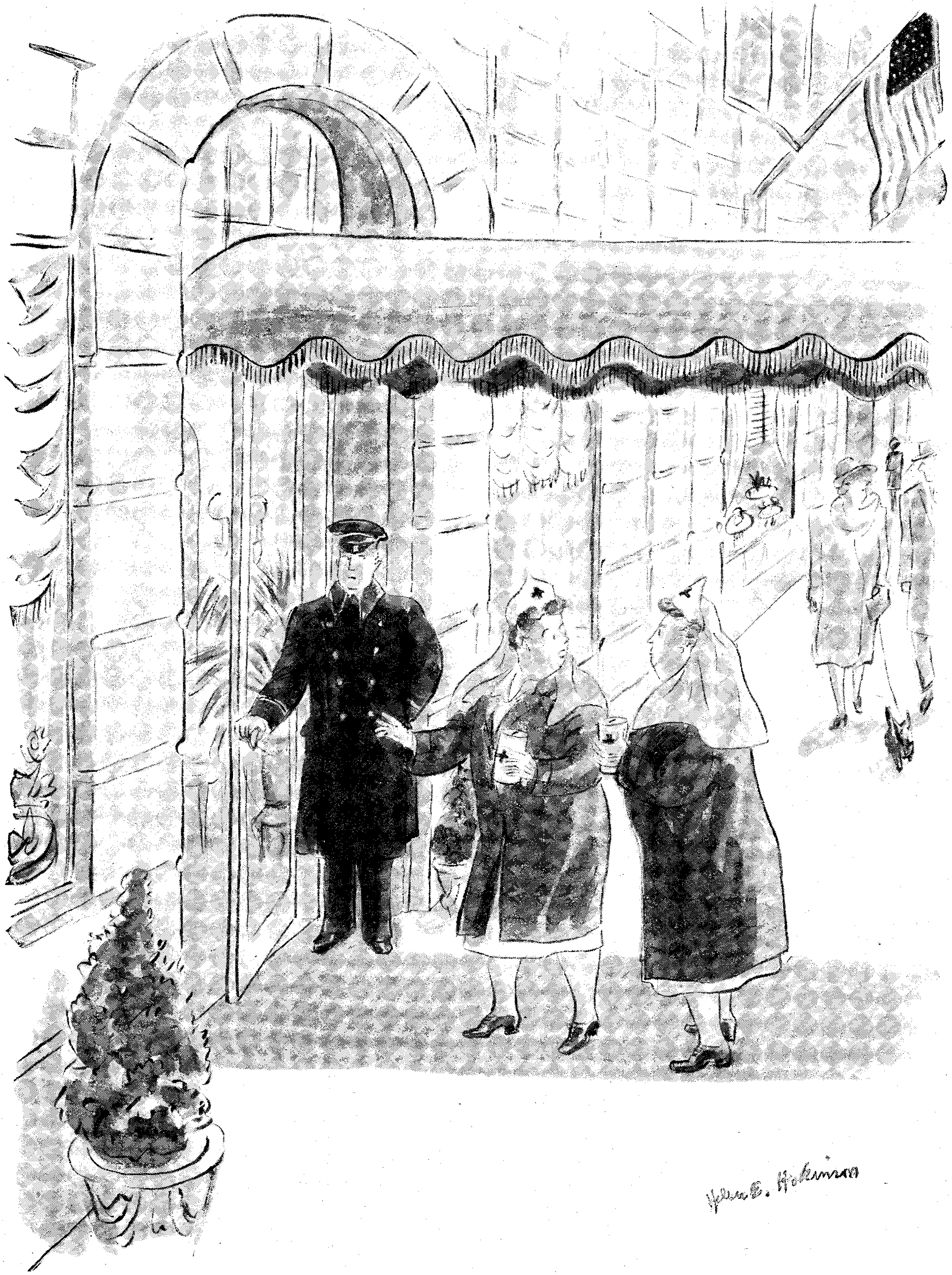
Mrs. Roosevelt presented us with two instances illustrative of the differences between the American and the Russian point of view: (1) A Soviet lady lecturer, after a tour here, told her, "Our country doesn't have your kind of freedom. Here I get on a train and I feel tired and want to close my eyes. That is all I wish to feel free to do. But a sailor is also on the train, and he is whistling and whistling. In Russia, he would not whistle." (2) A British United Nations man, while in Russia, took some lessons in Russian from a Soviet girl. One day, as they were about to conjugate a rather difficult verb, she complained that he didn't treat her as he would treat a European woman of a different country. "You never kiss my hand," she said.

Ducking the sequel, if any, to this anecdote, Mrs. Roosevelt went on to say that the adjective for Russian psychology is "uncertain" and for ours "complacent." "We have a terrible tendency to think that whatever we decide is right," she said. "We often gloss over the curious give-and-take involved in dealing with other peoples. It isn't just language trouble; it's that we make the mistake of not trying to understand the finer points of what other people are thinking." Our adjective, and adverb, for Mrs. Roosevelt vis-à-vis the Soviet is "cautiously hopeful." When she was in London, she felt the Russians there were automatons; here, at commission meetings, she has found them easier to work with, less inflexible. "I'm getting used to their tactics of delaying until they've heard from Moscow," she said. "After all, I sometimes have to wait for instructions myself. And I wonder how we would feel if we were beaten as often as they are in United Nations meetings." All in all, Mrs. Roosevelt likes her work. "You get a sense, in miniature, of what must happen in the world," she said.

Transient

A MAN who had occasion the other evening to send a telegram to a friend who lives on Sutton Place dialled Western Union and found himself connected with a girl who couldn't seem to get the address straight. She read it back as "Sudden Place," and then as "Southern Place," and the man exclaimed, "No, no! *Sutton*—S-u-t-t-o-n. Haven't you ever heard of Sutton Place?" "Nope," the girl replied calmly. "*I'm* from Pittsburgh, and what's more, I'm going back there just as soon as I can."




Helen E. Hokinson

"They're terribly strict in here. You can set the can on the table, but you can't shake it."

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

When Mrs. Early made Terry put on his best trousers and pullover, he knew Madge must be coming down from Dublin. Mrs. Early was a rough, deaf, scolding old woman who had taken him to live with her. She would give you a clout as soon as look at you, but her son Billy was a nice, good-natured chap. Just as the bell was ringing up the valley for Mass and Billy was scraping frantically at his chin, cursing the bloody old razor, Madge arrived, blowing into the cottage with her hand out and her big, rosy face roasted with the sun. She had a knapsack slung over her shoulder.

"Hullo, Billy!" she cried in a loud, ringing voice. "Late for Mass, as usual."

"Let me alone, Miss Connors," he stuttered, turning his lathered, distracted face on her from the mirror. "I think me mother shaves on the sly."

"How's Mrs. Early?" cried Madge, kissing the old woman and fumbling with the strap of her knapsack. "Look, I brought you a few things—no, these are fags for Billy. This is for you, and these are some things for the dinner."

"And what did you bring me, Auntie?" Terry asked, standing well away from her so that he could get a good look at her face.

"Now, what would you like?" she cried, squatting before him and tossing the mane of loose brown hair back from her shoulders. Her big legs were bare; she wore a gray tweed skirt and a green pullover.

"A boat!" said Terry, who had been promised one.

"Well, well, well," she said earnestly. "Isn't that astonishing? Do you know, Terry, as I was coming home yesterday, there was a little bird on a tree, and what do you think he was singing? 'A boat for Terry!' And I went in and got one—look, a boat with sails."

After dinner, the two of them went for a walk up through the woods to the top of the hill. She had a long, swinging stride, and Terry, who was only five, had to run in order to keep up with her. When they reached the field on top of the hill with the view up and down the valley, she threw herself flat on her back with her knees in the air and her two hands under her head, for what she called a "roast." Terry watched the road. There were wooded hills down to the river at the other side of the valley, and crimson buses and a long stream of cars wound their way very slowly under the blue and gold of the leaves, and below them, in a cutting, the railway tracks shone along the riverbank.

Then, with her big face more burned than ever, Madge turned and lay on her belly, propping her head on her hands and sucking a blade of grass.

"When will you come down again?" Terry asked. "Will you come next Sunday?"

"Terry," she said in an eager whisper, "would you like to come and live with me?"

"Oh, I would!" he replied, dropping his voice as he unconsciously mimicked her air of intensity.

"Are you sure, now? You wouldn't be lonely after Mrs. Early and Florrie?" Florrie was Terry's girl friend.

"Arrah, no, I don't think so," said Terry, not knowing whether he would be or not. "When'll you bring me, Auntie? Now?"

"Not now, but maybe very soon."

"Up to town?" he asked. He had never been to town yet.

"Oh, farther than that," said Madge. She sat up, resting on her elbow, and smiled at him. "If I tell you where," she whispered, "will you swear a terrible oath not to tell a soul?"

"I will, Auntie," said Terry.

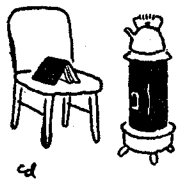
"Not even Florrie?" she asked tensely, fixing him with her gray eyes.

"Not even Florrie."

"That you might be killed stone dead!" she added in a bloodcurdling tone.

"That I might be killed stone dead," repeated Terry excitedly.

"Well, you see, Terry, there's a chap in town wants to marry me and bring me to England with him. And he says he'll bring you as well. Wouldn't that be gorgeous, Terry?"



" 'Twould," said Terry. "Where's England?"

"Away up there," she said, pointing up the valley, where the river and the railway line bent around into the little village where Terry went to Mass.

"And would we go there on the train?"

"On the train, and on the boat as well."

"Chrisht!" said Terry, saying what Billy said when a thing was too much for his comprehension. He was afraid that, like Mrs. Early, Madge might give him a wallop for it, but instead she only laughed.

"But, of course," she said modestly, "I'd be afraid to go all that distance myself without someone to mind me. Would you mind me, Terry?"

"Oh, I would!" said Terry with great conviction. "From dogs and everything. What sort of place is England?"

"Oh, a grand place!" said Madge. "The three of us would live in a big house, with lights that went off and on, and every morning I'd take you down to school on your bike."

"A bike of my own?" Terry shouted.

"A bike of your own," she said with a nod. "And every evening we'd go and sit in the park." She saw he didn't understand that, so she tried to make it plainer. "You know, a place like the garden in the manor house, with flowers and trees and seats for us to sit on."

"And what else?" Terry asked. He was quite prepared to go on listening to this forever.

"What else? Oh, yes, there's a pond in the middle where you could sail your boat, and all the other little boys and girls would be sailing boats there as well. And while you'd be playing with them, I'd be reading my book, and then we'd go home on the bikes and have tea together—"

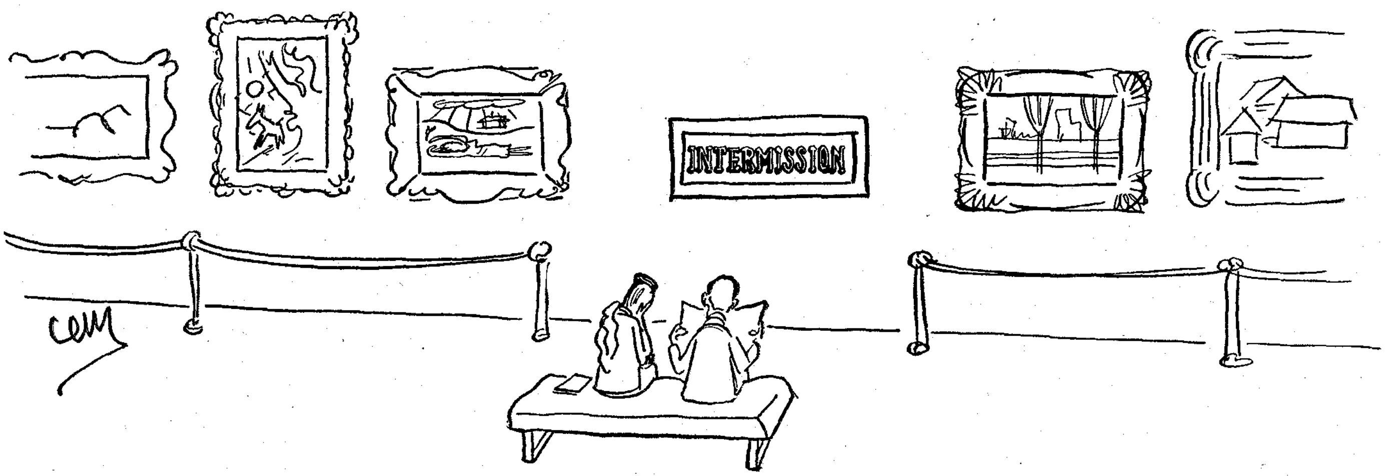
"Tea with cakes?"

"Cakes and biscuits. And then I'd put you to bed in a little room all by yourself and I'd tell you lovely stories before you went to sleep. Oh, Terry, wouldn't it be massive?"

" 'Twould," said Terry. "What sort of stories would you tell us? Tell us one now."

"Ah, 'tisn't the same out here," she said.

"But go on, all the same, tell us!" Terry urged, and then, hugging her knees and looking away up the valley, where the railway line wound around on its way to England, she told him the story of the Three Bears in her loud, excitable voice, and was so carried away by it that she began to act it, growling and wailing and creeping along the grass with her hair hanging over her eyes till he screamed with fright and pleasure. On the opposite side of the valley, the shadow crept down the railway embankment to the river's edge; the flat, green top of the woods began to fill with banked blue shadows, while high above them the upland farms, whitewashed and gilt in the evening



light, looked as if they were sailing in the air.

NEXT day, Florrie came up to the cottage. She was a couple of years older than Terry, and she took a sort of delight in bringing him everywhere with her and defending him against the other children. They were more like brother and sister than anything else, but in appearance they were very different, for Terry was fat and curly-headed and emotional, while she was tall and thin, with jet-black hair, a long, thin, ivory face, and a thin, rather hooked nose. She lived nearby, with a Miss Clancy.

"Terry!" bawled Mrs. Early. "Your young lady is here for you." And Terry came rushing out from the back with his sailing boat.

"Oh!" said Florrie, opening her eyes a little at this. "Where did you get that?"

"Auntie brought it for me," Terry said. "Isn't it grand?"

" 'Tis all right," she said. That was one great fault in Florrie. Whenever she had anything, you would think there was nothing like it in the world before, but if *anyone* else had it, she never even let on to be interested.

"We'll go down the river with this," said Terry, who had a masterful way with him.

When they reached the bank of the river, they tucked up their clothes and went in wading. Under the trees on the bank, it ran beautifully clear over a complete pavement of smoothly rounded stones covered with furry green moss. Florrie tired of the game quicker than Terry; the current was too swift, and the little sailing boat was tossed on its side and spun around and around before it reached the shore. She sat on the bank with her two hands beneath her, dipped her feet in the water, and looked at the boat with gathering disappointment.

" 'Tisn't much of an old boat," she said.

"What's wrong with it?" said Terry. "That's a fine boat."

"A wonder it wouldn't sail properly so," she said.

"How could it when the water is too fast for it?" shouted Terry.

"That's a good one," she said. "It's the first time I ever heard of water being too fast for a boat. Sure, anyone can see 'tis only a cheap old boat."

" 'Tis not a cheap old boat!" cried Terry indignantly. "My aunt gave it to me."

"She never gives anyone anything, only cheap old things," Florrie said. "She gets them at cost price from the shop where she works. Everyone knows that."

"You're jealous, Florrie Clancy!" he cried.

"That's a good one, too," she said. "What would I be jealous of?"

"Because my aunt brings me things and no one ever brings you anything!" he cried, swaying toward her through the swift current.

"A wonder, if she's so fond of you, she wouldn't bring you to live with her!"

"She's going to," shouted Terry, forgetting his promise in his rage.

"She is, I hear," Florrie said mockingly. "Who told you?"

"She did."

"She lives with her mother, and her mother wouldn't let her," Florrie said.

"Well, now," Terry said triumphantly, "she's going to marry a man from England and bring me to live with her."

"In England?" repeated Florrie, and Terry could see that, in spite of the way she behaved, it had knocked the stuffing out of her.

"Yes, in England. And we'll have a house of our own, and I'll have a real bicycle to go to school on."

"Ah, she's only codding you, little boy," said Florrie, splashing her long white legs idly in the water while she fixed him with a queer, intense look. "Sure, that's why she sent you down to the Earlys—to get rid of you."

"She didn't, she didn't!" shouted Terry, splashing water at her.

"But sure I thought everyone knew that," Florrie said, turning sidewise to avoid the splashes but without breaking her reasonable tone. "She lets on to be your aunt, but we all know she's your mother."

"She's not my mother," shrieked Terry, dancing in the river with fury. "She's not! She's not! My mother is dead."

"Ah, that's only what they told you," Florrie said quietly. "Your mother isn't dead at all. 'Twas only the way she got into trouble with a man, and then her mother made her send you down here to get rid of you. The whole village knows that."

"You're a liar!" he shouted, pommelling her with his little fat fists. If she'd liked, she could have pushed him back into the water, but she only rose, flushed and triumphant, pretending to smooth out the front of her dress. "God knows, I'm sorry for you," she said, "but I thought even a baby like you would know that much," and then she went away along the riverbank, turning just once and giving him a strange look.

He looked after her from the bank and shrieked and shrieked with rage. He didn't know from the sky over him what he was shrieking about, but he felt that somehow or other she had got the better of him at last. Then he began to run toward the cottage with his boat clutched in his arms, sobbing. He knew that God would kill her for the lies she was after telling, but if God didn't, he felt certain Mrs. Early would. Mrs. Early was pegging up clothes on the line and looked down at him sourly, blinking her old eyes. "What ails you now didn't ail you before?" she asked.

"Florrie Clancy said lies!"

"Ah, botheration to you and Florrie!" she said. "Come here to me till I wipe your nose."

"She said my aunt wasn't my aunt at all!" he cried, furious at the little regard that was being paid to him.

"She what?" asked Mrs. Early.

"She said she was my mother—Auntie that gave me the boat!"

"Aha," said Mrs. Early grimly. "Let me catch Florrie round here again and I'll warm her backside well for her, and that's what she wants! Whatever your mother was, she was a decent woman, anyway, but the dear God knows who that one belongs to."

THOSE summer weeks were very hard on Terry without Florrie to bring him anywhere. The woods were lonesome, and he wasn't supposed to go up as far as the village, so he had nowhere to go but in the direction of the main road, across the railway. There was only one train in the day to look at there, and the stationmaster's kids weren't much fun to play with. The only sport was when there was an engine in from up the valley, and then the fireman sometimes took him for a spin.

It was weeks before he saw Madge again, and this time she came, on a Sunday, when nobody was expecting her. She was dressed in a hat and a tweed costume, and her face was powdered.

"Hurry, Terry!" she called gaily. "We must change your clothes quick. There's a car waiting for us."

"A car?"

"Yes," she said. "We're going to the seaside. And look what I brought you—a bucket and spade! Hurry now!"

"Oh, japers!" Terry cried.

When they got to the station, there was a long gray car waiting in the yard, and a small man, whom Terry didn't remember having seen before, standing beside it. He was a well-dressed chap with a gray hat, a pleasant smile, and rings on his right hand.

"This is Mr. Walker, Terry," said his aunt. "Shake hands with him nicely, now."

"How're ye, Mister?" said Terry, holding out his hand.

"Eh!" Mr. Walker said with a laugh, standing away from Terry as if he were afraid of him. "Why, this fellow is a blooming boxer! Are you a boxer, young man?"

"Naw," said Terry. He bundled into the back seat and stuck his head out through the window. "Will we go through the village?"

"What do you want to go through the village for?" asked the man.

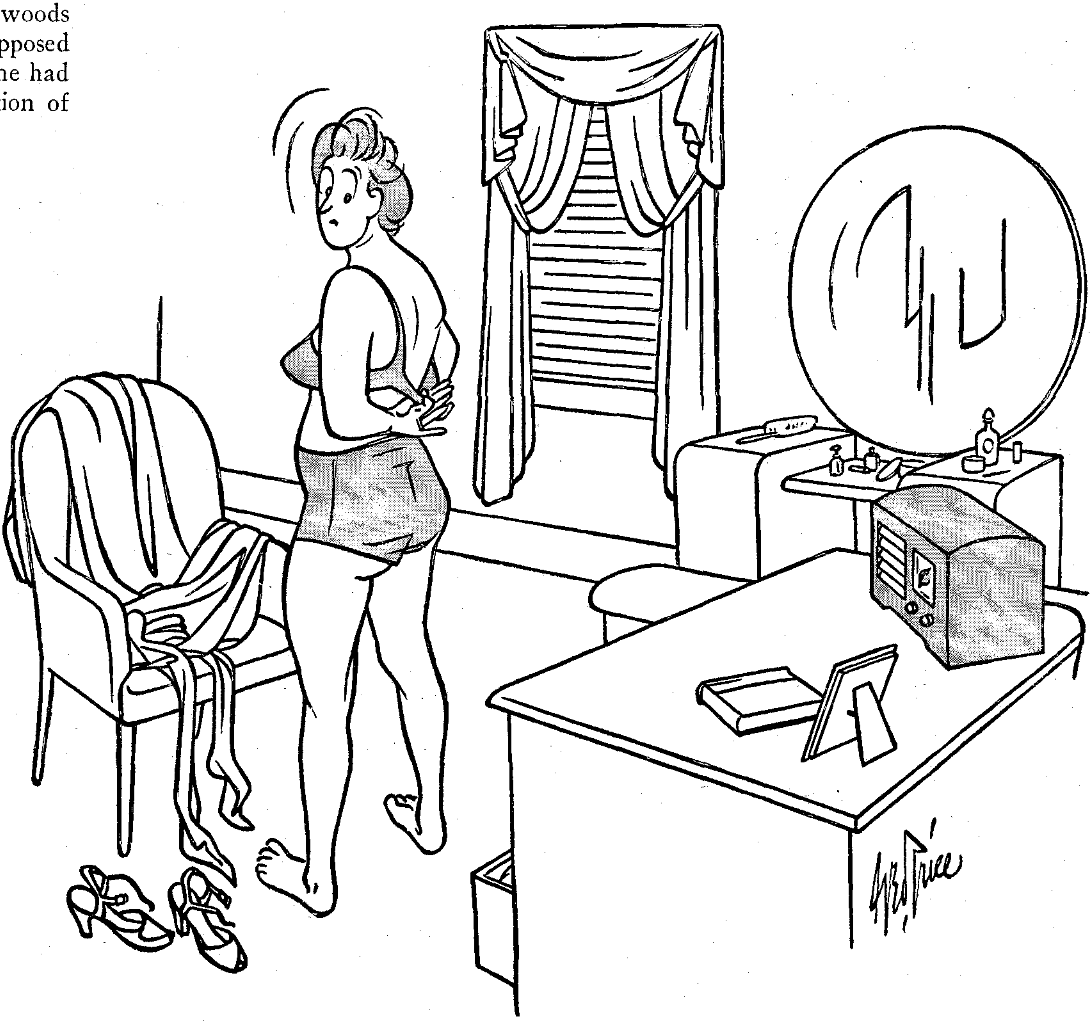
"He wants to show off," said Madge. "I suppose we'd better let him."

So away they drove, along the main road, and up through the village street just as the people were coming from Mass, and Terry had the time of his life shouting to them all. As they passed down the main street, he saw Florrie at the post-office door in her best frock, with her head bowed and her hands behind her back. He shouted at her, too, and Madge waved gaily, but though Florrie raised her eyes to watch them, she didn't let on to know who they were. That was Florrie all over; she was jealous even of the car.

They went up the hills and down a valley at the other side, to the strand. Terry had never seen the sea before, and he thought he must be in England. There were queer little houses scattered all along the strand. Madge undressed him and made him put on bright-blue bathing drawers, but when he felt the cold wind, he shivered and sobbed and clasped himself despairingly under the armpits.

"Ah, Terry," Madge said, "don't be such a baby!"

Then she and Mr. Walker undressed, too, and took him by the hand to the edge of the water. After a time, his terror and misery subsided and he sat in a shallow place, letting the waves break on his fat little belly, and after that they had tea on the strand, in their pelt, just as they were. By that time, Terry decided that he liked England. There were other children there, build-



"We take you now to Madison Square Garden . . ."

ing sand castles, and he made up his mind to do the same. Mr. Walker came and joined him, and helped him with great skill, but with such enthusiasm that it got on Terry's nerves. He wanted to do everything himself and leave nothing for Terry.

"Now, we want a gate for the castle," said Mr. Walker, surveying his work.

"All right, all right," said Terry hastily. "I'll make the gate."

"Eh, Terry," said Mr. Walker confidentially, "what sort of daddy do you think I'd make?"

"I don't know," said Terry, giving him a cursory glance.

"But you'd like to have me for a daddy, wouldn't you?" asked Mr. Walker, squatting on his heels in front of Terry.

"I'll ask my auntie," said Terry. "That's the gate now."

"I'll make you better castles than that if you come and live with me," said Mr. Walker. "I'll take you to nicer places than this in England."

"Are you the man that's going to marry Auntie?" Terry asked with sudden interest.

"That's right, old man," Mr. Walker replied. "But who told you I was marrying her?"

"She did," said Terry.

"Did she, by Jove?" said Mr. Walker thoughtfully. "Now, Terry, I am really glad to hear that. Did she tell you anything else?"

"She said you'd give me a bike. Will you?"

"You bet," said Mr. Walker without a moment's hesitation. "First thing I do when we get home, I shall buy you a bike. Is that a bargain?"

"That's a bargain," said Terry.

"Shake!" said Mr. Walker solemnly, holding out his hand.

"Shake," repeated Terry, taking his hand. He was very happy. In fact, he was too happy, and when the time came for them to return, he was sleepy and cross. He lay on Madge's lap and tried to sleep, but couldn't. He remembered that he had broken his promise and that God might kill him stone dead before Mr. Walker took him away. When they reached the station yard in the dusk, he didn't want to get out of the car.

"Ah, no, Auntie, no, no," he whined, twisting and turning on the seat.

"Hurry, now, Terry," said Madge, lifting him out of the car. "It's very late and we must get you home. Say good night to Mr. Walker."

"Shake a shake, Terry," said Mr. Walker, getting out of the car, too. "Hurry, Terry!"

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Walker in surprise. "Won't even shake hands with your Uncle Tom?"

Terry looked up at the pleasant, smiling face and then threw himself blindly about Mr. Walker's knees and buried his face in his trousers. Mr. Walker didn't say anything for a moment and then patted him on the shoulder. "That's all right, old chap," he said. "I have a feeling that you and I will be pals."

"Come along, now, Terry," said Madge firmly, taking him by the hand.

Terry clung tighter to Mr. Walker's knees.

"What's the matter, old chap?" Mr. Walker said, bending down to him.

"I want to go back to England with you," Terry said.

"You want to come back to England with me?" repeated Mr. Walker thoughtfully. "Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't. You ask your aunt nicely now and see what she'll say."

"She promised to bring me and she didn't," Terry said.

"Did you?" asked Mr. Walker.

"I suppose so," she said in a low voice. "Naturally, I didn't think it would stick in his mind like that."

"It's stuck in his mind, all right," said Mr. Walker, looking at Terry's face. "Sorry, Terry," he said softly. "Auntie says it's too late to go to England tonight, but we shall come down and see you again, perhaps next Sunday."

"No, no, no, no!" Terry shrieked as she tried to take his hand. "I won't go

PLAY THY GAME, LORD

(From a Tale in the Mabinogion)

Owain ap Urien,
Prince of Rheged,
Bade his banner
Be raised again;
Rallied his ravens,
Thrice a hundred,
A black bane
To Arthur's army.
Owain and Arthur
Studied each other
Over the chessboard
Made all of silver.
"Owain," said Arthur,
"Forbid thy ravens."
"Play thy game, Lord,"
Said Owain.

Far from forbidden,
By that banner
The wingèd warriors
Rose up wrathful;
Tumult and triumph
Took them and tossed them,
Fierce in their fury
From hurt and pain.
Over the chessboard
Owain and Arthur,
Poring, marvelled,
Paused, and hearkened.
"Owain," said Arthur,
"Forbid thy ravens."
"Play thy game, Lord,"
Said Owain.

The weather darkened.
To Arthur's side
A knight came riding
All flame and scarlet,
Whose lance, blue-shafted,
From point to haft
Was darker dyed
With blood and plumage.
"Carest thou not,
O King," he cried,
"For thy young men slain,
And thy household's damage?"
"Owain," said Arthur,
"Forbid thy ravens."
"Play thy game, Lord,"
Said Owain.

From the board of silver,
Very slowly,
With thumb and finger
Arthur lifted
One golden bishop.
In Arthur's fist
The golden bishop
Crumbled to dust.
Then Owain beckoned
His younger brother,
A prince of Rheged,
And gave the order
To have the banner
Lowered again;
So it was lowered,
And peace did reign.

—Rolfe Humphries

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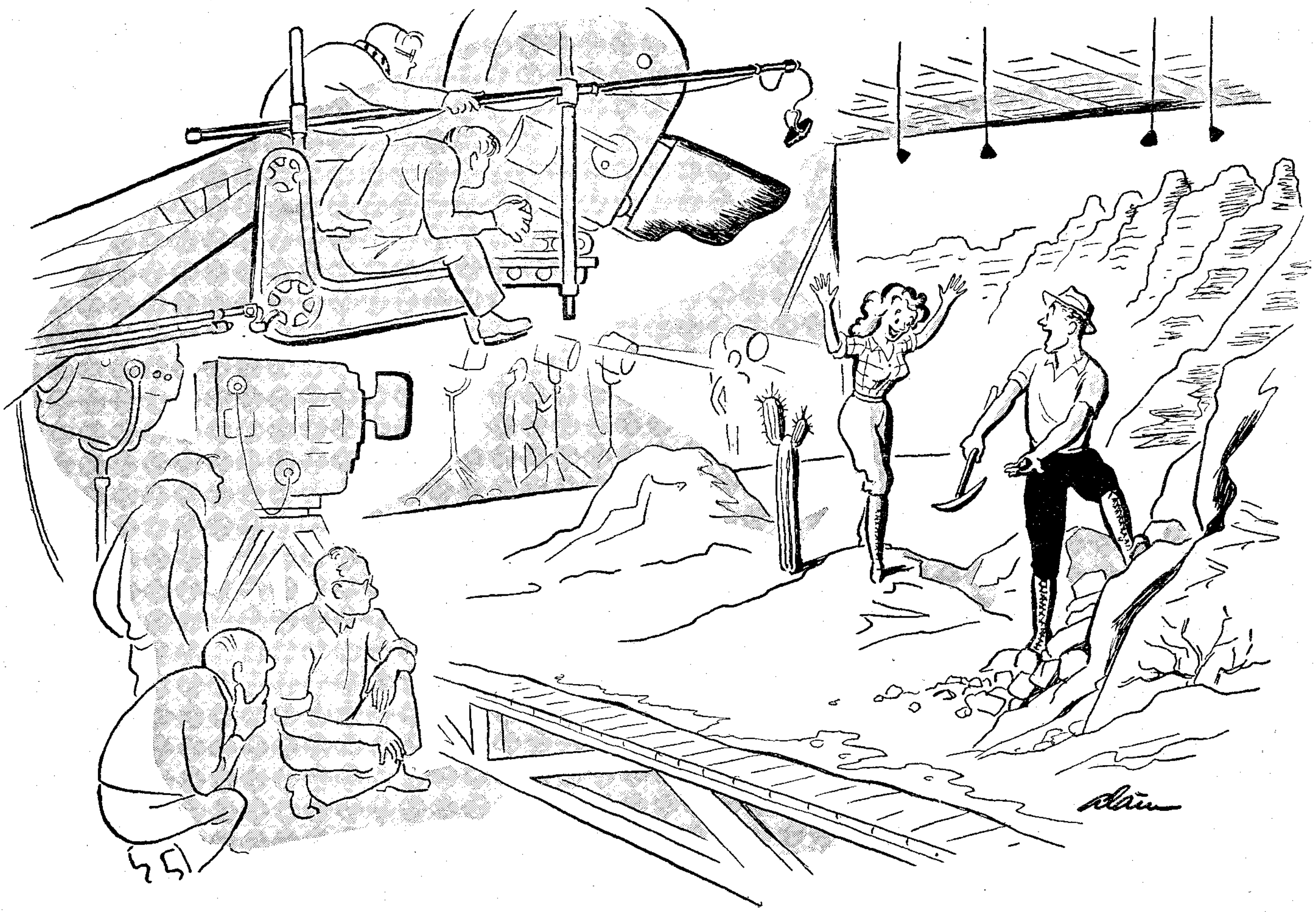


"Uranium!"

• •

with her! She's not my aunt at all!"

"Oh, now, now, Terry," said Mr. Walker in a shocked voice. "You mustn't say things like that, you know."

"She's not, she's not!" Terry cried, loud enough to be heard in the little station. "Everybody knows it. She's my mother and she sent me down here to get rid of me."

Mr. Walker got up and looked at her, resting one hand on Terry's shoulder. "Well, Madge?" he asked.

"Well," she said bitterly, "it seems to be well published, doesn't it?"

"Whether it is or not," he said, "it's doing no good to the kid."

"Whatever I do," she said, "it seems I have to hurt somebody."

"You don't have to hurt somebody that can't hurt you back," he said.

"Anyway," she said, "I'm not going to make up my mind here, at this hour."

"I think you've made up your mind already," he said. "You're going to sacrifice the kid to your mother, just as you've always done. And, if you want my opinion, it's a shame. It really is a shame."

"We won't discuss my mother now, Tom," she said, with a hard, businesslike note in her voice. "Terry, you're to come with me at once, and no more of this nonsense."

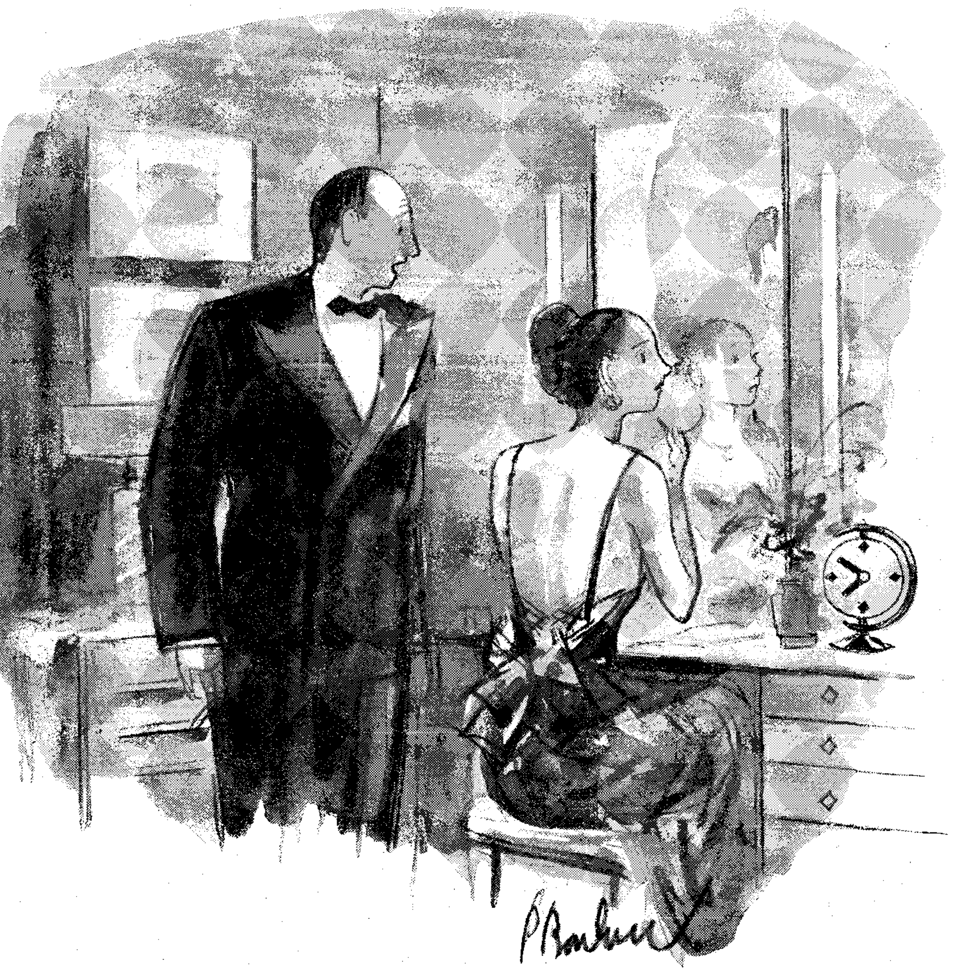
"I won't! I won't! I won't!" Terry screamed. She picked him up and carried him off, kicking and shrieking.

"Here," said Mr. Walker shortly, following her. "Leave the kid to me. You'll only make him ill." She let him take Terry from her, and Terry at once stopped kicking and nosed his way into Mr. Walker's shoulder. Crossing the little wooden bridge, he looked up and saw the river like lead in the last light and a flight of birds whizzing over it. They were the swallows, gathering. Then he fell asleep, and woke up in the little dark bedroom where he and Billy slept. He was sitting on Mr. Walker's knee, and Mr. Walker was taking off his shoes. There wasn't any light, so he couldn't see Mr. Walker's face, but he knew it was him by the smell of his breath.

"Me bucket!" he whined.

"Oh, by gum, lad," said Mr. Walker, "I'd nearly forgotten thy bucket and spade."

EVERY Sunday after that, wet or fine, even though Mrs. Early hadn't made him put on his clean trousers, Terry trotted off to the main road, down the lane, and across the little bridge past the railway station. There was a pub at the farther side of the road, and the men all sat on the wall there, keeping an eye out for the bobbies and waiting for their chance of a dive into the bar. In case there might be any danger of his having to leave them behind him, Terry usually brought his bucket and spade, and sat on the bank, a little apart from the men, who sometimes strolled past and talked to him. Sitting there, he could see the buses and cars coming in both directions along the valley. Sometimes he saw a big gray car like Mr. Walker's and hastily rose and waddled up the road toward it, but it never was the car he was expecting, and in the evenings, when the first buses were coming back from the seaside, he returned to the cottage, and Mrs. Early



"In God's name, Beatrice, what time is it?"

• •

scolded him for moping and whining. He blamed himself a lot for it, for it all began with breaking his word to his aunt.

One Sunday, while he was sitting on the bank, Florrie came up the road from the village, obviously on the lookout for him. She went past him very slowly, waiting for him to speak and never once taking her big dark eyes off him; then she stopped.

"Are you waiting for anyone, Terry?" she asked gently. "Because if you're waiting for your aunt, she's not coming."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I know," she said confidently. "Miss Clancy says it. And the man with the car isn't coming, either. He's gone back to England."

Terry began to sob. He had had that fear all along, that Mr. Walker wasn't really in earnest.

"Why wouldn't you be said by me?" asked Florrie, drawing closer to him till he found her sitting beside him on the bank with her two long white hands like china on her lap. Her voice was so low and gentle that it made him cry more. "You know I wouldn't tell you a lie."

"Why won't they come down for me?" he asked.

"Because your aunt wouldn't go away with the Englishman," said Florrie. "If she went away with the Englishman, he'd have brought you, too. He was a Protestant, and he didn't mind."

"But why didn't she go with him?" asked Terry.

"Because he was married already," said Florrie. "Protestants have no proper religion like us. So her mother made her marry the other fellow. He's a Catholic, and he owns the shop she worked in."

"But why won't she come down?"

"Ah, because he wouldn't like her to," said Florrie. "He's a big nob, and Miss Clancy says 'tis very surprising he married her at all, considering the sort she was. Anyway, she'll be having other children now; proper children, not like us."

"Aren't we proper children?" asked Terry.

"Ah, no," said Florrie broodingly.

"Why aren't we?" asked Terry.

"Ah, lots of reasons," said Florrie, with her fixed, wide-eyed look, as if she saw deeper into the world than anyone else.

"Florrie Clancy!" shouted one of the men who had been watching them. "What are you doing to Terry?"

"I'm not doing anything to him," she cried in a scandalized tone. "He shouldn't be out here by himself. He'll get run over. Come on back home with me now, Terry, boy," she said coaxingly, taking him by the hand.

"She said she'd take me away and give me a bike of my own," Terry said as she led him down the little road past the railway station.

"Ah, she was only codding," said Florrie. "She'll forget all about you when she has the other kids. Miss Clancy says they all do. Miss Clancy says my father has pots of money. If you were in with me, I might marry you and bring you away with me when I'm grown up."

She led him up a short cut through the woods to the place where his aunt and he used to go. The woods at the other side of the valley were turning all colors. Florrie sat on the grass and sedately smoothed her frock down over her knees.

"Ah, what are you crying for?" she asked reproachfully. "'Twas all your own fault. I was always your girl. I took your part when the others called you names. I wanted you not to mind that one and her old goings on, but you cared more for her and her old presents than you did for me. And now look at the way she's after leaving you. If you'll swear to be always in with me, I'll be your girl again. Will you swear?"

"Swear," said Terry miserably.

"All right so," she said, lying back in the grass. "Leave you put your head on my chest, now, and I'll put my arms round you."

He did that, and she caught him tightly in her arms, as if she wouldn't ever let him go. He fell asleep, but she was a queer little girl and solemnly remained holding him fast to her. Then she fell asleep, too, and the evening train going up the valley didn't waken her. It was all lit up in the dusk. The evenings were drawing in.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

•

Dear friend grapefruit—how are *you*? Going to take out your center and fill it with French-dressed shrimps. Pale yellow, pale pink. Like bridesmaids. All right by you, grapefruit?—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

O.K., shrimp.

THE READING MACHINE

“I HAVE invented a reading machine,” said Professor Entwhistle, a strident energumen whose violent enthusiasms are apt to infect his colleagues with nausea or hot flashes before the eyes.

Every head in the smoking room of the Faculty Club bowed over a magazine, in an attitude of prayer. The prayer was unanswered, as usual.

“It is obvious,” said Professor Entwhistle, “that the greatest waste of our civilization is the time spent in reading. We have been able to speed up practically everything to fit the modern tempo—communication, transportation, calculation. But today a man takes just as long to read a book as Dante did, or—”

“Great Caesar!” said the Professor of Amphibology, shutting his magazine with a spank.

“Or great Caesar,” continued Professor Entwhistle. “So I have invented a machine. It operates by a simple arrangement of photoelectric cells, which scan a line of type at lightning speed. The operation of the photoelectric cells is synchronized with a mechanical device for turning the pages—rather ingenious. I figure that my machine can read a book of three hundred pages in ten minutes.”

“Can it read French?” said the Professor of Bio-Economics, without looking up.

“It can read any language that is printed in Roman type. And by an alteration of the master pattern on which the photoelectric cells operate, it can be fitted to read Russian, or Bulgarian, or any language printed in the Cyrillic alphabet. In fact, it will do more. By simply throwing a switch, you can adapt it to read Hebrew, or Arabic, or any language that is written from right to left instead of from left to right.”

“Chinese?” said the Professor of Amphibology, throwing himself into the arena. The others still studied their magazines.

“Not Chinese, as yet,” said Professor Entwhistle. “Though by inserting the pages sidewise . . . Yes, I think it could be done.”

“Yes, but when you say this contrivance reads, exactly what do you mean? It seems to me—”

“The light waves registered by the photoelectric cells are first converted into sound waves.”

“So you can listen in to the reading of the text?”

“Not at all. The sound waves alter so fast that you hear nothing but a continuous hum. If you hear them at all. You can't, in fact, because they are on a wave length inaudible to the human ear.”

“Well, it seems to me—”

“Think of the efficiency of the thing!” Professor Entwhistle was really warming up. “Think of the time saved! You assign a student a bibliography of fifty books. He runs them through the machine comfortably in a weekend. And on Monday morning he turns in a certificate from the machine. Everything has been conscientiously read!”

“Yes, but the student won't remember what he has read!”

“He doesn't remember what he reads now.”

“Well, you have me there,” said the Professor of Amphibology. “I confess you have me there. But it seems to me we would have to pass the machine and fail the student.”

“Not at all,” said Professor Entwhistle. “An accountant today does not think of doing his work by multiplication and division. Often he is unable to multiply and divide. He confides his problem to a business machine and the machine does his work for him. All the accountant has to know is how to run the machine. That is efficiency.”

“Still, it seems to me that what we want to do is to transfer the contents of the book to the student's mind.”

“In the mechanized age? My dear fellow! What we want is to train the student to run machines. An airplane pilot doesn't need to know the history of aerodynamics. He needs to know how to run his machine. A lawyer doesn't want to know the development of theories of Roman law. He wants to win cases, if possible by getting the right answers to logical problems. That is largely a mechanical process. It might well be possible to construct a machine. It could begin by solving simple syllogisms, you know—drawing a conclusion from a major premise and a minor premise—”

“Here, let's not get distracted. This reading machine of yours, it must *do* something, it must make some kind of record. What happens after you get the sound waves?”

“That's the beauty of it,” said Professor Entwhistle. “The sound waves are converted into light waves, of a different character from the original light waves, and these are communicated to an automatic typewriter, working at inconceivable speed. This transforms the light impulses into legible typescript, in folders of a hundred pages each. It tosses them out the way a combine tosses out sacked wheat. Thus, everything the machine reads is preserved entire, in durable form. The only thing that remains is to file it somewhere, and for this you would need only the services of a capable filing clerk.”

“Or you could read it?” persisted the Professor of Amphibology.

“Why, yes, if you wanted to, you could read it,” said Professor Entwhistle.

AN indigestible silence hung over the Faculty Club.

“I see where the Athletic Association has bought a pitching machine,” said the Assistant Professor of Business Psychology (Retail). “Damn thing throws any curve desired, with a maximum margin of error of three centimetres over the plate. What'll they be thinking of next?”

“A batting machine, obviously,” said Professor Entwhistle.

—MORRIS BISHOP

●

SEPARATE SONG

“Why do you shiver all over,
Why does your warmth extinguish?”
“Because I am cold, lover,
Because I rediscover
The old cold anguish.”

“Come closer and I'll recover
That anguish with caressing.”
Not now, not closer, lover,
Now we must both give over,
Without more kissing.

—GEORGE ALLEN

ANNALS OF CRIME

THE BEAUTIFUL SPOILS

III—MONUMENTS MEN

At the height of its war effort, the United States had almost three million men under arms in the European Theatre of Operations. A dozen men out of these millions were functioning, under G-5, Operations Branch, SHAEF, as a *rarissimo* group known as Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives. Up to almost the end of the war, it was the modest job of these few American Monuments men, and their two or three British colleagues, to try to check on and protect, over an area of thousands of square miles, what was left of the Continent's art and historic monuments. And when peace came in Europe, it was the aim of this group, then swollen to some twenty-five members (officers, sergeants, and pfc.s, mostly Americans), to collect a few hundred thousand items of displaced art—French, Dutch, Belgian, Czech, Russian, Polish, and even German—to be returned to or held in trust for the proper people in whichever country they had been owned before 1939.

In 1942, the American Defense-Harvard Group and the Committee of the American Council of Learned Societies, two groups interested in the protection of works of art in the war zones, had drawn President Roosevelt's attention to the probability that Europe's beauty would suffer badly if the Allies invaded the Continent. As a result, he created, in 1943, the American Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments in War Areas, more conveniently known as the Roberts Commission, because Justice Owen J. Roberts, of the Supreme Court, was its chairman. The Roberts body acted as intermediary between the War Department and scholars from Columbia, Harvard's Fogg Art Museum, the Metropolitan Museum, the Frick Art Reference Library, and other erudite centers that supplied the Army with information for what was called the Supreme Headquarters Official Lists of Protected Monuments, a vast, military guidebook of historic lay buildings, churches, and museums that were to be saved, if possible; that is, they were not to be targets, or be slept in, or be looted. Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives, operating in the field, took up where the Roberts Commission left off. The optimistic prospectus set forth early in 1944 for the M. F. A. & A. envisaged a bang-up Allied advisory staff, topped by a lieutenant colonel, with sixteen majors, more than half to be American, aided by a number of predominantly American field outfits, each containing a minimum of twelve junior officers; plus an officer attached to the H.Q. G-5 of each Army, and three more officers under him at the front, assisted by six enlisted men. All of them were to be kept scurrying around in trucks and jeeps, with cameras and typewriters, so they could send to the rear "a constant flow of reports and information," under fifteen subheadings. That, at any rate, was the dream.

Eleven days before the Normandy invasion, General Eisenhower issued a letter to field commanders that began, "Shortly we will be fighting our way across the Continent of Europe. . . . Inevitably, in the path of our advance will be found historical monuments and cultural centers which symbolize to the world all that we are fighting to preserve. It is the responsibility of every commander to protect and respect these symbols whenever possible." On June 6th, however, art preservation must have been the last thing the field commanders thought about as they battled for an invader's toehold in the Atlantic Wall, blasting Gothic spires and billeting their tired, dirty men in any Norman château, full of art or not, they were lucky enough to find intact. In any case, no Monuments men were present to make suggestions. About a fortnight later, two American Monuments officers, Captain (afterward Major) Bancel LaFarge, A.U.S., and Lieutenant George Stout, U.S.N.R., and one Englishman, Squadron Leader J. E. Dixon-Spain, R.A.F., arrived in Normandy—without typewriters, cameras, or trucks—and were turned loose to hitchhike toward their goal, the salvation of art. The situation the trio found themselves in was novel: they had to explain, practically in the heat of battle, who they were, what they were trying to do, and why. Their task was to give first aid to badly injured art (though they had no supplies to repair with), to prevent improper billeting in historic buildings (though the field commanders were supposed to have the Protected Monuments Lists with them, even if they didn't read them), and to inspect and report on the state of the monuments to be protected (though they had no machines to inspect in or to type with). Whether the whole Monuments project

was to continue or be scrapped—the latter was greatly favored by some brass hats before the scheme was even tried—depended on the kind of show these three (and three other Americans and two other British, who were added before the summer's end) were able to put up. The amazing accomplishments of these eight men, who at first had to make their way by riding on anything from regimental laundry trucks to liberated bicycles, resulted in the piecemeal arrival of the Allies' full wartime art group, which—the early ambitious plans forgotten—was maintained at an average strength of fifteen, and which, up to the end of hostilities, scoured France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, and Germany and actually inspected 3,145 monuments and archives, or what was left of them.

THE M. F. A. & A. was among the smallest outfits, and was certainly the most recherché one, in the Allied armies. Once, in the autumn of 1945, shortly after the German capitulation, it swelled to eighty-four officers and men, but while the fighting was on, no such number, it was felt, could be spared for art. About half of the Americans in the M. F. A. & A. had been recommended by the Roberts Commission for transfer to Monuments on the basis of their civilian backgrounds. They were largely youngish art professors, museum curators, sculptors, painters, and architects, and occasionally talented dilettantes. Their chief adviser to SHAEF was the Slade Professor of Fine Art from Cambridge University, Lieutenant Colonel Geoffrey Webb. Some of the luminaries among the earlier American Monuments men were—in addition to LaFarge, who had been a New York architect, and Stout, who had been an expert on conservation at the Fogg Art Museum—Lieutenant Lamont Moore, National Gallery, Washington; Lieutenant Sheldon Keck, Brooklyn Museum; Lieutenant Calvin Hathaway, Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration; Captain Everett Lesley, Art Professor, University of Minnesota; Pfc. Lincoln Kirstein, art patron; Captain Robert Posey, architect; Captain Walker Hancock, Prix de Rome sculptor; Lieutenant James Rorimer, Metropolitan Museum; Captain Walter Huchthausen, Art and Architecture Professor, University of Michigan; and Captain Ralph Hammett, architect.

The first of these professional art experts were sent off to their Normandy-invasion jobs carrying directives sprinkled with such helpful hints as "A castle is usually defined as a large fortified building and a palace as an unfortified stately mansion or residence of royalty," of which republican France has none. The Monuments men's own definition of a palace was, according to one of them, "the local honey on the Supreme H.Q. protected list, where the blasted colonels will certainly billet their troops unless a wandering Monuments man gets there first with an 'Off Limits' sign and his neck stuck out." In their billeting-overseeing job, the Monuments men were like frantic boarding-house keepers, trying to put thousands of lodgers into the right rooms and out of the wrong ones and, above all, trying to prevent them from pocketing everything pretty that belonged to the house. "Off Limits" signs were tried and didn't work, so "Protected Monument" signs were stuck up to discourage our uniformed souvenir hunters from liberating art items to send home to Mom. And the cynical Monuments men marked off really attractive debris and important buildings with white tape, falsely indicating the presence of unexploded mines. It was the worry of our State Department, especially after the Liberation idyll began to fade, that the prestige of the United States Army and the American idea would decline still further if our troops and officers manhandled or lawlessly occupied the western democracies' historic properties. As long as our armies remained in Europe, "the greatest single" M. F. A. & A. problem, an official report declared, was saving the Continent's art "from spoliation and damage by the U.S. Armed Forces." A great deal of minor damage was, it seems, done to châteaux by billeted Americans who nailed pinup girls to highly valued, highly carved antique *boiseries*. This was, however, literally only a pinprick among all the wounds art suffered.

The worst billeting jam occurred in the autumn of 1944, while the war was still on, in the Paris sector—the part of France that is richest in palaces and châteaux—when American troops were pouring toward the front. Improper bil-

"Say, just exactly what's on your mind?"

• •

leting became almost as big an M. F. A. & A. pain as the unwarranted demands for fancier billets by outfits that were already billeted. One colonel of a replacement group aspired to billet his fifty officers in Mme. de Pompadour's historic mansion at Fontainebleau—a demand that was easy to refuse because another outfit had accidentally just set fire to the Henri IV wing of Fontainebleau Palace. The Monuments people also received endless intimate requests from the French: that a Quartermaster trucking battalion billeted in the Château de Celle please respect the collection of stag antlers belonging to its owner, the Duc de Brissac; that the room in which Cardinal Richelieu once slept in the Château Fleury-en-Bière be marked "Off Limits;" that an Air Forces unit near Chantilly abandon its project to practice-bomb a camouflaged hunting lodge on an island where the Vollard art collection was hidden. There was a claim that all the furniture of the Château Voisenon had disappeared with a certain distinguished bombardment group, famous also for liking comfort. There was a protest that American troops billeted in the Château de Frémigny, built for a friend of Napoleon, had done more harm in the two months they were in residence than the Germans billeted there had done in four years. However, the M. F. A. & A. report on the gutted Château de Chamerolles, where Germans had also been billeted for four years, noted the owners' complaint that the Boches had carted off seven hundred valuable paintings and drawings, a hundred and forty-seven sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Oriental rugs, some seventeenth-century tapestries, and masses of rare silver—the most Herculean cleaning out accomplished by any unit in Europe in the entire war.

The Battle of the Bulge produced a great number of front-line billeting disasters. Surprise, confusion, danger, and bitter cold drove our men into any shelter, no matter how artistic; those who weren't freezing in foxholes were sweating it out in Belgian châteaux almost as fine as those in Touraine. The Château de Pailhe, the finest Louis XV structure in Belgium, was burned to the ground when the Americans used gasoline cookers on a parquet floor. Chimney fires and ruined marble mantelpieces were frequent. Most of our men had had no experience with elegant, ancestral open fireplaces; they had been brought up on comfortable steam heat.

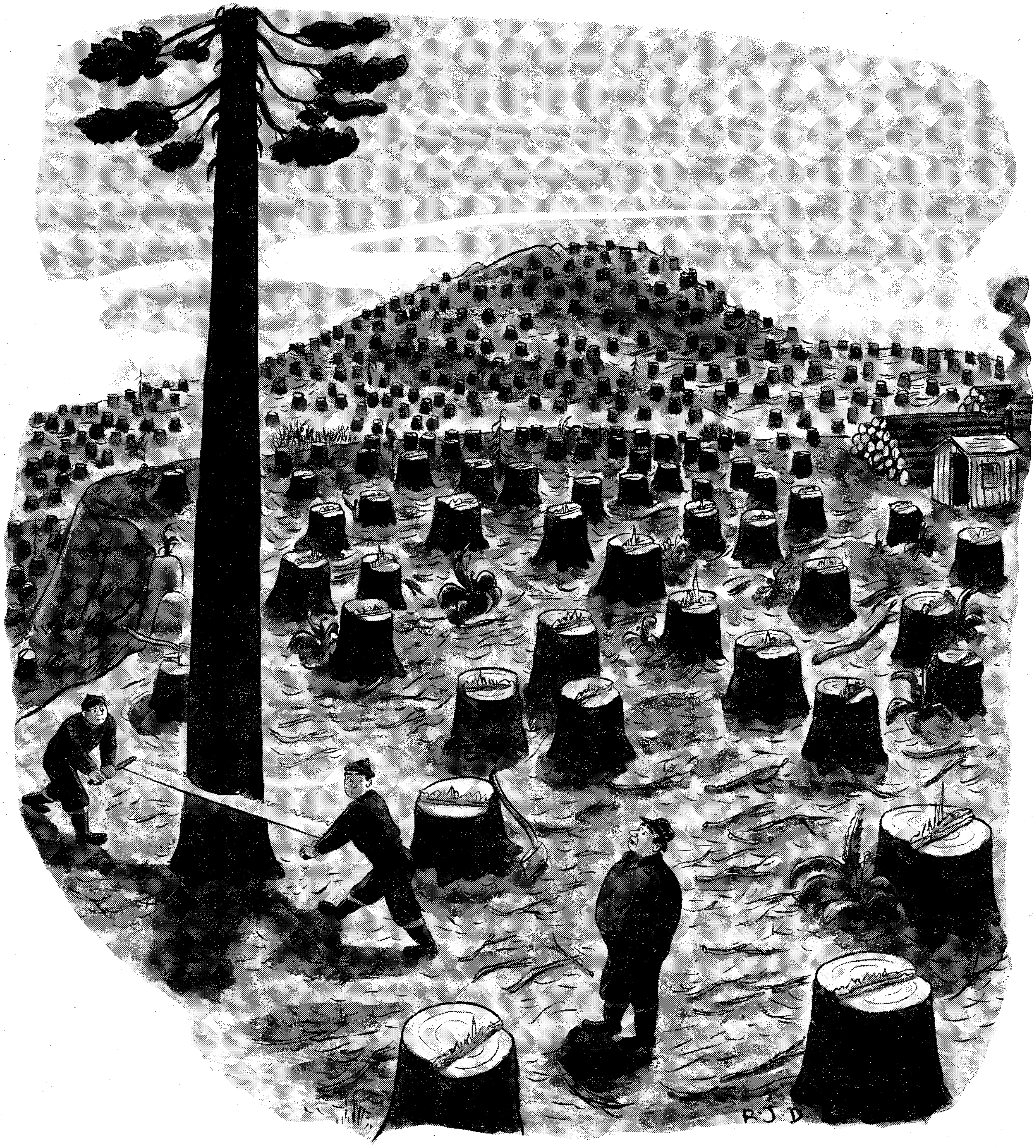
An unexpected secondary war duty of the Monuments men consisted of acting as an ambulant lost-and-found department for art. In 1940, as the Germans started invading, western Europe frantically began hiding the treasures it loved, burying them in gardens the way dogs cache bones, hiding them in haylofts, in church steeples, in slaughterhouses, in bank basements or lunatic asylums, in any place of concealment that seemed logically safe or so absurd that it was unlikely to be discovered. City people sent their valuables to the country for safety and country people carted their stuff to town. The first reaction of the populace in the Liberation, after the cheers, was to hunt for their things. As the Monuments men moved around, they made lists of lost-and-found art, sent reports to one another, dispatched inquiries, and filed good news of discoveries and clues.

They also took notes on the gigantic, yawning destruction of the architectural face of war-struck Europe—of those now lost features of beauty, art, and picturesqueness, of housed history or charm, whose disappearance makes the profile of the Continent unrecognizable and will necessitate the rewriting of all the Baedekers. The first handful of Monuments officers, by thumbing rides and not standing on professional dignity, covered a tremendous amount of territory and compiled, often on borrowed typewriters, reams of notes that could serve the guidebook editors well. They didn't see everything, but they saw a lot. In the twelve weeks before Christmas of 1944, one man travelled thirteen thousand miles in France and inspected two hundred and twenty-four monuments. The M. F. A. & A. notes showed that in the most badly injured regions of the occupied countries, damage ran to about forty-five per cent. In Germany, inventor of the blitz, ninety per cent of the great historical monuments were struck and sixty per cent were blitzed to nothingness. The Monuments men also observed a fact that would have gratified the medieval building trades: the fragile-looking Gothic constructions, with their airy, resilient flying buttresses and broken surfaces, resisted the shock of bomb concussion better than the solid, unbroken surfaces of the Renaissance constructions, which—being built on the modern, four-square principle—were bashed flat by modern blast.

THE AW
SWEEP YOU SIDEWALK
CURB YOUR DOG
DANGER

The Monuments reports were brief and melancholy. Of Boulogne, after Patton's Third Armored had fought its way in, the summarizing note read, "On M. F. A. & A. requests, engineers scraped 14th-century cathedral ruins from street functioning as Red Ball highway between Omaha and Utah beaches." A British note read, "Antwerp, Musée Plantin-Moretus, world's most famous printing museum, 18th century façade struck by buzz bomb." Major the Lord Methuen, Royal Scots Guards, the M. F. A. & A. officer in the Brussels region, kept a diary in the best travelling-Englishman manner, with appreciative observations on art ("Aerschot, inspected Béguinage, pleasant building dated 1636, badly damaged by bombing. Thielt, inspected charming Renaissance Belfry with tower and spire shot up in '44") as well as notes on whom he'd lunched with and the latest difficulties with his sinus, which was troubling him in the Lowlands climate. In Holland, the notes of Major Ronald Balfour, Fine Arts Officer for the Canadian First Army and former Fellow at King's College, Cambridge, were also personal, but they had a severer tone: "To appoint an officer for a whole area and to expect him to cadge lifts is not only faintly ludicrous but gives the Netherlands authorities a clear and perhaps accurate impression that we are not interested in their monuments at all."

The M. F. A. & A. men who followed the Allies into Aachen and the Rhineland became simply obituary writers, since dead art lay in every direction: "Cologne, circa 80 per cent of monuments and churches destroyed, including St. Maria im Capitol, famous Romanesque landmark . . ." "Kleve, Stitskirche, mid 14th century, air bombed Oct. '44, again Feb. '45, an eliminating operation. Church shattered." After completing his mortuary report on Kleve, including a two-page epitaph on



"When you finish this one, boys, I'd like a word with you over at the office."

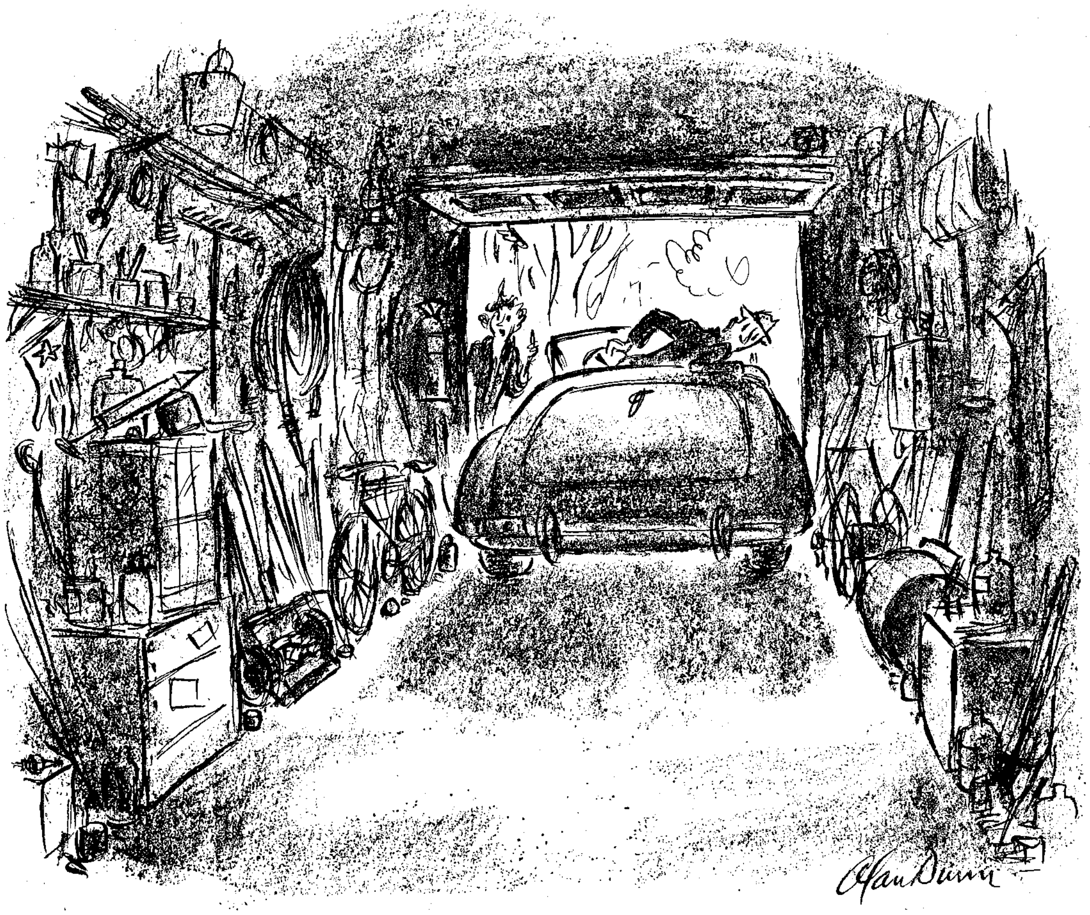
• •

architectural details of the church alone, Major Balfour, the Canadian First Army Monuments officer, was killed by Nazi shellfire. From the town of Xanten came this note: "St. Victor's cathedral, rated most beautiful Gothic complex of buildings in the Rhineland, is wrecked. Shot, shell, blast." Another note recorded: "Münster, remarkable for assembly of fine buildings 14-18th century, is gone for good. Aerial bombardment Sunday March 25, 1945." A Münster postscript, written by an M. F. A. & A. archivist, said, "Münster city records on methods of Nazi treatment of Jews as well as future plans in that regard reported intact in Schloss Nordkirchen." From Trier: "Dom, 11th century, oldest church in Germany, heavily bombed Xmas week, '44. Karl Marx House, birthplace, used as Nazi newspaper H.Q., direct bomb hit, destroyed." Near the Ruhr pocket, Captain Huchthausen, the peacetime Professor of Art and Architecture at the University of Michigan, was killed by machine-gun fire on an *Autobahn.* Like all Monuments men, he felt that his job was concerned not only with the death of art but occasionally with its resuscitation. He was killed in a borrowed jeep while answering a hurry call to come inspect a newly found art cache.

It was the discovery of one underground art cache after another and the unexaggerated reports that they were worth millions of dollars that presently gave European art its place on the front page, along with the battles, and made it unnecessary for the Monuments men to go on being apologetic about their work. The first underground cache our armies encountered was a specially constructed art air-raid shelter in a deep subterranean sandstone chamber outside the Dutch town of Maastricht. There the Dutch had stored their most valuable museum pictures, with Nazi approval. The fact that the art had been hidden by our Allies decreased the excitement of the discovery for our men, though they took sightseeing tours underground to stare at some Rembrandts—once it had been explained who and how important Rembrandt was. For the next fortnight, every Dutch daub found in a farmhouse attic was called a Rembrandt, and the nearest Monuments officer was sent for, posthaste, to authenticate it.

Then, in April, 1945, in the mountains of Germany and Austria, our armies made the first of a series of spectacular, melodramatic discoveries of enemy-hidden subterranean treasure troves, which turned out to be the most dazzling, rich, compact underground depots of art in history. The first buried cache was found on April 2nd by elements of the Eighth Infantry Division, in the Westphalian copper mine at Siegen. As a matter of fact, Lieutenant Stout had already discovered it, at long distance (and had tipped off Headquarters to be on the lookout for it), while studying an annotated Nazi art catalogue he had come on in Aachen, whose rich cathedral treasures had been hidden at Siegen. He had also borrowed the cathedral's curate as a sort of guide. When the Monuments men finally entered the mine with the curate, its corridors were without light and reeked of the mine's sulphur and the stench of a vast, departed German civilian population, which had hidden there in semi-suffocation for two weeks, first from the *Amerikaner* bombs and then from the incoming *Amerikaner* soldiers, who butchered children, the German radio had warned. Deep in the mine, behind a locked door, the Monuments men found the German caretakers and the art they took care of—among other things, more than four hundred great pictures.

Later, when the Eighth Infantry turned the mine into an exhibition place, it posted at the mouth a sign, bearing its insigne (a golden arrow), that read, "Golden Arrow ART MUSEUM (Siegen Copper Mine). Europe's Art Treasures RESTORED. Paintings of the OLD MASTERS, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Delacroix, Van Gogh, Holbein. Bones and Crown of CHARLEMAGNE. Original Music of BEETHOVEN. Discovered and Guarded by the 8th INFANTRY DIVISION." The manuscript of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, taken from the Beethoven House in Bonn, was indeed in the mine; the Charlemagne crown there was only a modern exhibition copy, which our officers and troops tried on as happily as if it had been the real thing; Charlemagne's bones were merely a part of his skull, imbedded in a silver, jewelled, life-size bust. The mine had been equipped with a dehydrating plant, but our bombs had wrecked it in January, and in the interim some of the damp pictures had become encrusted with a green, plush-like mold that made the people in them look as though they were suffering from a novel skin disease. The art—much of it still carefully packed in boxes sitting comfortably on floor boards, since the Nazis never spared labor in fitting up their underground art repositories—was again somewhat disappointing to our soldiers, because it hadn't been stolen from one of our Allies: it was merely Kraut riches, which included the Aachen Cathedral's tenth-century gemmed cross and twelfth-century crosier and enamelled gold shrine; canvases by Stephan Lochner; church and museum treasures from Münster and Alsatian Metz (which the Germans had always rated German); and the best of the contents of the Rhineland's wealthy museums, including the Essen Volkwang Museum's collection of French moderns, which was among the finest in Europe.



On April 6th, four days after the Siegen find, the American Army uncovered its second German cache—the

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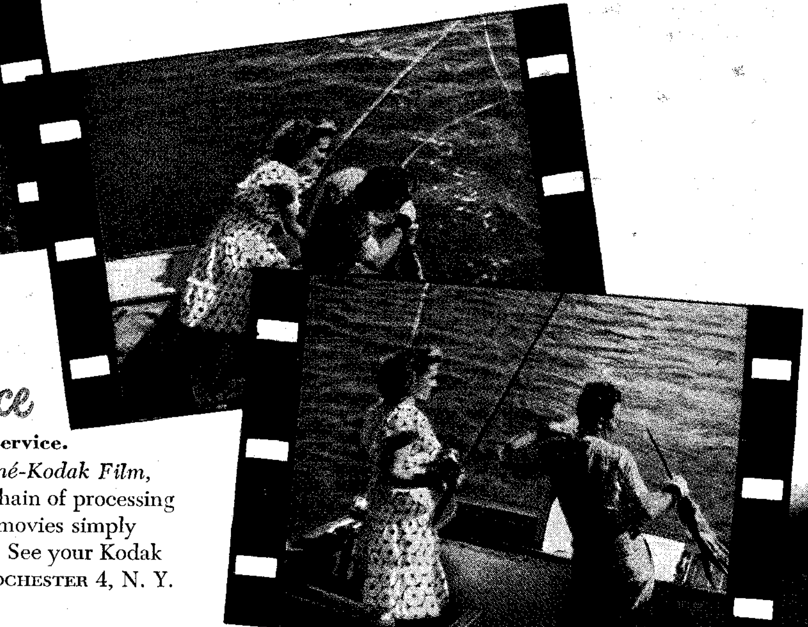

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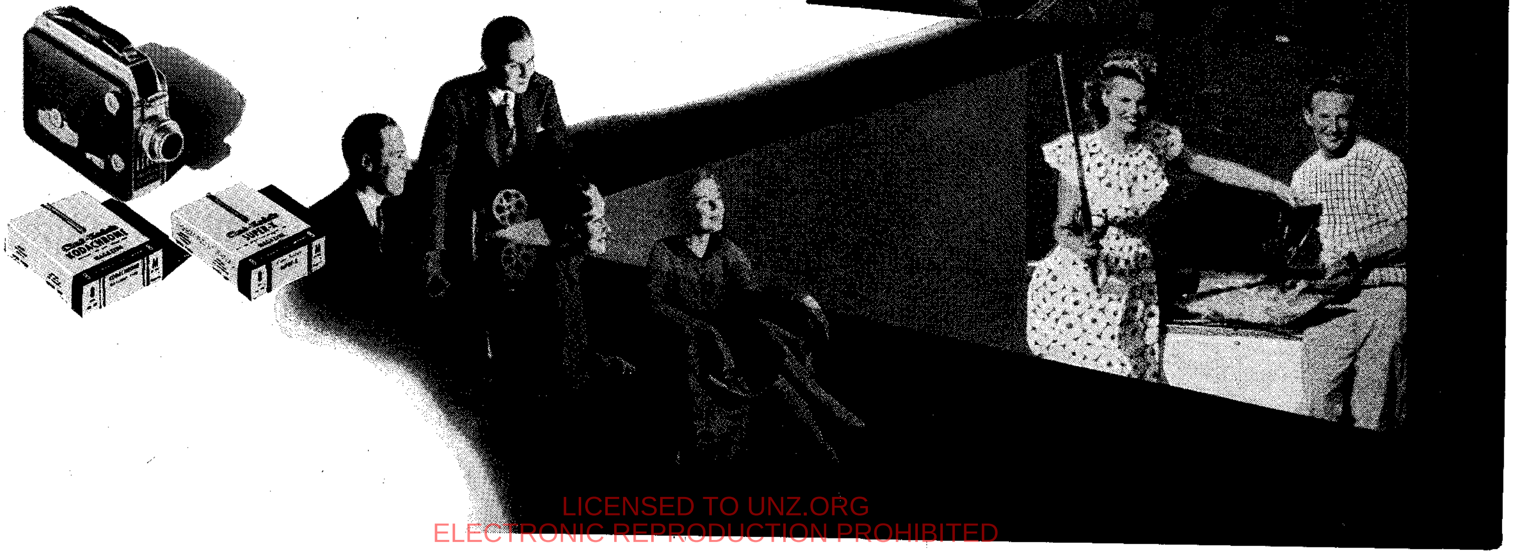

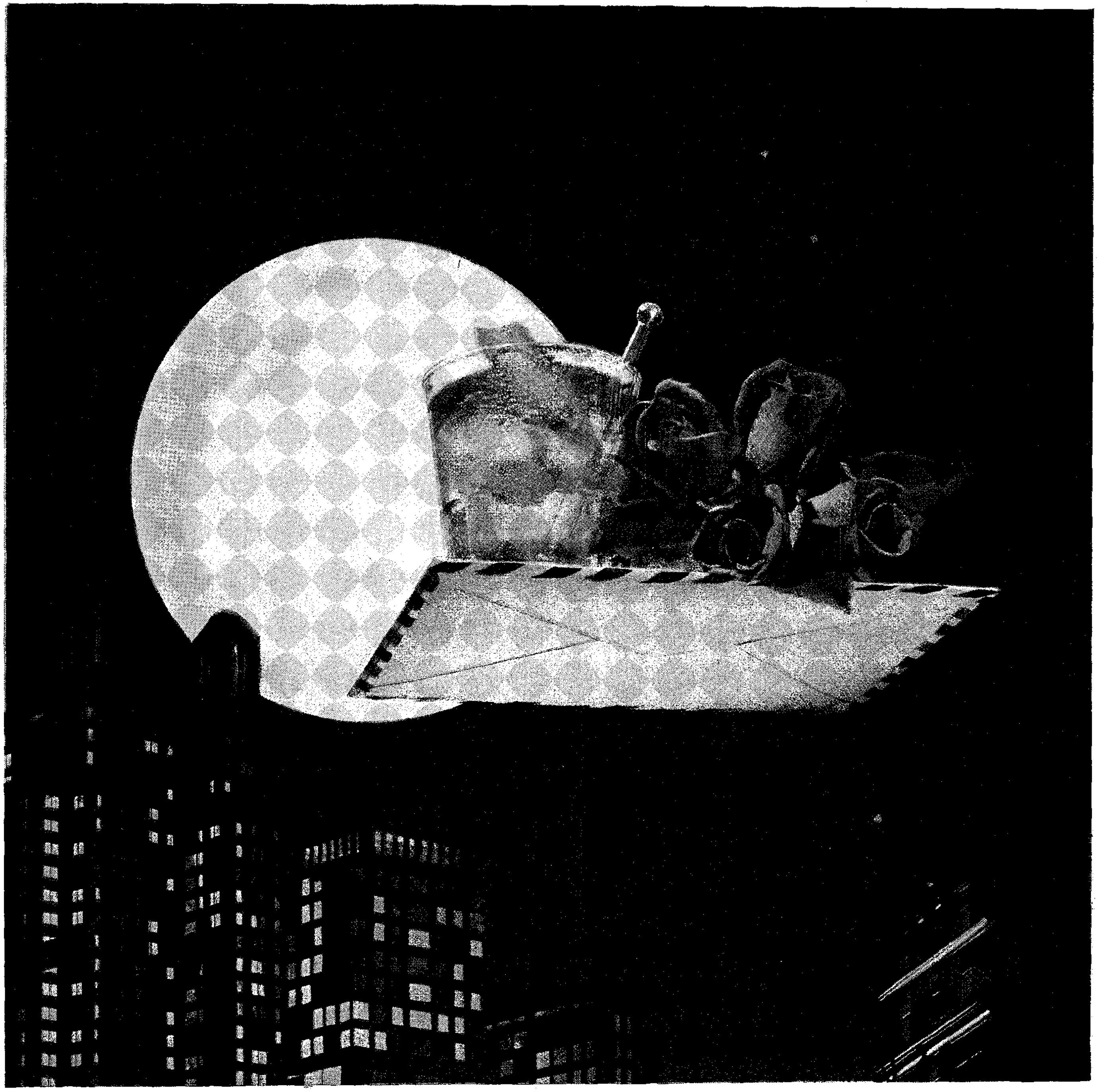

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Kaiseroda salt mine, at Merkers, in Thuringia. This discovery satisfied everybody and definitely put art on the war map. The Merkers art got a high ranking because it was mixed up with the colorful personality of General Patton and with a new type of treasure that really made sense—millions of dollars' worth of gleaming, solid gold. The Merkers mine was a lucky discovery of the 347th Infantry of Patton's Third Army. An M.P., Private Mootz by name, was told by a couple of French deportee women that what looked like a sawmill on yonder hill was the entrance to a salt mine filled with gold and other treasures so vast that when, a few weeks before, they had arrived from Berlin, it had taken scores of slave laborers seventy hours to carry the stuff into the place of hiding, seven hundred metres underground. The first visit by one of the M.P.'s officers disclosed that the mine also contained a Prussian State Collections curator and a British war prisoner, who had helped to tote the gold and knew exactly where it was. Before many hours had passed, the mine was bristling with extra M.P.s, a tank battalion to guard the mine head, a reinforced rifle company thrown around its four other entrances, and jeeps everywhere, armed with machine guns. The area also boiled with excited reconnaissance parties, special details, and Intelligence and Counterintelligence. When a number of officers, accompanied by an American banker, a gold expert who had been hastily flown in from Paris, descended into the mine and reached the cache, they saw a breathtaking sight: five hundred and fifty canvas bags, each containing a million reichsmarks in gold; four hundred smaller bags, containing brick gold; and, to one side, sordid boxes of gold fillings from Jews' teeth and their gold wedding rings, which the Nazis had thoughtfully saved from the concentration camps at Auschwitz and Buchenwald. On second glance, the officers also noticed some art. According to German bankers, with which Army Intelligence seemed to find the countryside teeming, Patton's Third had discovered the entire gold reserve of the Nazi State's Reichsbank. This was the first instance in modern military annals of a belligerent's capturing his enemy's every red cent. The American banker appraised the gold at $250,000,000. It was known that Germany started the war with a gold reserve of $50,000,000, so the Nazi conquests had really paid. Part of the Merkers bullion was identified as belonging to Belgium, which in panic had passed it to France in 1940, which had later passed it to Dakar, from which Vichy later ordered it passed to the insistent Germans.

The Army's first report—an unofficial one, since no Monuments men had yet been invited in to have a peek—said that the Merkers art treasures were not masterpieces. Actually, the Merkers art was so masterly that it was worth at least twice as much as the Merkers gold. Two hundred and two of its German pictures, once the pride of Berlin's now wrecked Kaiser Friedrich Museum and at present cached in the Washington National Gallery, were alone valued at $80,000,000. The lovely polychrome head of the Egyptian Queen Nofretete, found in a wooden box labelled "*Die Bunte Königin*" ("The Multicolored Queen"), was only one extremely valuable item in the Merkers trove of art from fifteen Berlin state museums. On the sixth day after the discovery came the distinguished visitors—Generals Eisenhower, Bradley, Eddy, and Patton. All fourteen stars, representing the top brains and valor of our Army in Europe, descended into the mine in the same elevator, operated by a grim German. Soon after that, the gold was removed—rapidly. Protected by fighter planes, ack-ack guns, and anti-tank guns, the gold was trucked to Frankfurt and its rather less bombed Reichsbank vaults, where, at last official reports, it remains, the most heavily guarded cache in Europe. For nine months before the Merkers find, Monuments men had been disparagingly known in the Army as "those guys with their goddam art." The Merkers gold and Patton's personality had made art itself important. An art cache was thereafter known as an "art target," and all Patton's rivals itched to strike one too. Clearly, art finds meant publicity to any outfit's Public Relations officer. Capturing towns was valorous and still the aim of the war, but capturing art was a glamorous new idea.

Patton's lucky Third made the next

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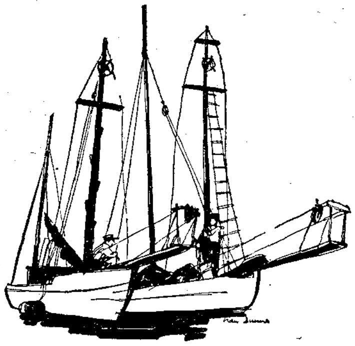
MORE BY THE PAIR . . . LESS BY THE YEAR

strike, too, with the discovery, in May, just before the European war's end, of the art cache in the salt mine of Alt Aussee, up in the mountains near Salzburg. Among its sixty-seven hundred paintings was the great Hitler Collection for the museum he planned to set up in memory of his mother at Linz, in Austria, plus the art stolen in Italy by the Hermann Göring Division as a present for its chief's 1944 birthday. To two of the Third's Monuments men, Captain Posey and Pfc. Kirstein, Alt Aussee's cache was far from a surprise. Months before, in Trier, they had squeezed a tip about it from a German who had been connected with the French headquarters of E.R.R., *der Einsatzstab Reichsleiter Rosenberg für die Besetzten Gebiete*, or the Reich Leader Rosenberg Task Force for Occupied Territories, the official German art-looting organization. The two Monuments men had been impatiently waiting ever since for their outfit to fight its way to the mine. Once the Allies entered Germany, there was a steady trickle of tips about art in the Allied Intelligence reports. These were assembled in England by British and American Monuments officers and passed back to the proper authorities on the Continent. German prisoners also added tidbits of news, and from interrogations of the German population, then anxious to please, came an incoherent but informative mass of facts, clues, and rumors about hundreds of German art hideouts. There had been, to start with, a list, filched from the E.R.R. offices in Paris, of the six German aboveground hideouts, at Neuschwanstein, Chiemsee, Kögl, Seisenegg, Nickolsburg, and Kloster Buxheim. This list had been stolen by the French in 1942, when our Monuments men were still miles and years away from their goal. The major art, however, had been moved by the time the Monuments men caught up, in 1945. The terrible success of the Allied bombing had driven art, considered by the Nazis more valuable than their people, to safety in new hideouts, often unknown to the Allies, underground.

THE fourth big German cache was discovered by the United States First Army in the twenty-four kilometres of underground passages of a salt mine at Bernterode, in the Thuringia Forest. At first view, it was perhaps the most startling of all. It featured the caskets of Feldmarschall von Hindenburg and his wife; of Kaiser Friedrich Wilhelm I, his bier decorated by a wreath and red ribbon bearing the name of his admirer, Adolf Hitler; and of Prussia's most revered king, Frederick the Great. Using Scotch tape, the methodical Germans had attached to each coffin lid a paper label bearing the name of the occupant scribbled in red crayon. The effect of this morbid scene was enhanced by an array of two hundred and twenty-five German battle banners, the relics of centuries of Prussian campaigns. Around Frederick the Great's coffin lay those of his Sans Souci Palace treasures that he had loved most—dozens of his paintings by Watteau, Chardin, Lancret, and Boucher, and boxes containing his library, most of the books in French and all of them bound in scarlet leather. Mixed in with swastika-marked flags were the sparkling insignia of earlier German greatness—the Hohenzollern crowns fabricated for Friedrich Wilhelm I and Sophia Dorothea in 1713 (with the jewels missing, these having been "removed for honorable sale," as an accompanying German note stated); a gold *Totenhelm*, or death helmet, dated 1688, for dead kings lying in state; a blue enamel royal orb, or *Reichsapfel*; two magnificent royal swords, dated 1460 and 1540; and an 1801 Hohenzollern sword and scabbard, the latter a terrific, yard-long, tawdry blaze of diamonds and rubies.



The French, Italian, and Russian slave laborers milling about the neighborhood when the liberating troops arrived said that the caskets had been hauled in a few weeks before under the supervision of the highest German military men and had been walled up in such secrecy and so quickly that they hadn't known what was being hidden away. It was the presence of fresh mortar in the main mine corridor that had led four sergeants and two corporals of the 330th Ordnance Depot Company, an art target hopefully in mind, to start digging through five feet of still damp masonry. What they had discovered was the sacred elements of Germanic revivalism—in readiness if and when Hitler failed. Bernterode was the most important political repository in all the Reich. By coincidence, our Monuments men brought the caskets out of the mine on V-E Day, while their radio was dialled to the Armed Forces' network, over which London's celebration of the great event was being broadcast. To the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Frederick the Great, in a bronze coffin so vast that there was only a half inch to spare, rose majestically on the mine elevator, and just as he reached the free air, there sounded the monarchial strains of "God Save the King."

In a brick kiln in the town of Hungen was the most insultingly housed cache of all. Here were hidden the most precious Jewish archives, tomes, and synagogue vessels from all over Europe, including the Rosenthalian collection from Amsterdam and that of the Frankfurt Rothschilds. In the kiln, the repository for the Jewish material Rosenberg planned to use in his projected postwar academy, where anti-Semitism was to be taught as an exact science, priceless illuminated parchment torahs were found cut into covers for Nazi stenographers' typewriters or made up into shoes. Here, too, were thousands of Jewish identity cards, marked with a yellow "J," all that remained of Jews who had perished in Nazi crematories.

HAVING found thousands of items of looted art, far from home, and of German-owned art, displaced from its bombed-out museum habitat, the Monuments men, after V-E Day, were faced with the final two problems of their arduous war-and-peace job. The first was the physical act of removing this art—either heaving it up, sometimes heavy and sometimes light, but always valuable and breakable, from the bowels of the earth or from the castles in which it had been stored and transporting it along ruined roads and across streams without bridges. The second problem was to find safe places to put the art in. The first was the harder. The terrible technical difficulties were made quite clear in a rhetorical question one Monuments officer put to a friend: "How would *you* go about hauling up a close-to-life-size Michelangelo marble statue of the Virgin and Child from the bottom of a salt mine, in a foreign country, with the mine machinery *kaput* from our bombs, with nearly no help from our Army, since it was authorized to give nearly none, without proper tools, without trained handlers, and without even the tattered bed coverlets of the moving man's trade to use as padding?" Monuments men used

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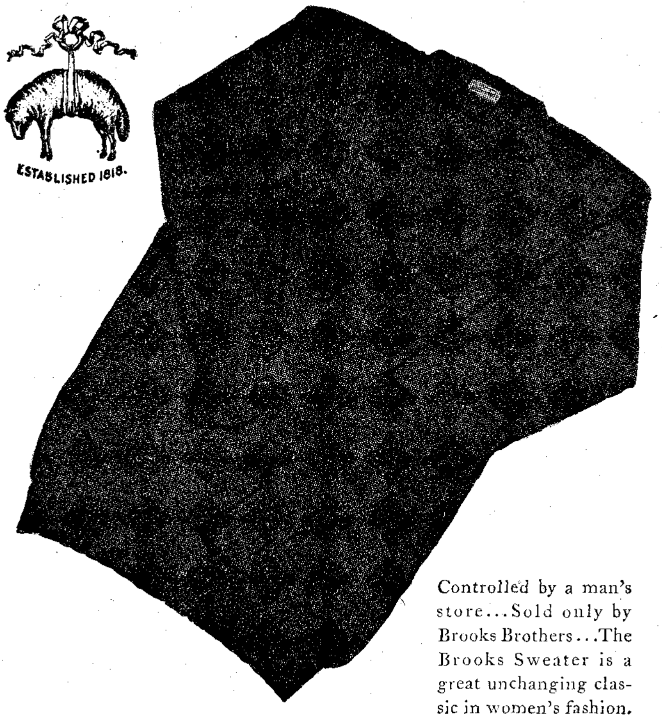
what they found in German military stores for padding. Gasproof Nazi boots were cut into wedges to use as buffers between paintings; gasproof capes made ideal waterproofings; the full-length German sheepskin coats, tailored for the disastrous Russian campaign, were perfect to wrap around sculpture. For labor, the Monuments men, in their desperation, used any willing human being they could find—Polish, French, Russian, Belgian, Dutch, and Baltic slave workers, male and female, all grimly delighted to help pry loose Germany's loot, and minor German jailbirds, in the jug for stealing our Army rations and lent by petty German officials eager to curry favor with the conquerors. Some of the newer Monuments men were young curators from rich American museums who had never moved anything heavier than a Degas pastel. During the first summer, autumn, and winter following the peace, the Monuments men —under the supervision of Lieutenant Stout, the Fogg Art Museum expert, as Monuments chief for all the evacuations in the 12th Army Group area, which comprised the German-Austrian mountains and took in six hundred big and little depositories—spent months in red-tape-bound, wearying, exciting, maddening, and often incoherent work, and by the time they were through they had removed a large percentage of the Nazi-hidden art, much of it with their own hands.

After viewing Germany's ruins in their search for dependable receptacles, the Monuments men chose the Verwaltungsbau, in Munich, for the central collecting point for looted E.R.R. art, for the Hitler and Göring thefts and purchases, and for any other art from the occupied countries. This had been the Nazi Party's administration building for South Germany, one of a solid, tasteless, white-stone pair of Party edifices—the other being Hitler's headquarters building, the Führerbau, next door—which oddly escaped destruction in the ruination of Munich and which, in all their dual, matching ugliness, now dominate the Königsplatz, of whose earlier architectural charm little but the battered façade of the Glyptothek Museum remains. The central collecting point, soon known as the Bau to the Monuments men, was set up and run by Lieutenant Craig Smythe, U.S.N.R., of the National Gallery; Lieutenant Commander Hamilton Coulter, U.S.N.R., a New York architect; and Captain Edwin Rae, art instructor, University of Illinois. The Verwaltungsbau had been partially gutted, and its tons of



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secret, sacred Nazi documents—including lists of Party members as well as of anti-Nazis scheduled to be shot—had been scattered by post-V-E Day German mobs. The huge building had to be repaired, cleaned, lighted, staffed, and guarded at a time when a broom was a rarity, when coal was lacking, and glass for smashed windows and skylights had to be scrounged. Then, anti-Nazis had to be discovered among the German curators to aid in the colossal task. Finally, the Army, with the war over, with half a country to patrol, and with the art-target game only a memory, was naturally indifferent about lending good, strong G.I. guards to sit up night and day eying pretty pictures.

The Verwaltungsbau actually served not only as a collecting point but as a repatriation point; Allied art arrived in bulk and was then carefully parcelled out, on signed receipt, to the Allied countries to whom it had belonged before the Germans got hold of it. To facilitate the work, representatives of the Allied governments also functioned at the Bau. As art items were tentatively identified, through catalogues or often by the Nazis' own tags, they were placed in storerooms—each nation had its own—for further checking of ownership. When the identification was verified, the art was trucked off home, at the concerned nation's expense, after a receipt had been signed releasing the Allied authorities from further responsibility. Art that had actually been bought by the Nazis from private owners was, as a rule, simply put into government custody, when it got home, on the principle that unless the former owner could prove that the property had been sold under duress, it should become the property of the state. The wrangling over ownership is still going on.

To complete their knowledge of the Nazi looting, it was necessary for the Monuments men to do considerable detective work, establishing—by interrogation and by locating and studying Nazi, collaborationist, and other documents all over occupied Europe—exactly how, by whom, and for which Nazi bigwigs this massive spoliation of art had been organized. On this complicated information was based one phase of the "crimes against civilization" with which some of the Nazi war criminals—especially Göring, Rosenberg, and Frank—were charged at the Nuremberg trials. Lieutenants Theodore Rousseau, of the National Gallery, and James Plaut, of Boston's Institute of Modern Art, both of the Navy and both speaking fluent German and French, and Navy Lieutenant S. L. Faison, art professor of Williams College, made up a roving secret service for the Art Looting Investigation Unit of the Office of Strategic Services, which worked with the Monuments men. The only full-time Monuments detective was Lieutenant Walter Horn, a Hamburg-born anti-Nazi who for years had been art professor at the University of California. By the repeated use of his most effective phrase, in German, "If you are not telling me the truth, you will pay for it with your head," he got Germans to tell him the truth. It was by this method that he obtained from a Nuremberg city councillor information as to the whereabouts of five of the greatest insignia of the Holy Roman Empire, including the real eleventh-century crown of Charlemagne, pipped with raw sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and amethysts and tipped with a jewelled cross, and the St. Mauritius thirteenth-century sword. Nazi propaganda had carefully spread the rumor, after V-E Day, that a certain S.S. officer had sunk these relics in the Zell-am-See. Actually, on highest Nazi Party orders, the insignia had been secreted in an aperture in a false wall, eight stories underground, in the bottom basement of an apartment house built on the rocky slope of the Nuremberg Paniersplatz. Today, the interested visitor walks down (and later up) eight flights of stairs, accompanied by a slovenly janitor, to see the visible evidence of this ingenuous-looking, completely unsuspected hideaway—a jagged hole, such as any plumber might have made, leading into what appears to be a flue, such as any furnace might possess, just large enough to contain the five sacred relics, each fitted into its own beautiful locked, sealed, engraved, rustproof copper box. This cache of Holy Roman Empire relics was second in national sentimental and political value only to the royal and martial caskets at Bernterode. Ideologically, these two were the most important of all the German caches, laid by in a desperate hour against the Germanic comeback.

WHILE the Bau was functioning as the collecting point for looted art, a collecting point for the E.R.R. loot from Jewish libraries, synagogues, and private documentary collections was set up at Offenbach in an unbombed I.G. Farben building. Some German-owned art, mainly from the Rhineland, was installed in still another collecting point, at Marburg, in the Staatsarchiv building. The major collecting point for German-owned art, including that

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from the great Berlin museums, was settled at Wiesbaden, in the old Landesmuseum. Captain Walter Farmer, of the M.F.A. & A., took over the building, considerably the worse for wear, from the Army service troops, who had been using it as a joint clothing and D.P. center. Here, after he had overcome the customary difficulties of getting brooms, soap, and window glass, seventy-five rooms were filled with Germany's most valuable art, usually still packed in the carefully labelled boxes in which the Germans had embarked it toward safety and hiding. There were hundreds of boxes, containing pictures by Cimabue, Mantegna, Dürer, Hieronymus Bosch, Bellini, and all the other great artists of Europe for centuries back. The Landesmuseum also housed hundreds of neat, sliding-panelled, annotated cases containing the German museums' fine print and engraving collections—all packed as carefully as if they were food, awaiting the great day when the Reich would be victorious and could once again savor its art publicly, in its huge museums. The Landesmuseum's so-called Treasure Room, kept under special guard, looked like the delirious dream of a private collector. Crowded into it was every kind of particularly precious art, piled in corners from floor to ceiling, spread on tables, ranged from the locked doors to the barred windows—objects in gold, in silver, studded with diamonds, festooned with pearls, bloody with rubies; objects once held by kings, worn or collected by dukes, or revered by bishops, and all finally become the public property of the wealthy, powerful German State, under its Kaisers. An important part of the Landesmuseum job was to demonstrate to the Germans the Monuments-War Department idea that art has nothing to do with war or race; that it belongs first to everybody and second to the people who legally owned it; and that German art was simply being held by the Monuments unit in trust until responsible German authority could offer the guards and the housing such treasures required. As illustration of this theory, the Landesmuseum staged two exhibitions for the Germans of their own magnificent property—a superb painting show of early gems, including some by van der Goes and Bouts; and a fine engraving show, with the catalogues in both German and English.

Unfortunately, it was also at the Landesmuseum that the Monuments ideal was, in the opinion of the Monuments men themselves, betrayed. The two hundred and two German-owned pictures now cached in our National Gallery came from the Landesmuseum collection. In December, 1945, the Monuments officers, acting on orders received in November from Berlin to select—which they conscientiously did—a representative collection of German art, finished the job of packing it for transportation and sent a Monuments officer to accompany it on its hegira to our national capital. All this was unanimously disapproved of by Major LaFarge, then chief of M.F.A. & A. in the U.S. Military Government for Germany, the section's other officers, and its men, as well as by most museum officials in the United States. Ironically enough, some of the pictures selected—paintings by Botticelli, Rubens, Rembrandt, and van Eyck—had, in June, 1941, been reproduced in an article in the Nazi Paris propaganda magazine *Signal* contemptuously denying an alleged Allied report that fourteen of Germany's museum masterpieces had gone out to the vulgarian United States in exchange for millions of dollars in cash to aid in financing the Nazi war. The facts about what the Monuments men bitterly called the Westward Ho Plan for sending this collection of German art to the States are still obscure. What is known, however, is that, as far as Europe was concerned, the idea was first heard of in Berlin in July of that year, when President Truman was attending the Big Three Potsdam Conference. In a private meeting with certain chiefs of our American Military Government, in Potsdam, the suggestion to send the art was made, reputedly by General Clay, Deputy Military Governor of the United States Zone. It is further reported that President Truman, perhaps thinking he was doing art a good turn, agreed to the suggestion. On the other hand, it has also been reported that the idea originated in the minds of non-museum men back in Washington, who decided not to identify themselves when the plan was bitterly criticized by the American press and museum people everywhere.

The protest by the Monuments men themselves did not carry any weight. In November, twenty-eight of the Monuments men operating in Germany sent a letter to their chief, Major LaFarge, deploring the fact that the United States was violating its concept, unique in military history, that the conquerors would leave conquered art untouched. What was even worse, they argued, was our government's adopting the Nazis' hypo-

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critical line that the art was merely being taken into "protective custody." Some of the Monuments men asked to be transferred out of their jobs, because they did not want to have anything to do with carrying out the order. They were cautioned that anyone who attempted to impede the shipment would be court-martialled. The official end of the Westward Ho squabble came when the office of Secretary of State Byrnes, in answer to all the criticism, told the press that the decision to transport the German art to Washington had been arrived at "on the basis of a statement made by General Clay that he did not have adequate facilities and personnel to safeguard German art treasures and that he could not undertake the responsibilities of their proper care." The White House also told the press that the pictures would be returned to Germany "as soon as possible." So far, they have at least been kept in dignified hiding in the National Gallery.

Since the pictures, valued at $80,000,000, were taken without our having consulted our three Allies in occupied Germany, it was feared that the United States had set a precedent for the removal of valuables, but England and France, at any rate, have not imitated us yet. The Russian Fine Arts officer in Berlin has, at last report, not given to our Monuments chief there any statement of his government's attitude toward the disposition of German-owned art in the Russian zone, but it is known that some masterpieces from the Dresden Gemäldegalerie, including the Raphael Sistine Madonna (and its pensive little cherubs), are now on view in a Moscow museum, in a newly furnished room called the Dresden Art Room, or words to that effect.

TODAY the M.F.A. & A., aside from its offices in Berlin, is practically inoperative in Europe. The work of returning the looted art from the Verwaltungsbau, which it was estimated would take six months from V-E Day, was finally completed, except for snag ends, last summer. The Wiesbaden Landesmuseum is now in the hands of a civilian representative of the U.S. Military Government. A few of the museum aesthetes of the old guard are polishing off final Monuments details in Munich, Wiesbaden, Stuttgart, and Berlin.

The Führerbau, twin of the Verwaltungsbau, also stands useless and empty today. Between these paired, pompous buildings once stood the two little Greco-Nazi Honor Temples,

"Did you say WOMEN were vain?"

ED: That I did. That I did.

JEAN: But MEN aren't vain. Is that it, de-ar?

ED: That is it, Ever-loving. Women are always primping. Yes—and looking in mirrors on weighing machines.

JEAN: So-o? Well, how is it that *you*—a *man*—happen to be home sick with a cold, may I ask?

ED: Oh—just picked up a small sniffle.

JEAN: "Picked up a sniffle," is it? You know *perfectly well* you caught this cold at the BPOE dance. You caught it by not wearing your muffler because you wanted to show off your new Arrow Shirt! You made it worse by not wearing your coat in the office next day. Wanted to exhibit that "Mitoga" figure-cut design—or whatever it is. Then—

ED: Gee, hon—don't be so tough on me! After all, it's been *years* since I've been able to buy Arrow Shirts and—aw, don't cry, honey!

JEAN: (*sniffle sniffle*) I'm NOT crying! I just get worried over you acting so foolish. *I* know how handsome those Arrow shirts are and how they've even got the Sanforized* label. But I worry when you get sick, you big lug.

ED: Aw—shucks, sweetie. Don't you know nothing but *good* can happen to a guy when he's wearing an Arrow shirt? That is, usually. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

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where the bodies of those who died in Hitler's Munich *Putsch* reposed as public heroes of the Nazi State. The bodies were removed by the American Army after that State fell, and given a more modest burial elsewhere, and a few weeks ago the Army demolished the temples themselves. Inside the stripped Führerbau, Hitler's workroom still contains recognizable elements of its former impersonal, tasteless luxury: the brown carpet on which he used to pace, now stained and torn, still covers the lengthy floor; the green marble mantelpiece before which his impressive desk stood, like an altar before the sacred fire, is intact; the sear wall covering retains its autumnal tint. The rest of the building is a void. This is the place where, eight and a half years ago, Prime Ministers Chamberlain and Daladier accepted from the exulting Führer and his Reichsmarschall the terms of Munich. The only furnishing left in the Führerbau's long, once elegantly filled marble foyer, at the bottom of the grandiose staircase—which those two visiting plenipotentiaries climbed and descended between stiff lines of Nazi guards, while the democracies everywhere waited in suspense—is a large tattered globe of the world, slashed by the knives of passing G.I.s. —JANET FLANNER

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

•

Joseph De Rosa has operated the Coffee Cup since 1930 and prior to that time was under the management of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. De Rosa, Sr.—*Concord (Calif.) Transcript.*

Who probably made him wear his rubbers.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the weekly bulletin of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia*]

CHOIR BOYS

Ten new boys are needed immediately for the Choir. It is hoped that members of the congregation will do all they possibly can to help keep the choir supplied with new boys.

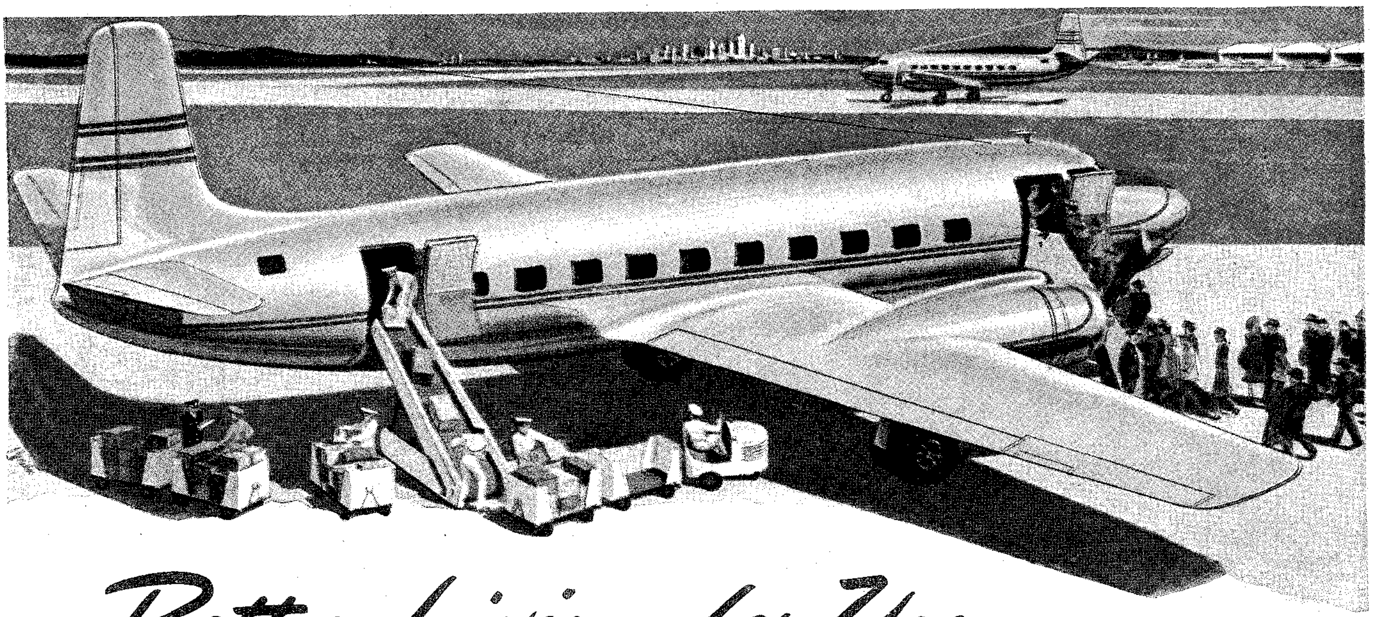
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Framley Parsonage," by Anthony Trollope*]

She had just finished her letter, and was carefully folding it for its envelope, with the two whole five-pound notes imprudently placed within it. —*Page 67.*

On the Tuesday morning Mark did receive his wife's letter and the ten-pound note.—*Page 94, same letter, same money.*



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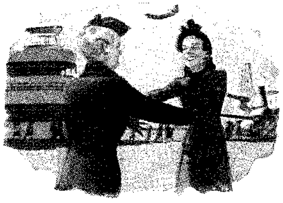

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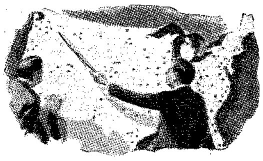

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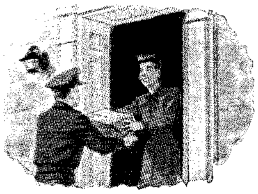

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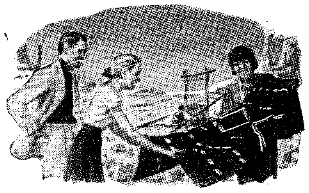

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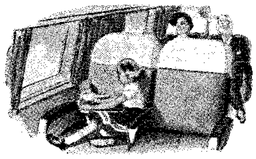

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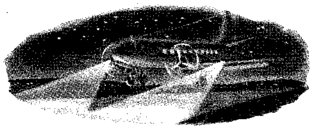

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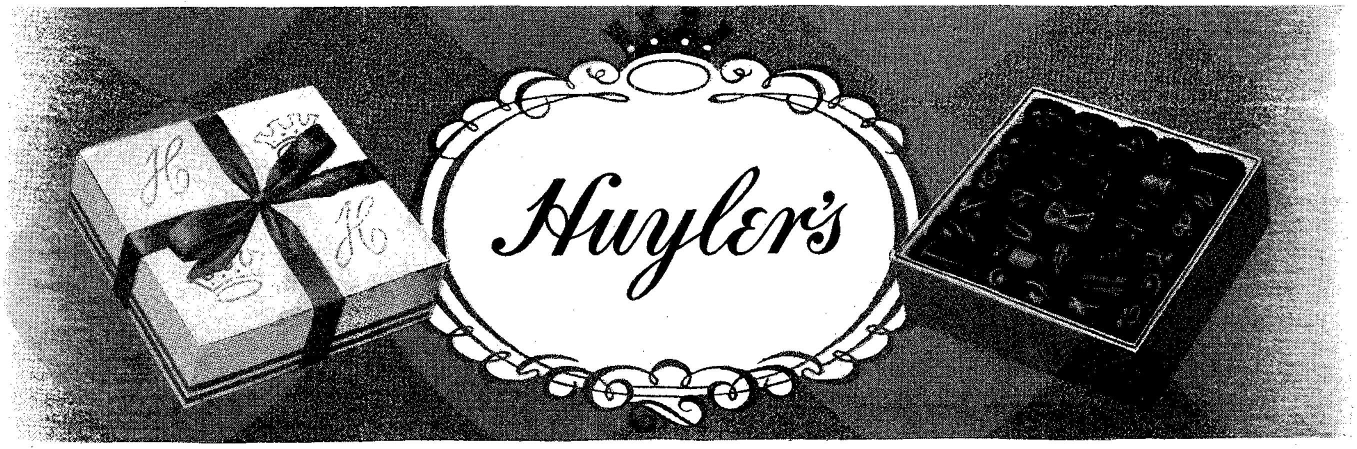

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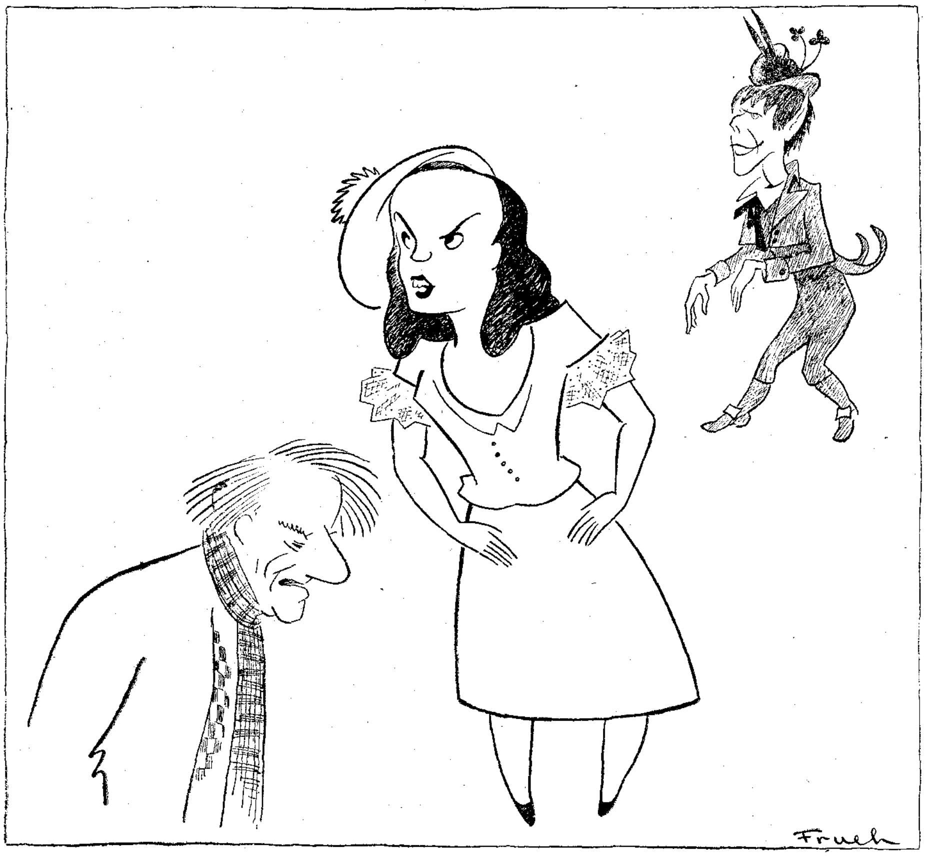
THE THEATRE

REPERTORY DAYS

THE play "Yellow Jack," written by the late Sidney Howard, with the help of Paul de Kruif, makes a sturdy and interesting addition to a producer's repertory. The American Repertory Theatre is the outfit that exhumed "Yellow Jack" and put it on the stage of the International last week. Previously this season, the A.R.T. did plays by Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, O'Casey, and Barrie. Mr. Howard is the first native son to be tapped for production by the seeding committee. This gives the lineup a certain balance it lacked before and is a good thing for the further reason that any playgoer standing on the corner of Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, searching his memory in the glow of the Camel ad, can think right away of at least fourteen American playwrights who deserve the honor less than Mr. Howard. "Yellow Jack" is a short play and, for the most part, a good, honest one. It is what is inevitably called, today, a documentary. That is, it deals with a real situation—in this case, the fight to conquer yellow fever in Cuba just after the Spanish-American War—and subordinates every other interest to the facts. However, it is also a stage entertainment. As the facts of a documentary play grow old, I suppose, it becomes necessary to lean more heavily on ordinary stage-entertainment values. In "Yellow Jack," soldiers in the background sing in a shapely sequence the words of "Bluebell," "The Banks of the Wabash," "Just Break the News to Mother," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby"—in short, the hit parade of 1900. There are four young Army Medical Corpsmen—they volunteer, at the end of the play, for target duty at the hands of the disease—who get in the way of a straight, hard-boiled job of documentation by being onstage from start to finish and supplying comedy effects; type-comedy effects, at that, for one soldier is a slow-witted farm boy, one is a romantic Irishman, and one is a Marxist. They are good enough kids, as cardboard kids go, but the story really has no place for them until the black mosquito is ready to bite.

Even though medical science advanced at an unprecedented clip in the recent war, which came between the writing of "Yellow Jack" and the present revival, the yellow-fever campaign of Walter Reed, Carlos Finlay, and the others can still fascinate a theatre audience. Such adventures have an almost surefire appeal. There is nothing in the world in which the members of our species take a more desperate and warmly personal interest than disease—any disease, whether obsolete or handy to our doors. Once the remedy has been found, it is so simple and understandable, as a rule, that the audience feels as smart as the doctors on the stage, which is a most satisfactory feeling. Add the detective-story quality of a piece like "Yellow Jack" in its early scenes, and the decent, uncomplicated heroism of nearly all its people, and the villainy of one or two of them (medical research tosses up reactionary villains without fail, as part of the service), and it is hard to go wrong. Mr. Howard, being the writer he was, got a play of lasting interest out of these circumstances. In other words, it is sound repertory stuff.

I was a little disappointed in the playing of Raymond Greenleaf as Walter Reed, or maybe I mean in his looks, for he reminded me of poster pictures, by successful commercial artists, of a doctor fighting disease—lean, white-haired, dynamically serious, given to attitudes. But I liked pretty much all the rest of the cast, including Victor Jory, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Philip Bourneuf, and Alfred Ryder. The last named is inclined to romp and rant somewhat within the narrow bounds of the single stage set at the International, but, whether or not Jesse Lazear, whom he impersonates, was inclined the same way, Mr. Ryder gives you the idea that



"FINIAN'S RAINBOW"

Displayed here are a dreamer (Albert Sharpe), a colleen (Ella Logan), and a leprechaun (David Wayne), doing their stuff in Dixie. The musical comedy by E. Y. Harburg, Fred Saidy, and Burton Lane is at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

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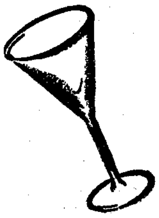

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he is doing a fine job of bringing someone or other to life.

A SECOND repertory company, the American Negro Theatre, came up later in the week with a play named "Tin Top Valley," by Walter Carroll. It is not as smooth or as plausible or in any way as good a play as "Yellow Jack," but if you like wholehearted acting and a spirit of theatrical purpose, you may want to make a trip to the American Negro Theatre Playhouse on West 126th Street to have a look. The play, written about racial conflict in a Carolina mill town by an author who seems to know the ground, even if he has nothing at all new to say about the subject, has some lively scenes and a few funny ones. The actors, including Mr. Carroll himself, in a small part, are mostly white. Frederick O'Neal, a veteran of "Anna Lucasta," was playing the part of a drunken shanty bum the night I saw the show (he alternates with another actor in this role), and his is certainly one of the gayest and gaudiest performances in town.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

The ideal way to start the day, according to Miss Agniel, is to lie on the back and stretch arms, legs, and abdominal muscles. Sit up without help from the arms, turn on the side; rest on one hip and elbow and "cat stretch." You yawn a bit, so much the better.

On stepping out of bed, drop on all fours and "panther crawl" to the bathroom. Use toes instead of fingers to turn on the tap. After bathing bend and twist the body as you dry yourself. When you lean over to dry your legs, keep the knees together and try to touch the floor. Then alternate by standing on one leg, preferably on tiptoe, and stretch the other leg straight out in front as you dry it. Finish up with a few knee bends.—*Washington Post.*

And a slight concussion.

•

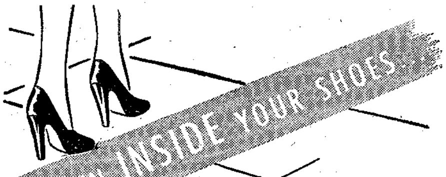
NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY
(WANAMAKER ENTRY)

[*A letter received by a lady in Wilmington*]

Dear Madam:

Replying to your letter received several days ago in reference to a purchase of curtains which you advise were not as ordered, we are indeed sorry for the annoyance you have had in this occasion and we have issued a call to have the merchandise returned to us and upon receipt of same we will have credited to your account and we would appreciate it very much if you will kindly advise the description of the curtains you originally ordered as to price size and color and we will be very glad to try to fill your order and again regretting extremely the error we have made, we are

Very truly yours,
JOHN WANAMAKER PHILADELPHIA 1



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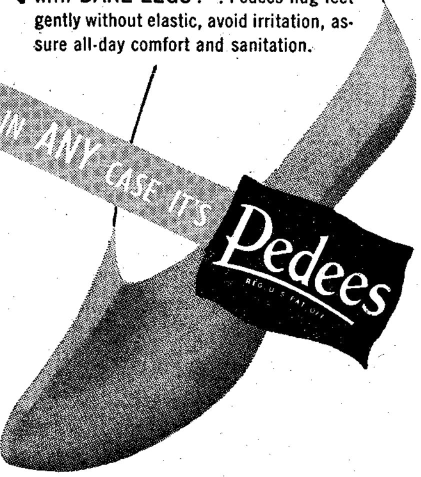

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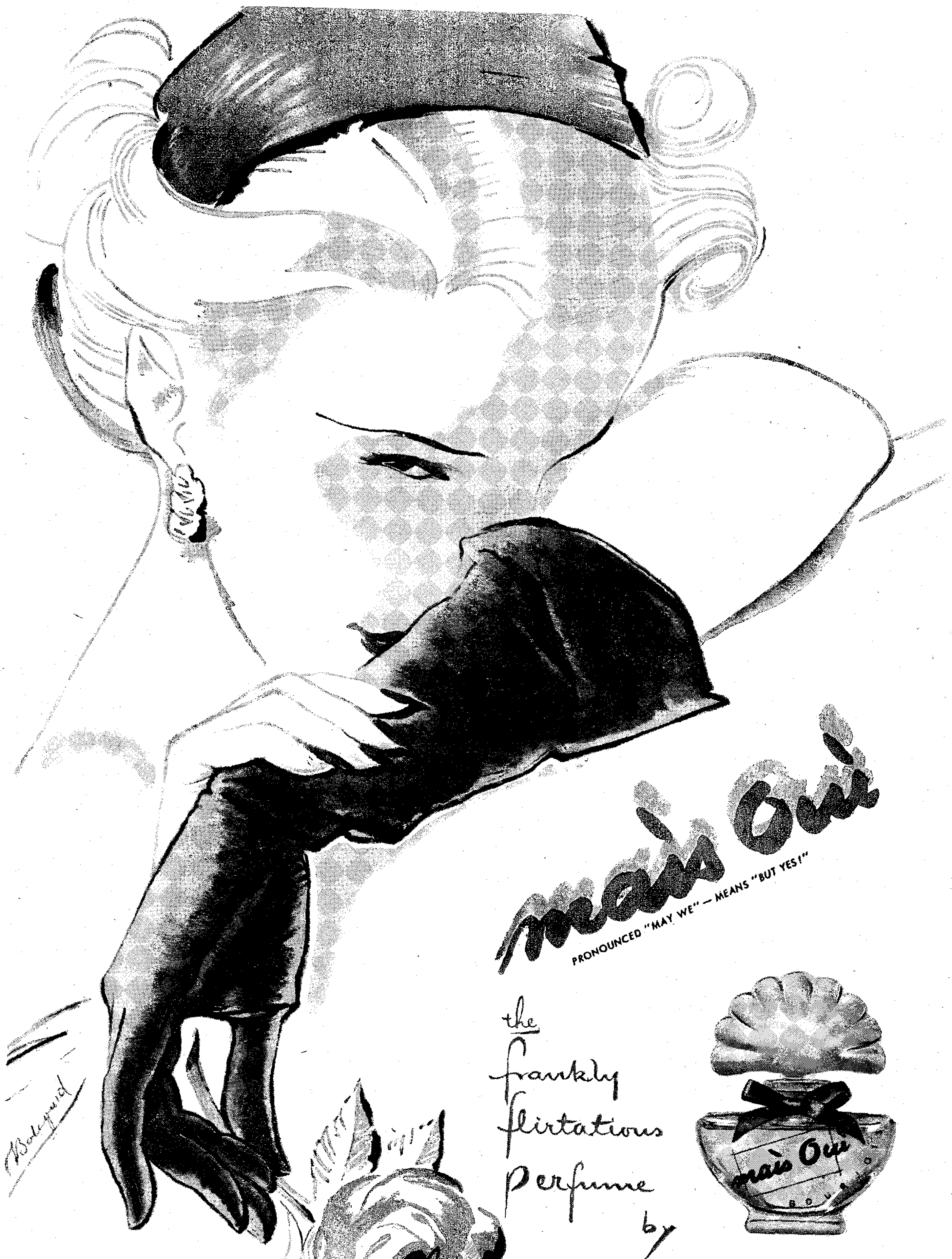
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OF ALL THINGS

THE British government is evidently unhappy about the way the United States is acting. It wishes we would stop sticking our nose into Palestine and start sticking it into Greece.

•

Mr. Bevin's blunt remarks about Mr. Truman have aroused resentment among congressmen of both parties. Our lawmakers always support the President heartily except when he asks for something.

•

A House committee has voted to change the name of Boulder Dam back to Hoover Dam. For some reason, the big plant on the Colorado is supposed to adjust itself to the election returns.

•

A minor political revolution in New York has given Mr. O'Dwyer control of the Democratic organizations in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Our busy Mayor will now have two halls to take care of—City and Tammany.

•

This week, America is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Graham Bell. The National Federation of Telephone Workers has observed the occasion by filing a strike notice.

•

The House of Representatives has voted down Daylight-Saving Time for the District of Columbia because of the opposition of the dairy farmers of Maryland and Virginia. Washingtonians wanted the extra hour of daylight, but the man with the pail had the veto power.

•

Because the Longchamps restaurants have lost their liquor license, patrons are invited to bring their own stimulants. At these eating places, it will be socially correct to wear your old, Coolidgean hip flask.

•

Indiana has a new law, prohibiting organized racial and religious hatred. Henceforth, no Hoosier will be allowed to hate his fellow-man except in the privacy of the home.

•

Owners of new apartment buildings here will be permitted to charge thirty-two dollars a month per room, and veterans will be given preference as tenants. This will be welcome news for all those soldiers who made a good thing out of the war. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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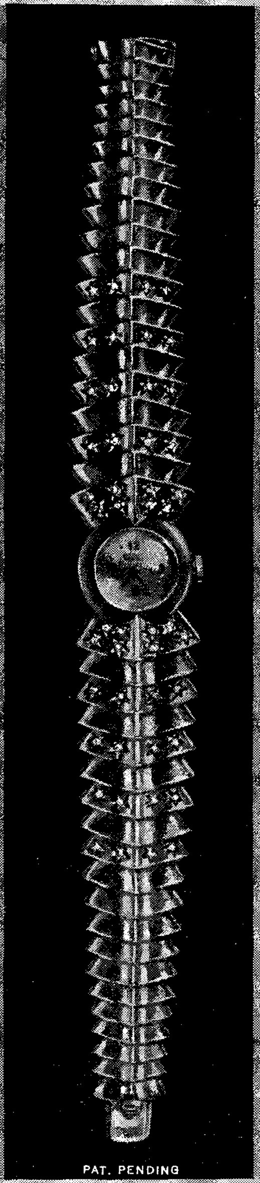
The right thing in everything men and boys wear



In time with today—
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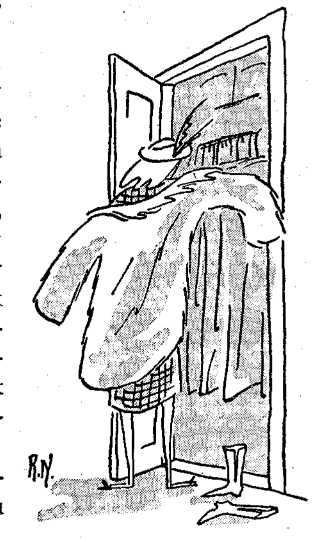
DEPARTMENT OF STILL FURTHER AMPLIFICATION

February 27, 1947

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*
Sirs:

IN his latest communication to you, Robert Lewis Taylor, replying to my reply to his recent account of naval administrative affairs during the war, takes the stand that the Army couldn't possibly keep up with the Navy when it came to social life, and he suggests that lonely Navy officers of exalted rank were really something in the matter of singing. Well, Mr. Taylor, as a lieutenant commander in the Navy, was probably in a better position to observe the high brass in moments of relaxation than I, a mere Army warrant officer, but it happens that on at least one occasion I had the privilege of listening to a couple of musical generals, and I feel safe in saying that the Navy never produced anything to equal it.

While I was stationed in the Panama Canal Zone, I was instructed, one evening toward eight o'clock, to deliver a message to a brigadier general's quarters. As I approached my destination, I heard what I took to be an old and scratchy phonograph recording of an American Legion convention. I knocked on the door, was admitted by a resigned-looking aide, and found myself in the presence of the general for whom I had the message. He was standing in a huddle with a second general and an elderly colonel. They had evidently just come from a cocktail party (a not unusual social function in the Canal Zone), for they had on fancy dress blouses, with their eminent insignia of rank shining on their shoulders. I saluted the general who was the object of my mission and identified myself.

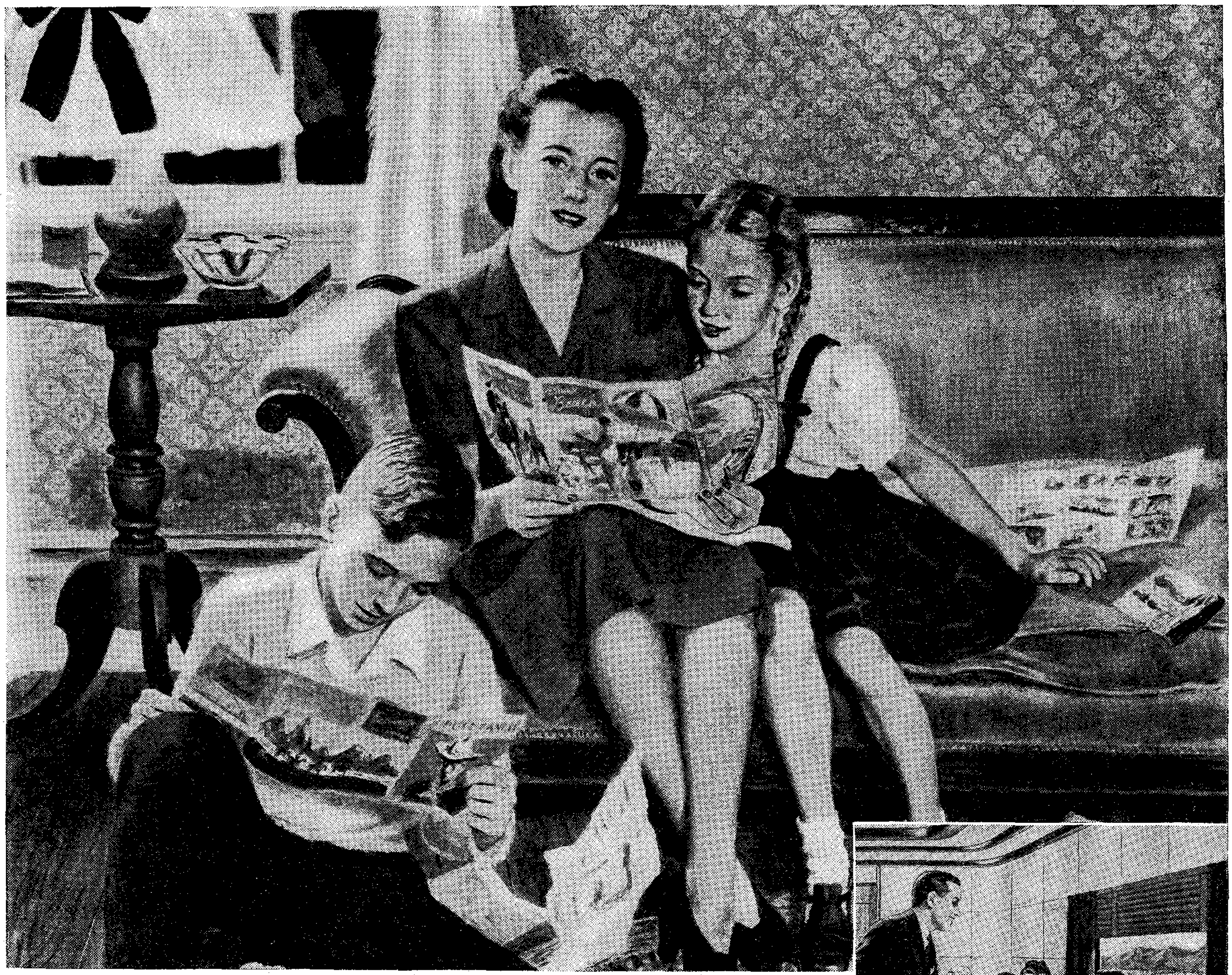


"My aide has laryngitis," he said. "Can you sing tenor?"

I was so astonished by this unconventional greeting that I forgot the cardinal military principle of never admitting an aptitude for anything. "Passably, sir," I said.

I was done for. A moment later, the two generals, the colonel, and I were linked in a swaying quartet, our arms around each other's shoulders. I had no choice about that; if I had tried to keep my arms at my sides, they would have been sorely bruised, so fervent was the multiple embrace of which I had become a part. Half an hour passed before I was able to break loose, hoarsely whisper the message I had brought, and slip away into the comforting dark. Later that night, another warrant officer, coming upon me as I was applying mercurochrome to my left hand, asked me what was the matter. "Oh, it's nothing," I replied. "Just a little scratch from the General's star when he began hunching his shoulders during the third reprise of 'Dinah.' " My fellow warrant officer thought I was jungle-happy.

Shortly before V-J Day, I became reasonably friendly with a major general's aide, and learned from him a good deal about the activities of generals, social and otherwise, in nearly all of which their aides invariably play a prominent part. Whenever generals travel anywhere, for example, their aides have to fret interminably over their baggage, which in bulk often rivals the impedimenta of the Duchess of Windsor. During the war, most ordinary soldiers didn't care much whether they kept their luggage, such as it was, or lost it, but generals were inclined to be fussy. The major general's aide told me about another aide, whose general, shortly after Pearl Harbor, was presented by an admirer with a bottle of liqueur Scotch. The general sentimentally resolved to keep it until he could drink a victory toast with it, and, wanting to have it on hand at the proper moment, decided to carry it with him wherever the course of events might lead him. The responsibility for seeing that nothing happened to the precious bottle devolved, of course, upon his aide, who, all in all, did a miraculous job of safeguarding it. He nursed a handbag containing the whiskey through campaigns in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, southern France, and central Germany, and finally, in the spring of 1945, escorted it to London, where he and the general received orders to fly at once to Washington. There wasn't space enough on one plane for all of the general's belongings, so the aide sorted them into two lots—one to take along and the other to be flown over later. A couple of weeks after the general reached this



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country, the Germans surrendered, and the aide began hunting feverishly for the bottle of Scotch. He discovered that in the haste of leaving England he had placed the handbag containing the bottle in the wrong batch of luggage and that it had got no farther than an air base in Newfoundland. By throwing the general's name around, he managed to have the bag flown non-stop to Washington, where it arrived only a few minutes before the general asked for the Scotch. The aide triumphantly produced it, and the two men, each in his own way, drank to victory.

Most aides, I believe, are patient, swift-footed officers who give the impression that they never get a moment's rest until their generals fall asleep. An aide I got to know in the Canal Zone told me that when he himself got to sleep, he often had dreams in which platoons of generals performed menial tasks at the flick of his finger. I happened to be with him when this dream—in part, at least—came true. The aide lived in his general's quarters, and I occasionally went to visit him there. One evening, while he and I were chatting in his room, the general, in the room next door, was entertaining another general, who had just dropped in from the States. Because of the thinness of the partition between the two rooms, we could hear a good deal of what they were saying. I gathered that though they had both gone to West Point, they had never met before and that they were having a ding-dong time getting acquainted by discussing Army people they both knew. The aide was delighted; he told me that in this mood his general was likely to go on for hours and leave us in peace. We were both surprised, therefore, when the aide's general suddenly popped into our room. I hoped that he was not going to ask us to sing. He didn't. He told the aide that there were a few mosquitoes in his room and asked him to do something about them. The aide went into the pantry and fetched a sprayer filled with a new and reputedly powerful insecticide, which the Army had issued in our theatre only a few days before. With this, he went to work on the walls and the ceiling of the room while the two generals replayed the last five minutes of the third quarter of the Army-Navy game of 1923. Presently, the new insecticide began to prove that it was indeed potent; as clouds of it penetrated the cracks in the ceiling, a host of fat black termites, each as big as a large ant, started tumbling out, writhing and

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infuriated. The aide told me afterward that the trouble was first noticed by the visiting general, who, after running his fingers through his hair, found half a dozen of the creatures on his hand. He leaped to his feet, and at that moment thousands of the insects cascaded from the ceiling. The aide, alert, as always, in the face of disaster, dashed into the pantry, returned with two buckets and two brooms, and called on me to come and help. By that time, the whole floor was carpeted with squirming black bugs. I grabbed a bucket, and the aide began sweeping termites into it with one of the brooms. The two generals hesitated for a moment and then pitched in with the other bucket and broom. In half an hour or so, we had the situation under control. A few minutes later, the visiting general bade his companion a clipped and formal farewell and got the hell out of there. When I met my friend the aide the next day, he told me that he had enjoyed a beautiful, dreamless night's sleep.

Sincerely yours,
Ex-C.W.O. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

THIS CHANGING WORLD

[*From "Foundations of Language," by Louis H. Gray*]

In other words, Indo-European voiceless plosives became the corresponding fricatives in both Low and High Teutonic if they were labials or gutturals and were immediately preceded by the accent (Grimm's Law); but if they were dentals, the Low Teutonic fricatives became the corresponding voiced plosives. If the accent did not immediately precede, the voiceless plosives developed, through the voiceless fricative stage, into the corresponding voiced fricatives in Low Teutonic (Verner's Law); and these (except in the case of dentals, which were devoiced) evolved in High Teutonic into the corresponding voiced plosives. The aspirated plosives became voiced fricatives in Proto-Teutonic, and then developed in Low Teutonic into voiced plosives, which were devoiced in Proto-Teutonic. Finally, the Indo-European voiced plosives were devoiced in Proto-Teutonic, and remained so in Low Teutonic, but were further developed into affricates in High Teutonic, though the guttural shows this only in certain Alemannic dialects (especially in Swiss German; cf. p. 79).

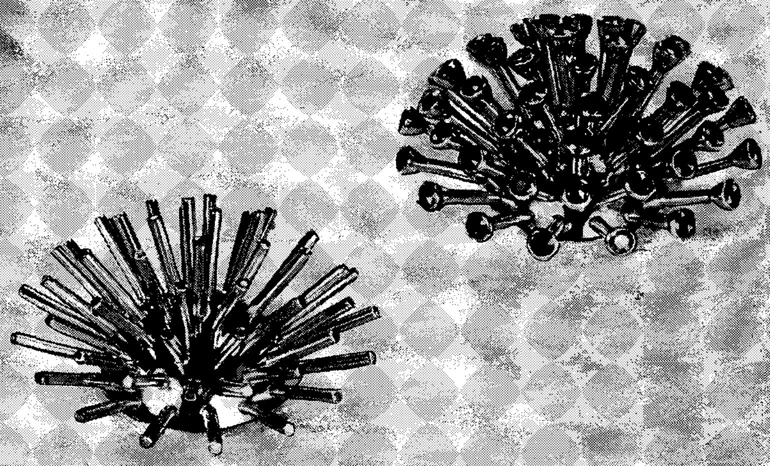
•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Toronto Star Weekly*]

When Dorothy Lamour wanted to give a baby shower for Betty Hutton she asked Mary Lou to arrange the affair, and it turned out to be the most unusual baby shower ever given in Hollywood. Guests were served cocktails in baby bottles!

Cartier



Gold dome clip with sapphire-topped spikes, $930; without sapphires, $175. . . Prices include Federal Tax.

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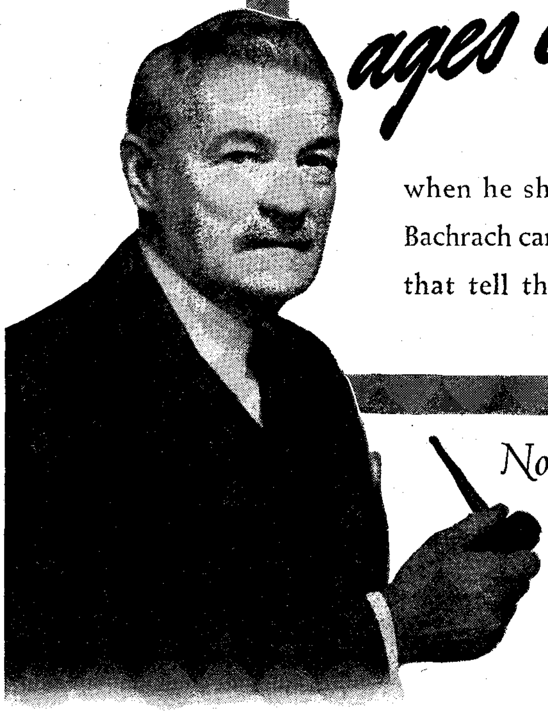

No. 7—AS A GRANDFATHER

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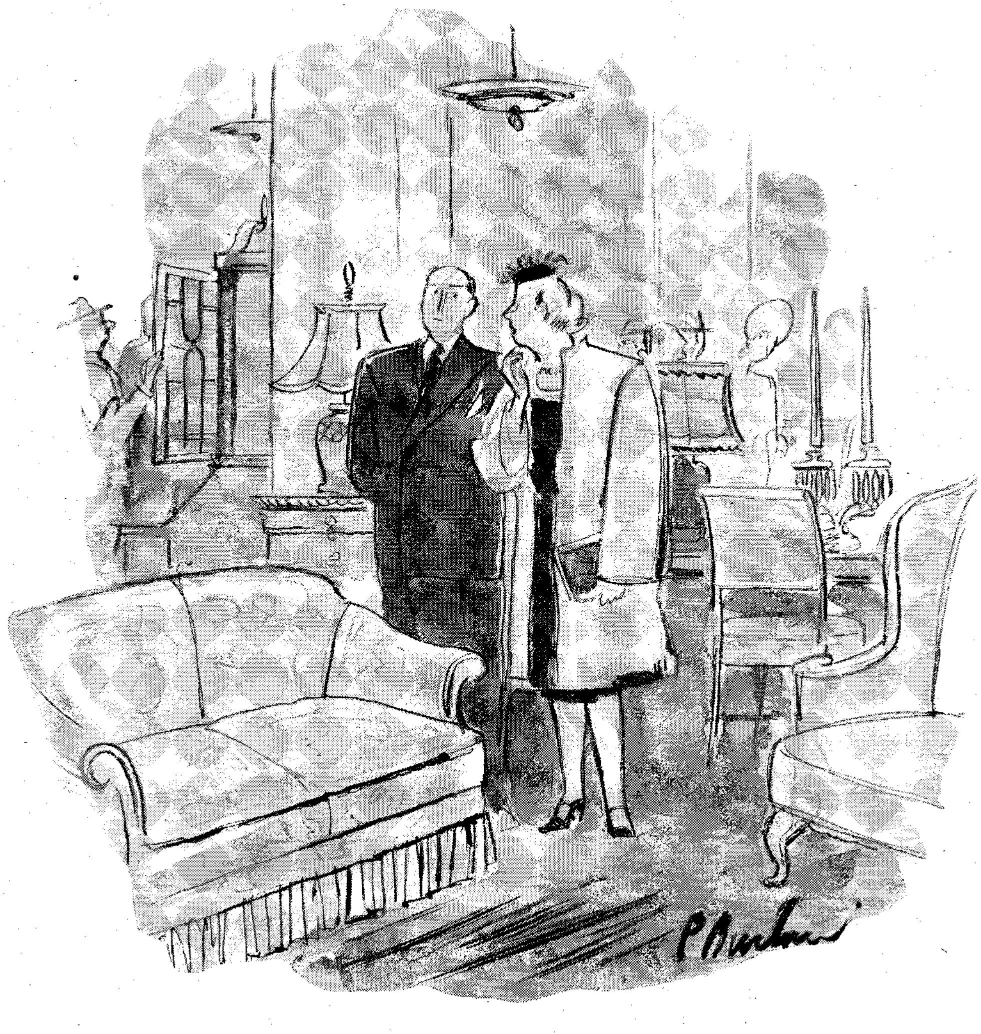
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is cheering to note that men are beginning to show signs of assuming their rightful positions as peacocks. But, having achieved no more than a certain radicalism in neckties (which they proudly regard as a large-scale revolution), they now feel free to criticize women even more loudly than before. This is why: A man goes out to buy a ready-to-wear suit costing eighty-five dollars. Once he has found an approximation of his ideal, the happy shop makes the trousers the length that the master desires, shortens the sleeves, and so alters the whole production that it glides down his masculine frame in the manner he wishes. And all this fussing is included in the price. But women, the complaint goes, love to suffer. They start out to buy a suit (where?) on a budget that allows a ceiling of $79.95. With luck, they find an adequate one for $135, and *then* come the alteration costs—lifting a hemline here, narrowing a gore there, a hitch behind the collar—and it is no time before a nice fourteen bucks has been added to the price. Unfortunately, this masculine jeer makes sense. Once in a lifetime, a lucky woman can walk into a store and find something on the rack that fits her perfectly, but generally she has to make out with a garment that was apparently designed to fit anybody and everybody. It is too much to ask, of course, that a shop assume the expense of converting a standard size 20 into a special job with a 14 top, a 16 hip, and an 18 length, but is it irrational to ask that alterations of hemlines and sleeve lengths and minor tucks be included in the list price, which is apt to be high enough anyway? Men have been slow to rebel against the regimentation of the clothes they wear in town, but they've got something in the notion that you shouldn't have to pay extra just to have your clothes fit you.

WHILE womankind ponders a declaration of independence of its own, British Tweeds, at 727 Madison Avenue (64th) and 17 West 57th Street, stands ready to produce wonderful suits and topcoats that will fit you, and you alone, from the start. These are custom numbers, of course, and they run from $195 on up, but they can be turned out in about three weeks and there are lots of Scotch tweeds and tartans to select from. Among British Tweeds' ideas (there are made-up models to show you how they look) are suits of an Anderson tartan in which a vernal robin's-egg blue predominates. The jackets, long and slightly fitted, have Peter Pan collars; the skirts have box pleats. One suit, of purple Linton tweed, has a gored skirt and a jacket with a V neck, a wide, rounded yoke, and half-moon hip pockets. And, if you're under the misapprehension that classic suits have to look executive, a cyclamen-pink honeycomb English doeskin of a very fine waffle weave makes a suit with a shortish jacket that has rounded lapels and a straight-hanging skirt sporting two big scallops at the front. To go with this, there's a loose, full-length Linton-tweed topcoat in two shades of gray with a cyclamen overplaid. It has a flared back, a one-button closing at the throat, and a detachable hood. There are also double-breasted reefers, with which you can have detachable shoulder capes, and long coats fastened with quite captivating glass buttons, backed with metal and painted with gilt heads of people and animals.

AT this season, most of the big establishments are in the midst of their traditional hesitation waltz as they await the unveiling of their custom spring collections before their (they hope) adoring customers. They are less head-in-the-clouds about doodads and accessories, though, which are in good supply. Saks Fifth Avenue is happy over some recent and elegant French imports. There are blouses of georgette, mousseline de soie, organdie, and other diaphanous stuff, tricked out with handmade tucks, *point turc* embroidery, appliqué, crocheted ball buttons, or some such. Most of them have little turn-over collars and puffed sleeves, and cost from $49.50. Beautiful artificial flowers sprout at Saks, too—anything from small clusters of bachelor buttons ($2.50) or of red poppies ($5) to bou-



"Just one thing—when my husband gets here, it will be best not to call it a love seat."

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Left, Sam Weller, 7¼ ins. high, each $40.00; center, Sairey Gamp, 6½ ins. high, each $28.00; right, Micawber, 8½ ins. high, each $40.00.

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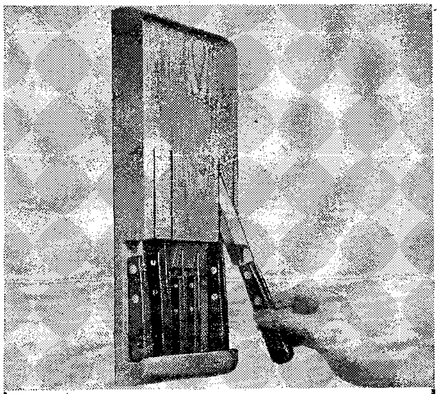

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quets of small pink roses surrounded by bachelor buttons ($18.95), tremendous roses mingled with violets ($19.50), and white water lilies with emerald-green leaves ($22.50). Saks also has gloves by Roger Faré that will cause you a major heartache if you happen to leave them behind in a taxi. Among them are three-button-length slipons of velours-finished calf, for $17.50, and short kid gloves with bands of kid at the base of the thumb and kid cuffs of contrasting colors, for $21.50. I hardly dare tell you the price of some long, chamois-colored suède gauntlets whose balloon cuffs are lined with black suède. They are completely beautiful and—oh, well—they cost $59.50. Another version, in black suède, with cuffs lined in strawberry pink or ginger, is $49.50, which may make you feel a little better. This is the place, moreover, for reversible scarves, of which one side is solid-colored silk and the other plaid or striped wool; from $15.

LORD & TAYLOR are presenting washable white tailored blouses, mostly buttoning down the back, that are embellished with some of the nicest eyelet embroidery you are likely to find anywhere. A batiste affair has embroidery trimming on the turn-over collar and the short sleeves and in vertical bands along each side of some horizontal tucks in front. This one is $11.95; others go up to $39.95. An eyelet organdie blouse with long sleeves and banded with plain white batiste is $32.50. Another organdie one, with all-over floral embroidery, has a mandarin collar, and still another has a Pierrot collar trimmed with lace. For admirers of straightforward, classic lines, Lord & Taylor have a plain blouse of organdie ($22.95) or Irish linen ($27.50), with narrow box pleats down the front and pleated cuffs on the long sleeves.

THERE seems to be great general enthusiasm about long tunic blouses, and Macy's Little Shops seem *extra* enthusiastic. They are putting out blouses in striped silk shantung (in such combinations as soft blue, gray-blue, and white), with cap sleeves and buttons down the back, for $37.50. The Little Shops also have a handbag of their own design in black, navy, tan, cherry, or wine calf. It's lined with leather, has a largish outside compartment, which can accommodate sun glasses and the like, and several inner pockets, and can be worn over the shoulder or not; $47.85, including tax. As for matter-of-fact items like gloves, I liked the perfectly plain hand-stitched white doeskin slipons for $5.59, and the short, hand-stitched, white kid gloves, with a strap and a button at the wrist, for $7.44. Macy has always been a marvellous place for gloves anyway.

IF you ever have the strength to get down to 9th Street, Sarin, at 42 University Place, is a shop that is worth investigating. Among the blouses are plain pastel chambrays with stitched convertible collars and a panel down the front, at $15.75, and pastel-and-white striped chambrays with cotton lace edging at the round neck and marching down the center front, at $12.75. Other blouses, of rayon crêpe, have gray and green prints of Parisian scenes on pink grounds, or white ones on black; $13.75. The shop also has a number of hats in a crocheted straw that looks like raffia. You get them with or without crowns, in stripes or solid colors. If you have special ideas about colors, you can have a hat made in ten days. These businesses are designed to be jammed on your head as you like and they cost from $5.95 to $22.95. There are berets, too, of the old Basque type, and smaller ones. In white piqué, the latter are $4.50. Sarin has some exceptional envelope or over-the-shoulder handbags of tough Moroccan leather in red, navy, black, or brown; $12.95 for the envelopes and $19.75 for the others, including tax.

LEDERER DE PARIS, 711 Fifth Avenue (55th), has matching gloves and handbags (I don't like matching things too much, but this combination makes sense) of an African capeskin, so treated that it can be cleaned by wiping a piece of damp cotton over it. He has hand-whipped slipon gloves in from four- to sixteen-button lengths and in white, black, and nine other colors; $9.75 to $21.75. The bags are sometimes a little elaborate, but they manage to match. Among the small ones is a simple, quilted purse with a zipper closing and a strap handle, for $15.30, and among the big ones is an over-the-shoulder colossus, at $51, also quilted to give the leather more substance. (The tax is included in both cases to give the prices more substance.)

ALL of a sudden, practically every cosmetic house in town has produced at least one new lipstick. Guerlain, the reliable veteran, has eight, all of them smooth and soft and good. Being a fanatic about rich reds with a definite bluish cast, I especially liked his Purple (which is not too well named, for it's not as obvious as all *that*) and Cattleya, a deeper shade. His Medium Red has made conservatives very happy, too. Revlon is offering a lipstick and nail polish called, and quite aptly, Certainly Red. It's a deep, rich shade with not a hint of blue or yellow in it—perfect for women who wear brown successfully. At the opposite pole is Revlon's Quiet Pink, one of the most delicate numbers around. If it's an arrogant, strawberry-red hue you want, Sally Victor's Apple Stick (you can get it at her shop) and Helena Rubinstein's Crackerjack will take care of you. Peggy Sage is making lipsticks now, too, among them Victoria Rose, which is just right for pink-cheeked blondes, and Psyche, another honey of the rich, slightly bluish school. Elizabeth Arden's April-May is also a pleasure—a clear pink with a bluish overtone, and it looks particularly well on women who like to wear navy in the springtime. —L. L.

•

AH, YESTERYEAR!

[*Communication found under a glass-top desk*]

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

AGOB-C-SPQSS-M 436 (25 Feb 46)
EM/gc 1D-863 Pentagon
25 February 1946

SUBJECT: Deletion of Sugar Issue for the preparation of Stewed Prunes on the Master Menu.

TO: Commanding-in-Chief, Army Forces, Pacific
- Commanding Generals
  - Theaters of Operations
  - Defense Commands
  - Departments
  - Independent Commands under the War Department
  - Base Commands
- Commanding Officers,
  - Base Commands

The Sugar Issue for the preparation of Stewed Prunes will be discontinued. All Prunes purchased for the Army have a high natural sugar content and require the addition of no cane sugar for the preparation of Stewed Prunes.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

/s/ Edward F. Witsell
Major General
The Adjutant General

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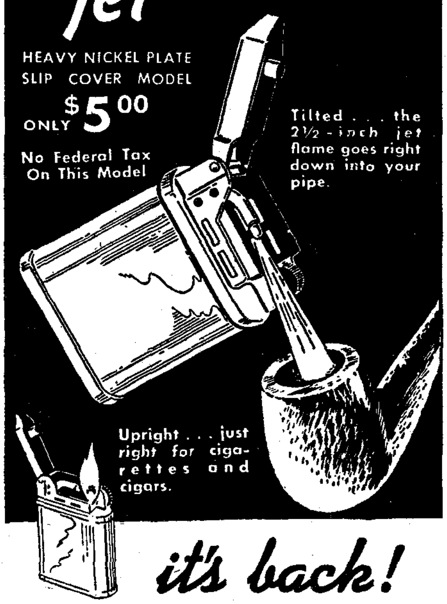

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BEARER OF BAD TIDINGS

THE first thing Max Winters thought about when he heard that he'd failed to make the grade in his work for a Doctor's degree was the question of how he would tell his daughter Estelle. There would be no trouble telling Martha, his wife, for she prided herself on being a help to her husband when he was in trouble. Max knew that when he told Martha he'd had a note from the Dean explaining that his marks weren't up to the B average required of graduate students at Harvard, she'd just make some kind of joke about not liking university life anyway, get him a drink, and that would be that. It would be lousy. Estelle, however, was different. She was fourteen and very bright. In school she always got A in everything, and it would be impossible for her to understand how her father could fail.

Max took the Dean's note with the bad news in it, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket. He walked down the steps of Farlow Hall and on toward his home. The most fantastic thing about the whole situation, he thought, was that it was exactly like something that had happened to him twenty-five years before. At the age of fifteen, he had failed a high-school examination, and had walked home to tell his father. All the way, he had tried to think how he would break the news. Only the generation was different now.

Just as he had twenty-five years ago, Max considered the possibility of keeping his failure to himself. That would be nice, but impractical. If he could no longer study at Harvard, there would be no reason to maintain an apartment in Cambridge. He might as well go back to Landston, Ohio, and his old job of teaching at the public school. The Master's degree he already had was good enough for that. As far as Max himself was concerned, he was quite glad to go back to Landston. All he'd got out of studying at Cambridge was a hard grind on subjects he didn't like—Chaucer, Middle English, Ancient Icelandic—a lot of dead stuff he didn't have to know to teach grade-school English. It would be fun to get back to the old life of holding classes in the morning and helping coach the boys at football or basketball in the afternoon. There was nothing in Cambridge he would miss.

That was where Estelle was different. Estelle had taken to Cambridge life like a thirsty puppy to water. Max had been shocked to find that at the age of fourteen she already went out with boys who wore dinner coats. Quite often, she went to dances with freshmen and didn't get home until one or two in the morning. Max thought there was something almost perverted about it, but his wife said it was all right. Some girls mature earlier than others, she explained. Max said he supposed so, but he considered it a depressing fact.

As Max walked home, he tried to picture what would happen when he got to the apartment. It was four in the afternoon, and Estelle would be home from school. He would hang his hat and coat up in the closet and would say, "Well, I've just learned that I've failed. The Dean says my marks aren't good enough." That would be when she'd do it. She'd look up and say, "Oh, *Dad!*" And Martha would run in from the kitchenette, looking crestfallen for just a moment, and then would smile and make her joke. That's as far as Max could see into the future. God knew what would happen then.

ON Harvard Square, Max saw a bar and went into it. The phrase "took a drink to give him courage" entered his mind almost as though someone had whispered it at his ear, and it pleased him. Very applicable, he thought. He ordered a shot of rye. The bartender was a white-haired, professorial-looking old man, and Max wondered if perhaps he weren't a person who had also failed his Doctorate. After all, disappointed scholars had to work somewhere; maybe some of them ended up tending bar on Harvard Square. Max sipped his drink and tried to think what Estelle would do back in Landston. Undoubtedly, she would be bored. The high-school boys would seem dull to her, and there would be no big dances, no afternoons at the symphony, no damn culture whatsoever. Probably, Martha would see to it that she didn't complain to him, but that would only make it worse.

He ordered another drink and sourly considered the past. His father had been a farmer and all his life had wanted Max to be a teacher. Max had had a good deal of trouble getting through teachers' college and, for that matter,

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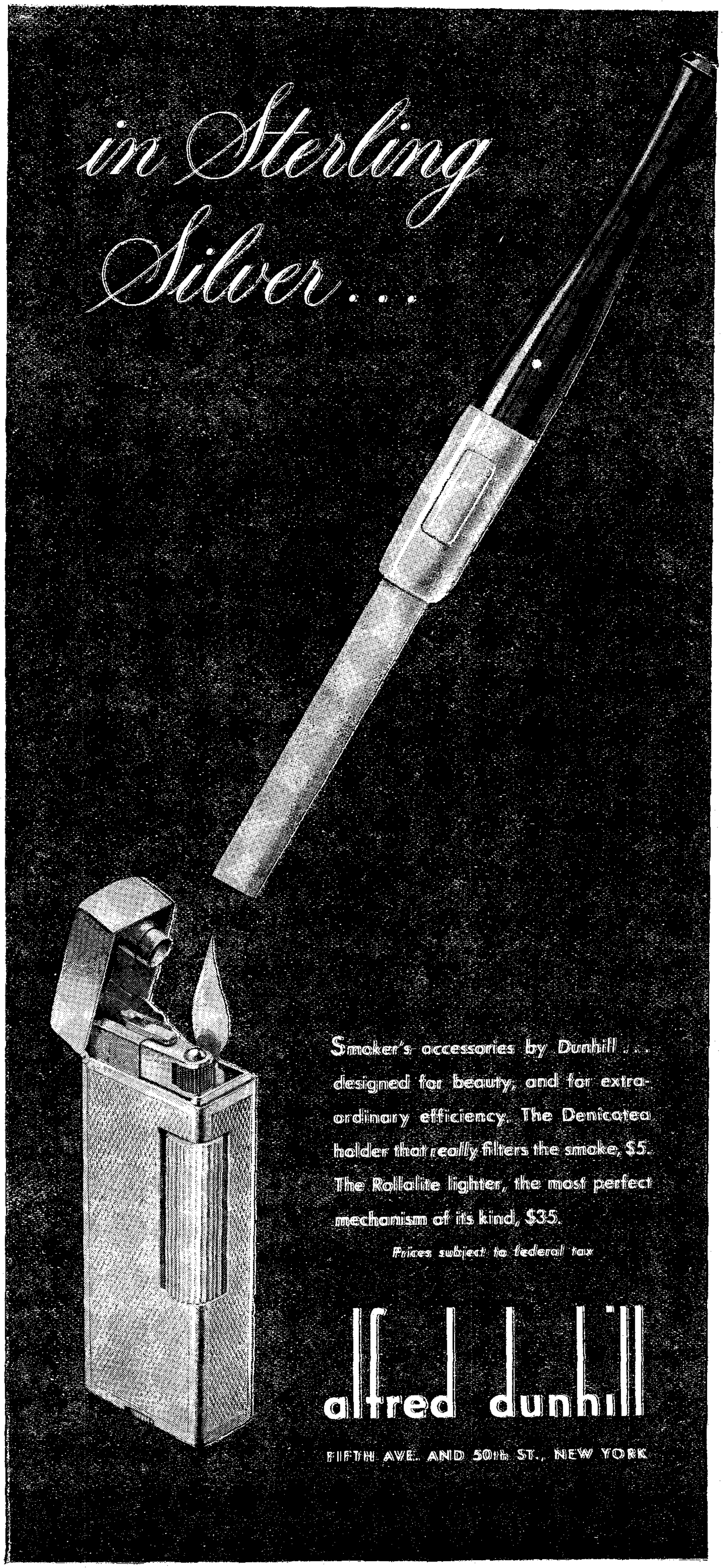

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even through high school, but he had made it, and had got a Master's degree at the state university, too. He'd been a teacher in Landston for ten years. Then the war had come and he'd joined the Army. After he had been discharged, Martha had told him it was a golden opportunity for him to study for a Doctor's degree and get into university teaching. They'd moved to Cambridge. For a year, he'd made the grade, but he had known all along that his failure was just a question of time.

Max finished his second drink, paid the bartender, and walked out. Twenty-five years ago, he remembered, he had loitered on the way home from high school, just as he was loitering now. He had taken the long way home, and had sat for a while on a bench in the park. He remembered very well what had happened after he got home. He had found his father sitting in the front room and had suddenly blurted out, "Dad, I failed my French examination." His father had stood up, and for an awful moment had said nothing. Then, in his nasal voice, he had said, "All right, be a farmer! Go outside and start plowing now." At first, Max had thought his father was kidding, for it was late in the afternoon, and the earth was still too frozen to begin spring plowing. But his father had insisted, and he'd gone out and spent three absurd hours trying to furrow earth that was so hard that even the horse left no tracks. Finally, his mother had called him in, and there had been no more talk about it. Later, a make-up examination had been arranged and he had passed it. His father had congratulated him effusively, and then and there Max had made up his mind that if he ever had any children he would comfort them during their failures rather than praise them for their successes. It had turned out to be a ridiculous resolution, for the simple reason that Estelle never had any failures.

MAX crossed Harvard Square and, almost before he knew it, found himself in front of the brick building on the third floor of which was his apartment. He walked up the steps, opened the front door, and made his way down the dim hallway to the stairs. He climbed them with an effort. When he got to the second floor, he found the door to the Bernsteins' apartment open, and Mrs. Bernstein nodded to him. "Won't you come down tonight for some bridge?" she said. He smiled and said they'd try to. He went up the last flight of stairs slowly, opened the door of his apartment, and went in.

Estelle was sitting on the sofa, with her feet on a chair. She was listening to the radio and smoking a cigarette. She hurriedly put it out in an ashtray on the couch.

"Hello, Dad," she said. "Hard day?"

"Is your mother in?" he asked.

Just then, Martha came out from the kitchenette. "Hello, darling," she said. "Did you bring home the things I asked you to get?"

"No," he said. "I forgot."

He took off his coat and hat and hung them in the closet. While his back was turned, he said, "I heard today that my marks aren't high enough. I guess we'll have to go back to Landston." He waited a moment before turning around. "Oh, darling!" he heard Martha say. He looked at Estelle. She was sitting up very straight on the sofa, looking at him.

"Oh, *Dad!*" she said.

He waited.

"Well, darling," Martha said, "I don't think I could have stood another Cambridge winter anyway."

"You mean we have to go back to Ohio *now?*" Estelle asked.

"I guess so," Max said.

And then, suddenly, Estelle started to cry. She put her head down on the couch and her whole body shook with her sobs. "I can't stand it," she said. "I simply can't stand it."

She looked up at Max, and he could see makeup smeared all over her face. He went over and sat down beside her. "It'll be all right, baby," he said. "It won't be long before you'll be going away to college yourself."

"It'll be four years," she said. "You've ruined my whole life—because you're *stupid!*"

And then, though Max had no idea how he came to do it, he reached out and slapped her hard across the face. She drew in her breath suddenly and stared at him.

"Max!" Martha said.

Estelle collapsed on the couch. She started sobbing again, only this time she was crying the way a small child cries. Max watched his daughter for a moment. "I'm sorry I hit you, Estelle," he said wearily. "Maybe we won't have to go back to Landston. Maybe they'll give me another try. Things like this have happened before."

—SLOAN WILSON

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THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Times*]

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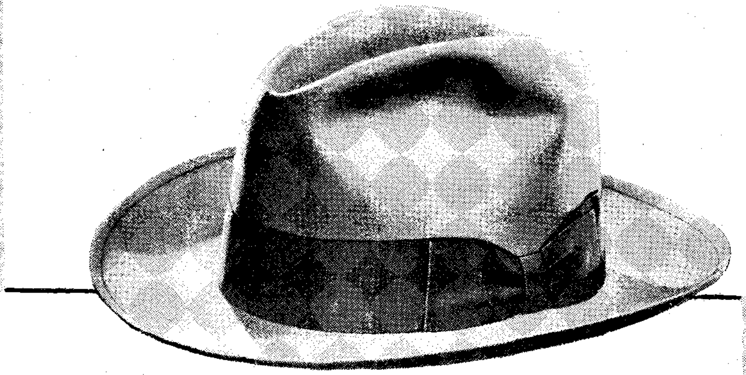

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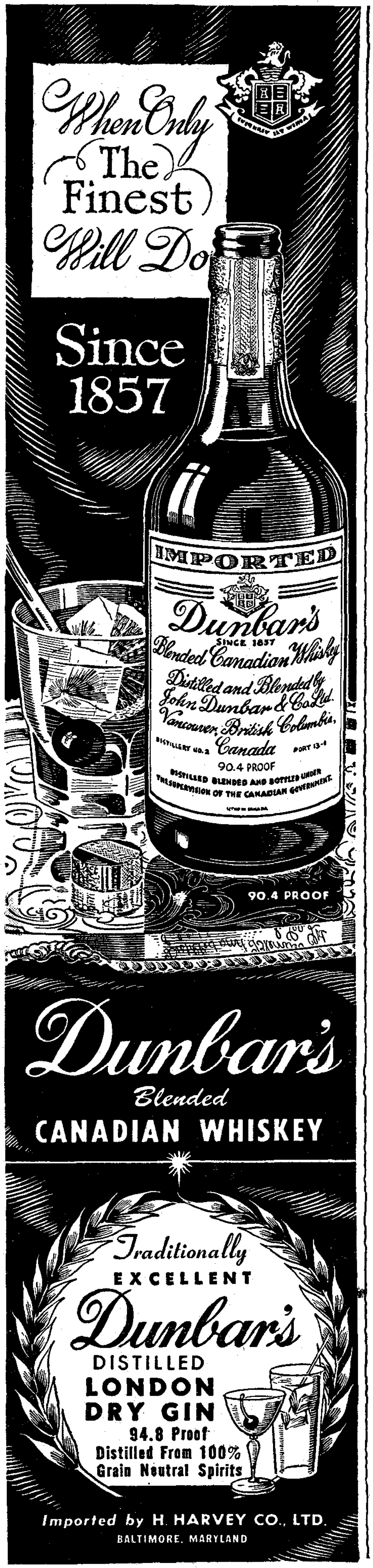
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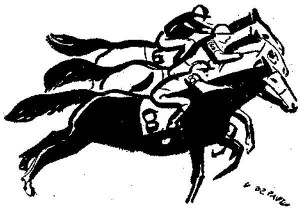
THE RACE TRACK

Gray Ghost

ONLY a geomancer with a hitherto unpublicized system of divination could have guessed that Olhaverry would win the mile-and-a-quarter Santa Anita Handicap last weekend. On the other hand, one didn't need second sight to suspect that Armed might finish out of the money. To dispose of the dismal fact quickly, Armed came in fifth. From all accounts, he was hemmed in most of the way. Also, Armed, who carried top weight, was kept right up with a pace that was a great deal faster than any he had ever gone before. The quarter was run in 0:22⅗, the half in 0:45⅖, six furlongs in 1:10⅕, and the mile in 1:35⅕; after that it was not surprising that instead of turning on speed, as he usually does, he went all to pieces. This is not an alibi for Armed; he is a good horse, but better carriers of weight than he have been beaten just that way. Olhaverry, whose style of running is very different from Armed's, got away slowly and saved his run until he had gone a mile. Then he galloped out the final quarter-mile of the race in 28⅗ seconds, passing Stitch Again, who finished second, and Pere Time, who was third.



Olhaverry, assuming that you've never given him a thought until now, is an eight-year-old gray and is not to be confused with Olavarria, who also races on the Coast. Olhaverry belongs to Raoul Espinosa, a former president of the Panama Jockey Club, who imported him from Chile in the autumn of 1945. Although the horse had won a lot of pesos and Chilean classic races, as stakes races are called down there (one had the mellifluous title of Clásico Francisco Baeza la Fortuna), he didn't get used to our tracks until last autumn, when he won a handicap at Del Mar and another at Bay Meadows. His best effort while tuning up for the Santa Anita was running second to Let's Dance in the San Pasqual Handicap. On that form, he should have been at longer odds than the 15–1 he paid at Santa Anita; for all I know, he was a tip.

THE sale, a couple of days before the Handicap, of Louis B. Mayer's stable in training was as stupendous as you might have expected. The sixty animals brought $1,553,500. I am not expert at figures, being incapable of counting beyond 8–5, so I unfortunately have no idea of how much a pound this comes to. Certainly, horseflesh never sold at such a price before. Stepfather, the favorite for the Santa Anita Derby this Saturday, was knocked down to Harry M. Warner for $200,000—a new high for a thoroughbred sold at auction in America. (The old one was $100,000, paid by Joe Widener for Fair Play at the dispersal of August Belmont's bloodstock, in 1925.) Most of the bidding against Warner for Stepfather was done by Jay Paley, perhaps because his colt I Will has leg trouble and won't start in the Santa Anita Derby—or the Kentucky Derby, either—and Paley would like to have a horse who is engaged for a hundred-thousand-dollar race. Warner gave $135,000 for the filly Honeymoon, which is a record, too, since the highest price paid for a female horse anywhere before was a bit over $100,000, put up by Lord Durham for The Witch at the sales in England last December. Warner then carried on with $54,000 for a two-year-old named Wedding Plans, and $30,000 for Captain Flagg, a three-year-old. Mrs. Warner spent $36,000 for a two-year-old named Make-up Man.

Busher, Mayer's particular favorite, didn't bring nearly as much as Californians had expected; some enthusiastic estimates had ranged as high as a quarter of a million, but after about five minutes of bidding, she was sold for $135,000, which, of course, still ties the record. Her buyer was Neil McCarthy, who has been Mayer's chief adviser on horses as long as Mayer has been in racing. McCarthy bought five other racers for a total of $105,000. One of them was Burning Dream, who finished eighteenth in the Handicap two days later. The third bidder to go to six figures was Dale Shaffer, who owns Coldstream Stud, in Lexington, Kentucky. He gave $100,000 for Be Faithful and $45,000 for Judy-Rae, one of the better three-year-old prospects. A fact of no importance, except for the records, is that the bottom price at the sale was $3,000, paid for a two-year-old called Main Feature.

This, of course, was only the first consignment of Mayer's horses to go under the hammer. All his yearlings

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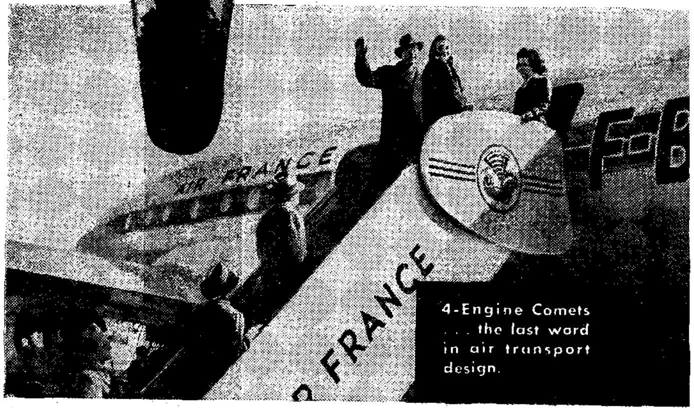

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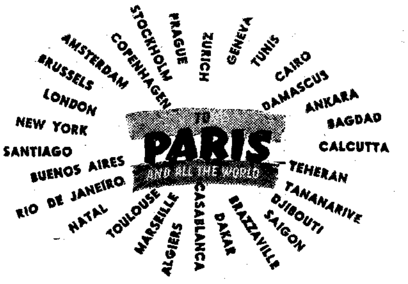
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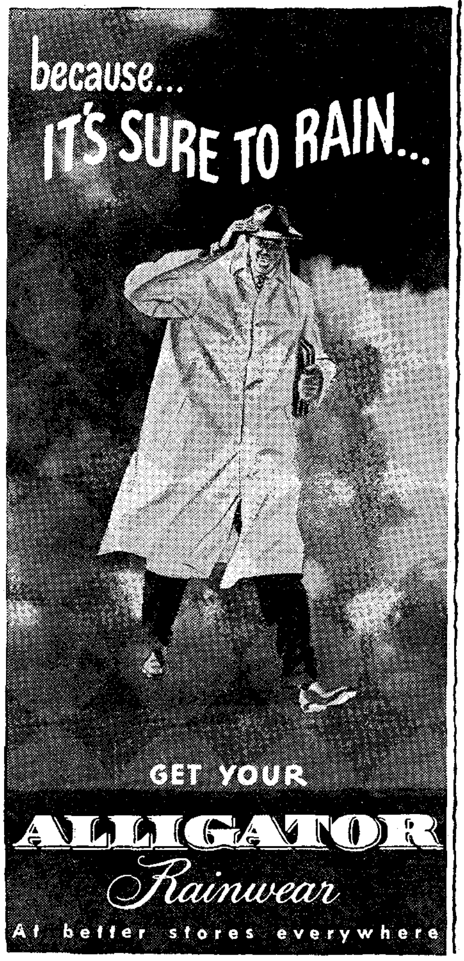

will be auctioned off during the Hollywood Park meeting, some time in July. Nobody knows what Mayer is going to do with the nearly two hundred stallions, mares, and foals at his enormous and magnificent farm near Perris, California. This would be the biggest sale of all, and its total, if all the stock were sold, would put the other auctions in the class of warmups. It's a good guess, though, that Bernborough, his new stallion, won't be included in this lot, if it is sold. Bernborough is the Australian wonder horse who won fifteen consecutive races last year under weights that would have set trainers hereabouts hollering for an S.P.C.A. man. He was finally beaten in the Australian Caulfield Cup, at a mile and a half, in which he carried a hundred and fifty pounds; after that he was taken out of training. Mayer bought him in December for $316,000. Bernborough was on the way here when Mayer announced that he would sell out. The horse, incidentally, is now in Kentucky.

IT won't take me long to dispose of the Flamingo Stakes, at Hialeah, last weekend, which was won by Calumet Farm's Faultless. I would say that most of the eleven runners were as unfavored three-year-olds as have ever gone to the post in the fixture. The winner's purse of $49,500 was some consolation, though not much, to Warren Wright, who owns both Faultless and the unfortunate Armed. Among the starters, only Faultless, Brabançon (who finished second), and Dinner Hour (who ran last) are good enough horses to be named for the Experimental Handicap, whose entry list represents the Jockey Club handicapper's official rating of the better two-year-olds of last season. Faultless won by four lengths, and some horse watchers say that he's as good as his stablemate Fervent.

—Audax Minor

•

When he was in Italy sometimes George Armstrong would draw a mental picture of that lake. He could look straight down to the bottom, and it was cool there and a fine place to write.—*From a story by Stanley Altman, in Swank.*

Well, *fair* place, perhaps.

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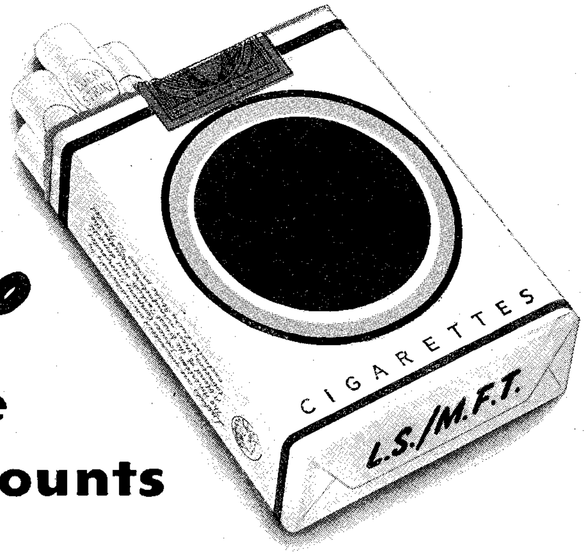
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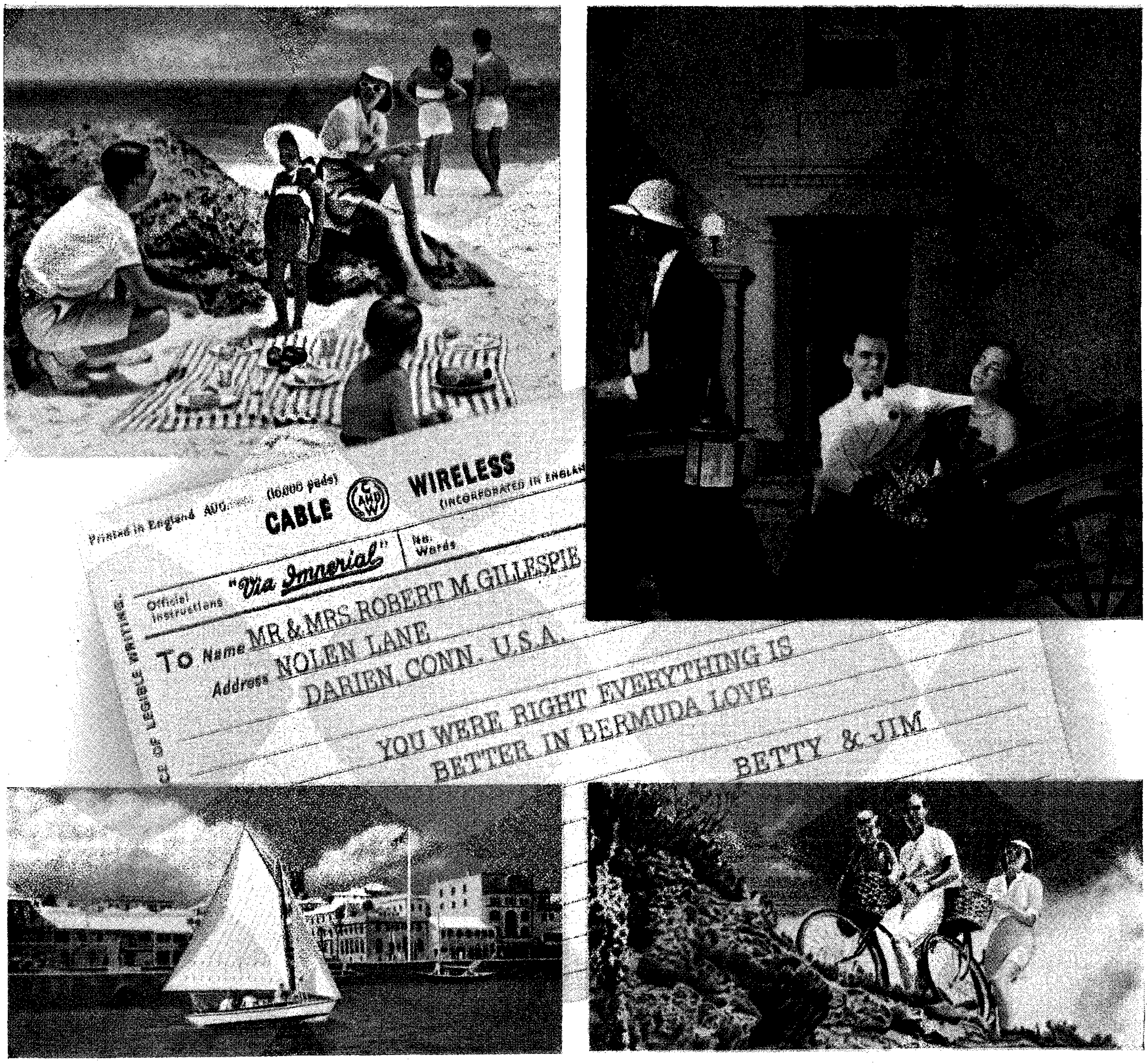

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MUSICAL EVENTS

More Novelties

Peter Mennin, whose Third Symphony had its first performance at last Thursday evening's Philharmonic-Symphony concert, in Carnegie Hall, is not quite twenty-four years old, but he has already racked up a considerable number of awards and commissions. His symphony demonstrates the reasons for these honors. It is the work of a resourceful and accomplished craftsman, who has built his musical structure soundly and applied his orchestral colors knowingly. There is energy contrasted with a sensitive lyricism, and although the composition seemed a little aloof to me, there was no doubt about its success with the audience. Walter Hendl, the orchestra's gifted assistant conductor, who directed the concert, took charge of the new entry in distinguished style. Mr. Hendl had won approval on previous occasions for his conducting (and for his composing and piano playing, too), and his work on this evening corroborated earlier impressions of his uncommon ability. He took on Stravinsky's difficult "Petrouchka" Suite most successfully, transmitting it to the listeners with both fire and finesse. If his doings with Beethoven's third "Leonore" Overture and Schumann's First Symphony lacked some of the mellowness that one is accustomed to hear in these staples, they were still musicianly and well considered; a degree of overzealousness about fine points could have been responsible for the occasional absence of what might be called roundness.

Paul Creston's Second Symphony, introduced here two years ago by the Philharmonic-Symphony under Artur Rodzinski, returned to Carnegie Hall last week at the Philadelphia Orchestra concert, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. This symphony was received at its première with some reservations, but it scored emphatically with its latest audience. It is rich-sounding music and it plays magnificently, even though the content isn't consistently substantial. The performance was brilliant. Another comparative novelty was Serge Prokofieff's Third Piano Concerto, which is so pleasing a piece that one

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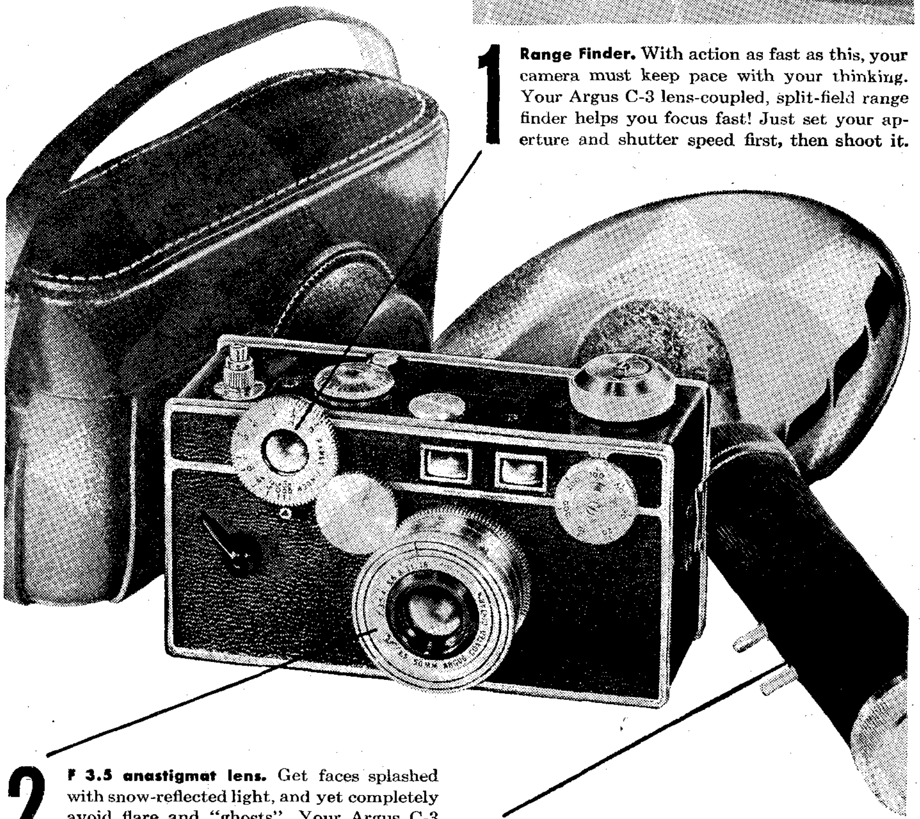

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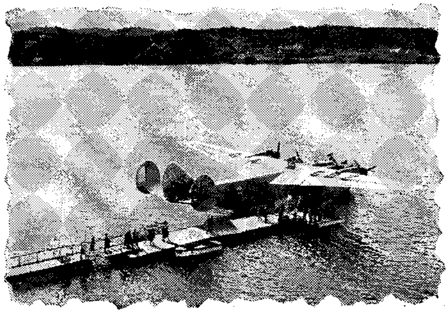

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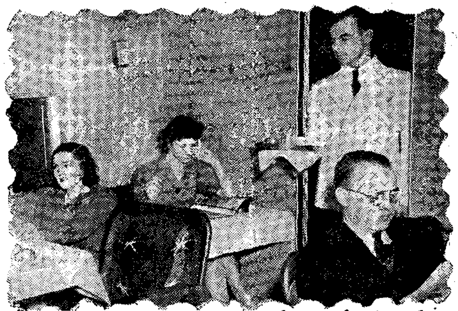

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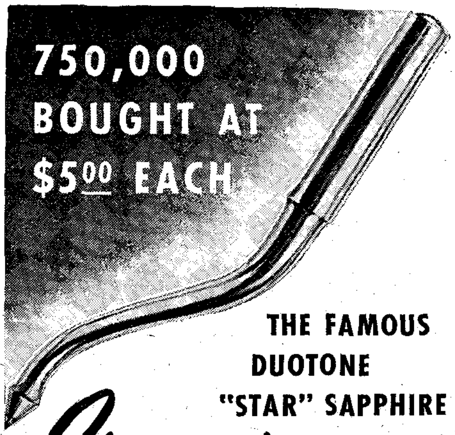
wonders why it doesn't turn up more often. The soloist was William Kapell, one of our most talented young pianists, who played it dazzlingly; my only demurrer was that some parts of the concerto could have benefited from a more relaxed treatment by all concerned. Stravinsky was represented by his "Fire Bird" Suite, which has become practically as much an orchestral classic as Brahms' Haydn Variations, the opening item on the program.

THERE has been dancing in the Fifties recently, with that old standby, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, at the City Center (it will be there through the month) and Martha Graham and her company at the Ziegfeld Theatre (through the week). Miss Graham's presentations include some of her most famous creations, some revivals, and two entirely new short works—"Errand into the Maze" and "Stephen Acrobat," the latter devised by Erick Hawkins. "Errand into the Maze" is a compact exposition of a triumph over fear, in which Miss Graham's striking choreography is supplemented by a cannily dramatic score by Gian-Carlo Menotti. Miss Graham is superb as the lady in the maze, and Mark Ryder is an able assistant as the Creature of Fear, in spite of the fact that the beast's head he wears has an astonishingly benign expression. Mr. Hawkins' "Stephen Acrobat," set to simple, unobtrusive music by Robert Evett, combines solo dancing by Mr. Hawkins with a recitation, by Mr. Hawkins and Anthony Mannino, of poetry by Robert Richman. The idea is good, but the execution is rather cluttered. The orchestra, under the efficient guidance of Louis Horst, plays well for the various productions, and Miss Graham and her company are, as in other seasons, remarkable for the sustained excellence of their performances. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Calalou

THE sharp joy of discovery, combined with the softer pleasure of being able to associate melodies with earlier counterparts, may explain my being captivated by a new album of "Creole Songs" (Disc 629), though I think their remarkably winning presentation by Adelaide Van Wey, a contralto who got them all together, has a lot to do with it, too. Street cries and charming little songs, sung mostly in French and only occasionally



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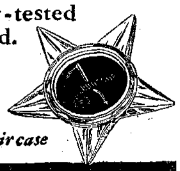

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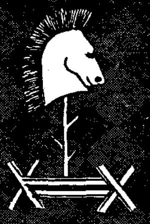

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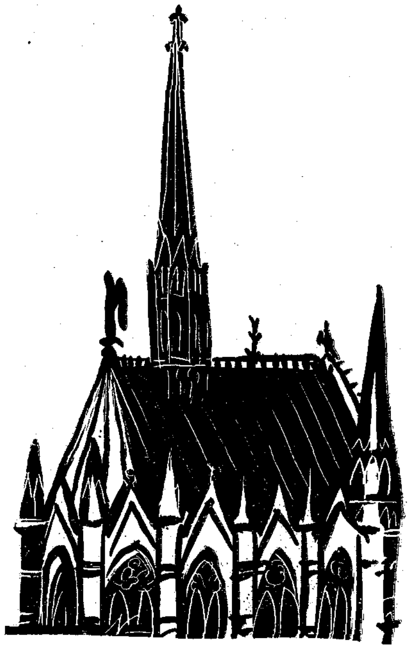
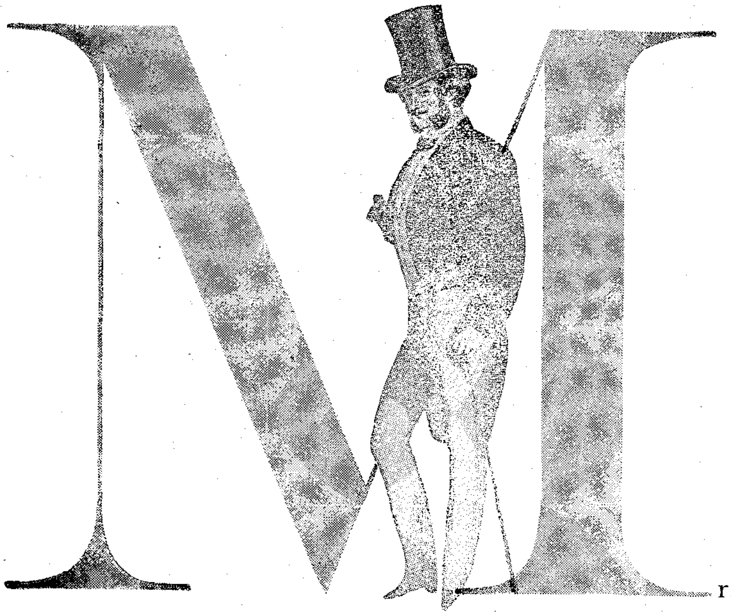
in English, are mixed into a highly palatable musical *calalou*—a West Indian word, meaning a fish stew, that I have come across in Calypso recordings as well as in these. In addition to hawking oranges, watermelons, shrimps, and blueberries, Miss Van Wey sings a couple of lullabies and several songs having to do with food or young girls. The melody of one of them, "Tan Siro' E' Dou'" ("Sugar Is So Sweet"), is similar at times to that of "When Love Is Kind," the old English air with words by Thomas Moore. The piano accompaniments are by Robert N. Hill.

ANOTHER collection of folk songs that you might care to investigate is sung appealingly by Susan Reed, a sweet-voiced soprano you have possibly heard in recitals or in supper clubs. Miss Reed accompanies herself on, variously, a zither and an Irish harp, and covers the field in her choice of material. The set includes old English songs ("Go Away from My Window," "If I Had a Ribbon Bow," "The Ballad of Barbara Allen," "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," and "The Soldier and the Lady"), early American ones ("The Old Woman" and "Jennie Jenkins"), an Irish entry ("Molly Malone"), a Norwegian one ("A Mighty Ship"), and a bawdy Barbados sailor's song ("Venezuela"). Miss Reed sings in English exclusively. (Victor 1086.)

TEN of Richard Rodgers' agreeable tunes and the music from the ballet "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue"—that celebrated high spot in "On Your Toes," the fine old Rodgers and Hart musical—have been assembled in a new





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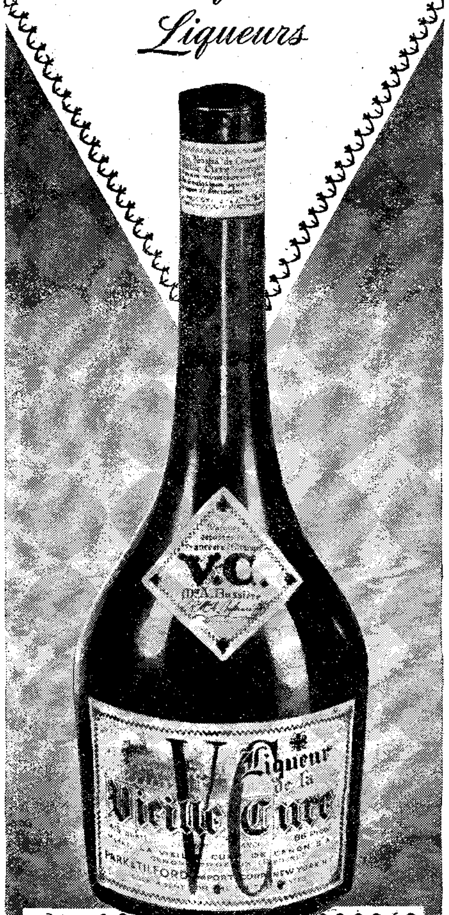
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André Kostelanetz set (Columbia 655). There's probably no need to go into the style of the orchestra. The arrangements of "If I Loved You," "My Heart Stood Still," and the ballet music seemed to me the most satisfactory. I was pleased to find "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" in the collection, was indifferent about the inclusion of "Blue Moon," and accepted "Lover," "The Girl Friend," "Johnny One Note," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Where or When," and "There's a Small Hotel" as you accept old friends in their less stimulating moments.

Morton Gould's orchestra can easily be confused with Kostelanetz's, though Gould has a slightly calmer and more straightforward attitude toward the songs he fools around with. The best of the Gould albums I've broken into, and the most recent, is called "String Time" (Columbia 663). An imaginative treatment of "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," replete with the clippety-clop of temple blocks and snaps of a whip; "Laura," with a soulful violin carrying the theme; and a smart performance of "Holiday for Strings" take straight, place, and show. The others—"Solitude," "Over the Rainbow," "Stormy Weather," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Body and Soul"—are all right, but two things about them annoy me: the insistent use of strings gives them a disembodied quality, and their atmosphere is made all the rarer by a lack of strict tempi, which sends them soaring off into space to break up into wispy formations. They're pretty, though, and impeccably played.

AFTER spending several hours lately in the unruly garden of jazz, I have reached the conclusion that almost anything produced by a half-dozen undisciplined musicians with vainglorious attitudes can be put over as an authentic bloom. Nevertheless, I also came across a few numbers that struck me as the real thing. One of these is Disc album 711, in which Muggsy Spanier, whose cornet I happen to like, works with six other capable instrumentalists—Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Vernon Brown, trombone; Nick Ciazza, tenor sax; Gene Schroeder, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; and George Wettling, drums. The seven of them offer spirited versions of "Am I Blue," "How Come You Do Me Like You Do," "You're Driving Me Crazy," "Sentimental Journey," a "Muggsy Special," and "Pee Wee Squawks," a large portion of which is turned over—with undue

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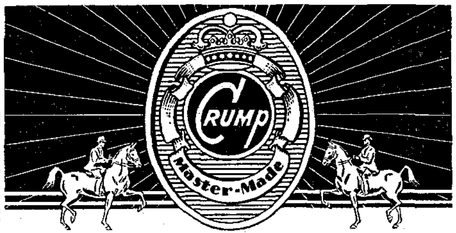

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enthusiasm, it seemed to me—to a Russell vocal coated with beer and tobacco stains.

In 1944, Edmund Hall, clarinettist, and Teddy Wilson, pianist, accompanied by bass and drums, recorded six tasteful sides for Commodore, which have just been released in an album (CR-5). The show piece, aptly called "Show Piece," features Hall most of the way and is a bit reminiscent of a better record, called "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume" (Victor 27289), which Artie Shaw once made with his Gramercy Five, an outfit that included Billy Butterfield on the trumpet and Johnny Guarnieri on the harpsichord. The other selections in the Hall group are "Night and Day," "Where or When," "Sleepy Time Gal," "It Had to Be You," and "I Want to Be Happy." Hall is an artful executant, but most of the time I found myself listening for the clearly outlined and delicate traceries of Wilson's piano.

OF the several dozen other recent releases that I've listened to, these made the greatest impression on me:

THE THREE BEARS and ALL OF ME—The Page Cavanaugh Trio (piano, guitar, bass), which both plays and sings—and sings in unison; only the disparities in timbre indicate that there is more than one voice. The trio is good both ways. The first tune is the nursery tale, engagingly told at a swift clip. All our popular singers of the last ten years have offered themselves in the other item, but none, I think, so affably as these. (*Victor 20-2085*)

AT SUNDOWN and LOVER, COME BACK TO ME—Mildred Bailey, with Ellis Larkin conducting a small orchestra. Miss Bailey's is the best, it seems to me, of the new vocal versions of the revived Walter Donaldson song. Her tilt with Romberg, on the other side, is less successful. (*Majestic 1101*)

BRING ME SOME MONEY, HONEY and TEXAS AND PACIFIC—Pat Flowers and his Rhythm. The first is a poor relation of "Why Don't You Do Right?" and the other is a second-rate train song, but Flowers plays a devastating piano and sings convincingly, too. (*Victor 20-2125*)

ATOM AND EVIL and SHADRACK—The Golden Gate Quartet. Modern man's attempts to hide from or face up to our new source of power take many forms. This quartet handles the problem imperturbably, ending up its morality song with the word "doom" and adding a voice at a time until a four-note chord is achieved ("doom . . . doom . . . doom . . . DOOM!"). On the other side, a nice, sharp articulation of the MacGimsey standard is presented in the boys' familiar style. (*Columbia 37236*)

—D. W.

•

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"LA COMTESSE, EST-ELLE LÀ?"

THE trouble began last fall. Against the advice of most of our friends, my wife and I decided to apply for a telephone. We knew, of course, that the way to get a phone was *through* someone and that trying to get one by applying for it was like trying to get a car from a dealer, but I gave the Telephone Company my name and told them that I was a veteran and entitled to a priority and that I needed a phone in my business.

Surprisingly, we got the phone. A man from the company came to our apartment, looked at my discharge papers, and listened to my plea of business necessity. Three weeks later, a capable-looking chap showed up with a telephone instrument and a black bag like that traditionally carried by doctors. After some mysterious maneuvers, in the course of which clusters of blue sparks spat alarmingly out of the instrument, he announced that the phone was connected and that our number was Eldorado 6-6150. (I am not giving the real number here. I've gone underground with it.)

We could scarcely wait for the man to leave, so that we could make our first call. While we were debating about which of our friends should be so honored, the phone gave a full-throated ring. "Hello," I said hopefully.

There was some hemming and hawing at the other end, and then a timid male voice inquired, "Is M. de Fresne there?" (I am not giving real names in this piece, either, but the ones adopted are reasonable approximations.)

We do not know a M. de Fresne, and I so informed our caller. He expressed conventional annoyance and hung up. During the next few days, we got several wrong-number calls. We were mistaken for Steve, for the Midtown Cleaners & Dyers, the Stork Club, Lally's Barber Shop, and a few other people and places. This did not surprise us, as our friends had warned us that the midtown Manhattan telephone system has been haunted in recent years. But by the end of a week, a pattern had developed that puzzled us. The run-of-the-mill wrong numbers, few of which were ever duplicated, seemed to alternate with insistent demands for M. de Fresne. These de Fresne calls were always from men, usually men with foreign accents. One of them was just off a ship and had to get in touch with M. de Fresne "first thing, you know." We attributed their astonishment—verging on disbelief—at getting a wrong number to their unfamiliarity with the American scene.

A month to the day after the phone was installed, there was a wrong-number call that marked the introduction of a variant on the de Fresne theme. At seven in the morning, the phone rang. My wife urged me to let it continue to ring, arguing that none of our friends would call us at that hour, but to ignore the ringing of a phone is alien to my nature, and I answered it.

"La Comtesse, est-elle là?" demanded my opponent, a man.

"Quelle comtesse?" I asked. I was interested in this call.

"Celle qui est une amie de M. de Fresne," said the voice. I suggested that my interrogator direct himself to the company *téléphonique*. I never heard from him again. But many other people were interested in the countess. Not a day passed but one or more accented voices asked for her. All the French that I had allowed to lapse after ending my career as a military interpreter returned, and now became embellished with a new and picturesque vocabulary picked up from my callers, who often flew into expressive rages upon learning that I neither was M. de Fresne nor knew any countess. I found that I rather enjoyed these little talks with the Frenchmen, who merged in my mind into a single desperate, bedevilled Gallic individual, searching in an endless fog for an elusive, glamorous countess. My friends were confused and astounded when they called me and received a sprightly *"Allô."*

Another month passed, and we got a clue to what was happening. A woman called and asked for M. de Fresne. She was the first woman caller he had had and she spoke without an accent. I told her I did not know M. de Fresne and suggested that she call the Telephone Company. She grew indignant, a reaction I had fully expected. "What number is this?" she demanded.

"This is Eldorado 6-6150," I told her.

"Well," she said. "You just look in your directory and see what number

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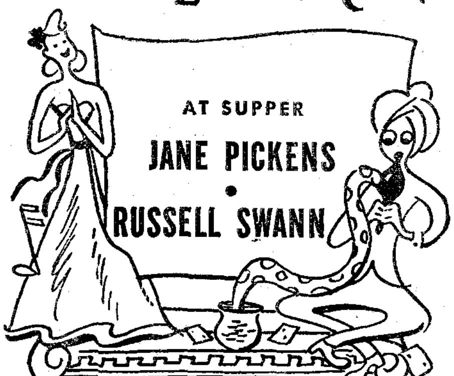

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She hung up with a clatter. I did as she directed and read:

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Now, at last, I understood the baffled rage of the de Fresne callers. I dialled the Telephone Company and asked how this confusion had come about. They told me that M. de Fresne had had my number not long before. He had ordered it disconnected. A "stop" had been put on it and people who called it had been told that it was disconnected. Then, when the calls had dropped to two a week, the company had released the number, thus permitting its reassignment.

Apparently, M. de Fresne's friends had been waiting for just this to happen. The telephone man expressed regret but pointed out that there was nothing he could do except put another "stop" on the number and disconnect my phone, an action he rightly assumed I would consider too extreme.

For a month or six weeks more, calls for the countess and for M. de Fresne continued, and my French came even to surpass its wartime fluency. Then, as abruptly as it had begun, the business ended. People still call us under the impression that we are Dr. Medveldoff, Commy's Bar & Grill, or the Savoy Market, but no one any longer asks for M. de Fresne or the countess. My French is returning to its norm. Speculating on the reason for the change in our lives, my wife and I got a hunch and looked in the new Manhattan book. There we found:

de Fresne Henri 277W55 . . . CI rcle 4-2861

I have toyed with the thought of calling M. de Fresne up. But, after all, a man is entitled to some illusions, and I've evolved a pretty romance, concerning agents, male and female, of a certain foreign power and a document that would cause a tremendous stir in any one of three European capitals.

—DON M. MANKIEWICZ

•

With "The Chocolate Soldier" on the way, "Sweethearts" already here, "The Red Mill" on the road, and "Romany Love" ("Gypsy Lady") in London, you might say Victor Herbert is doing all right.—*The Times.*

You might say Oscar Straus is coming right along, too.

•

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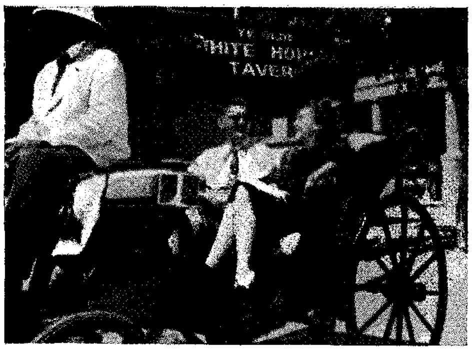

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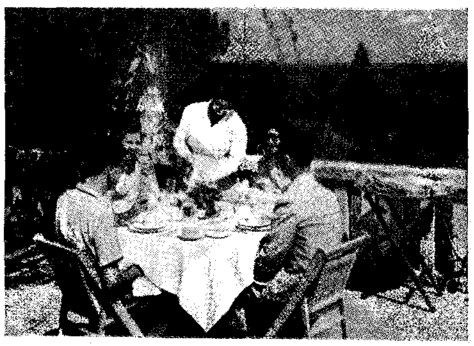

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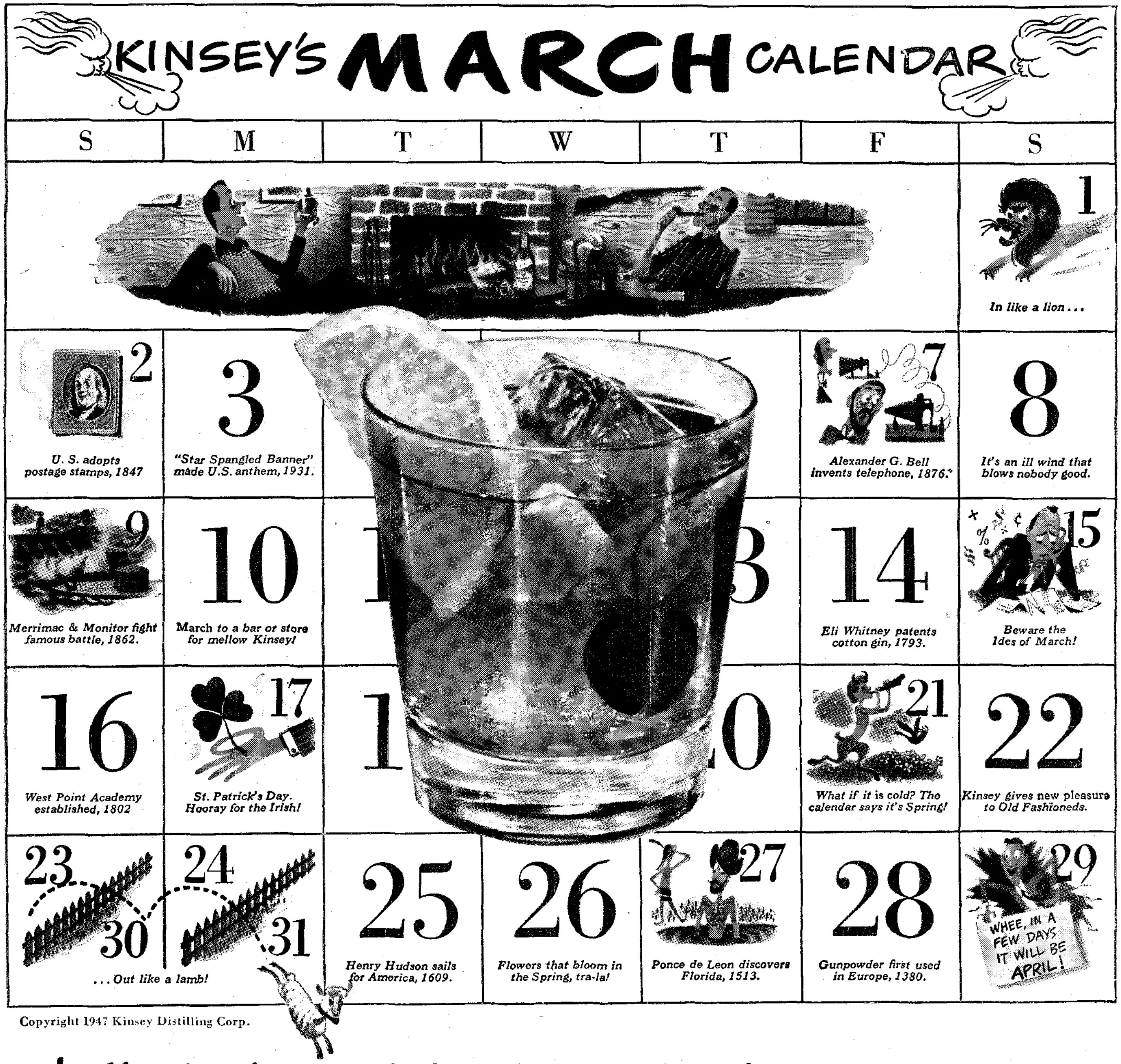
KINSEY'S MARCH CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 In like a lion...
2 U. S. adopts postage stamps, 1847	3 "Star Spangled Banner" made U.S. anthem, 1931.				7 Alexander G. Bell invents telephone, 1876.*	8 It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.
9 Merrimac & Monitor fight famous battle, 1862.	10 March to a bar or store for mellow Kinsey!	1		3	14 Eli Whitney patents cotton gin, 1793.	15 Beware the Ides of March!
16 West Point Academy established, 1802	17 St. Patrick's Day. Hooray for the Irish!	1		0	21 What if it is cold? The calendar says it's Spring!	22 Kinsey gives new pleasure to Old Fashioneds.
23 30	24 31 ...Out like a lamb!	25 Henry Hudson sails for America, 1609.	26 Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!	27 Ponce de Leon discovers Florida, 1513.	28 Gunpowder first used in Europe, 1380.	29 WHEE, IN A FEW DAYS IT WILL BE APRIL!

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½ lump sugar...2 dashes bitters...add enough water to cover sugar and muddle well ...2 oz. of mild, mellow Kinsey. Stir well. Add ice cube, lemon rind, slice of orange, lemon and a cherry.

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for unhurried moments

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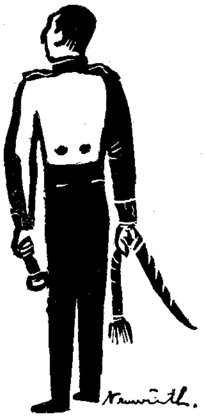
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fun with de Maupassant



THE French collaborationists of 1870, who were just as anxious to cuddle up to the conquering Germans as were the collaborationists of more recent times, are given a high-spirited drubbing in "Angel and Sinner," a French film based on de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," with a few episodes from his "Mademoiselle Fifi" thrown in. The picture, adhering to the time-tested story-telling device employed in "Boule de Suif," assembles a group of miscellaneous characters in a stagecoach headed south out of Rouen to escape the Germans during the Franco-Prussian War, and proceeds to contrast the patriotism of a prostitute and the courage of a liberal with the weak-kneed selfishness of three wealthy fellow-passengers and their wives. The three wealthy couples are obviously no good, but they are a droll lot, with a shifty amiability even when they engage in such skulduggery as persuading the reluctant prostitute to surrender herself to a German captain in order to speed up the progress of their stagecoach. While the film is not exactly subtle, the acting is superb, and there's an old-fashioned charm about the scenes that I found quite appealing. When it gets into its "Mademoiselle Fifi" sequences, which are designed to reveal the Prussian officers as lechers, boozers, and sadists, the picture wobbles toward burlesque, since the actors playing the Prussians all look like something you'd run into on Halloween. But by that time the piece is almost over, and enough entertaining stuff has gone before to offset a shaky conclusion.

WHILE the French this week occupy themselves with de Maupassant, the Italians, in "Before Him All Rome Trembled," attend to Puccini. The picture is about two musical members of the Italian underground who give fine performances as the hero and heroine of "La Tosca" and get involved in the same sort of flamboyant trouble in their private lives. In case you don't remember, "La Tosca" revolves

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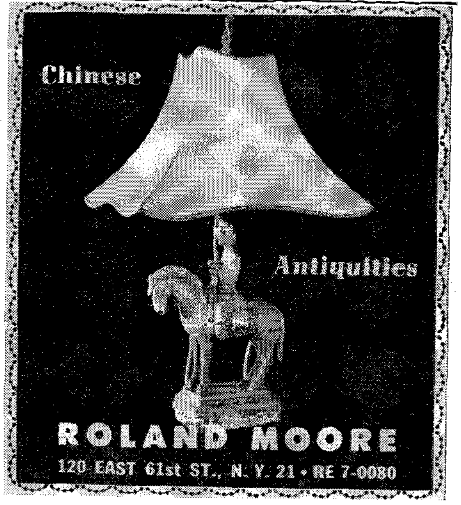

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around the jealousy of a lady who innocently betrays her lover to the enemy. While preparing to run through this situation onstage, the lady in "Before Him All Rome Trembled" gives her lover away to the Nazis. The singing sounded excellent to me, but I can't say I was much impressed by the clumsily contrived plot. Still, Anna Magnani, who turned in such a splendid performance in "Open City," is on hand, along with a competent supporting cast. The singing in the picture has been dubbed in, and the voices are those of La Scala luminaries.

THAT dull, droning noise you hear is "Song of Scheherazade," an unlikely Technicolor fable about the adventures of Rimski-Korsakov in Morocco, where he allegedly met a pretty dancer who inspired him to write a lot of music. To date, this is the worst nonsense that Hollywood has cooked up about a composer, but give the boys time; they haven't got through half of them yet.

IF you have ever listened to "Mr. District Attorney" on the radio, you'll know enough not to attend the picture of the same name. If you haven't, tune it in for a few minutes and save yourself a trip to the neighborhood movie house.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

For those of you who have not seen the Club at Stewart Field, I am sure you will find it a really worth while adventure. Our Cocktail Lounge and Bar is out of "Esquire" with indirect lighting and soft music—an ideal place for a real romance job. The dining room, besides having excellent food served by discreet personnel, is a beautifully appointed and decorated room with adequate facilities for serving families and guests.—*Letter to an Air Force reservist from his commanding officer.*

Off they go, into the pale pink yonder.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From an American Dental Association news release*]

"Pure water will fulfill the most important requirements as a mouth wash," the Council [on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association] declared. "It is superior to flavored and medicated mixtures in many respects. The patient is already accustomed to the flavor of water and therefore it is not necessary to convince him that it tastes good; it is cheap, stable, and readily available; and it is non-irritating and otherwise harmless, even if swallowed."

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NEW YEARS EVE AT BRIARWOOD

One of the loveliest parties of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Nabors on New Year's Eve in their beautiful home, Briarwood, honoring their niece, Jen Rives, who is a senior in Newcomb college in New Orleans.

Even Oliver Wendell Holmes could hardly have done justice to a description of the winter evening. It was as if the Sunny South had borrowed the night from New England for a special occasion, so crisp and cold was the air, and so beautiful the moonlight on the snow and ice-clad trees.

Mrs. Nabors artfully captured Nature's color scheme and brought within the spacious warmth of her lovely home the winter blue of the sky and the shimmering silver of the moonlit snow as reflected in garlands of silver leaves and blue tapers artistically arranged throughout the reception suite.

The morning room alone adhered to the traditional green and red Christmas decorations, and it was aglow with poinsettias, huge bows of red ribbon, and garlands of green winter smilax. Here was a gay setting for bridge, gin-rummy, and an occasional tete-a-tete.

Early in the evening the big home was thronged with a host of young people, each representative students from colleges and universities in the South, all laughing and talking in the free and unrestrained manner that characterizes the home-coming of real friends.

The "Nabors" atmosphere of graciousness and ease dispelled any hint of stilted formality and there was that leaven of congeniality which so unified the entire group that unconsciously everyone present became an integral and essential factor in the success of the evening.

Some danced, some sang, some played games, and all of them gave a good account of their normal appetites when they were served from a beautiful table spread with Irish point lace and covered with delicious food. It was a moot question as to who enjoyed most the punch bowl, Mr. Nabors, who served with such fine hospitality, or the one who "drank deep from his brimming cup."

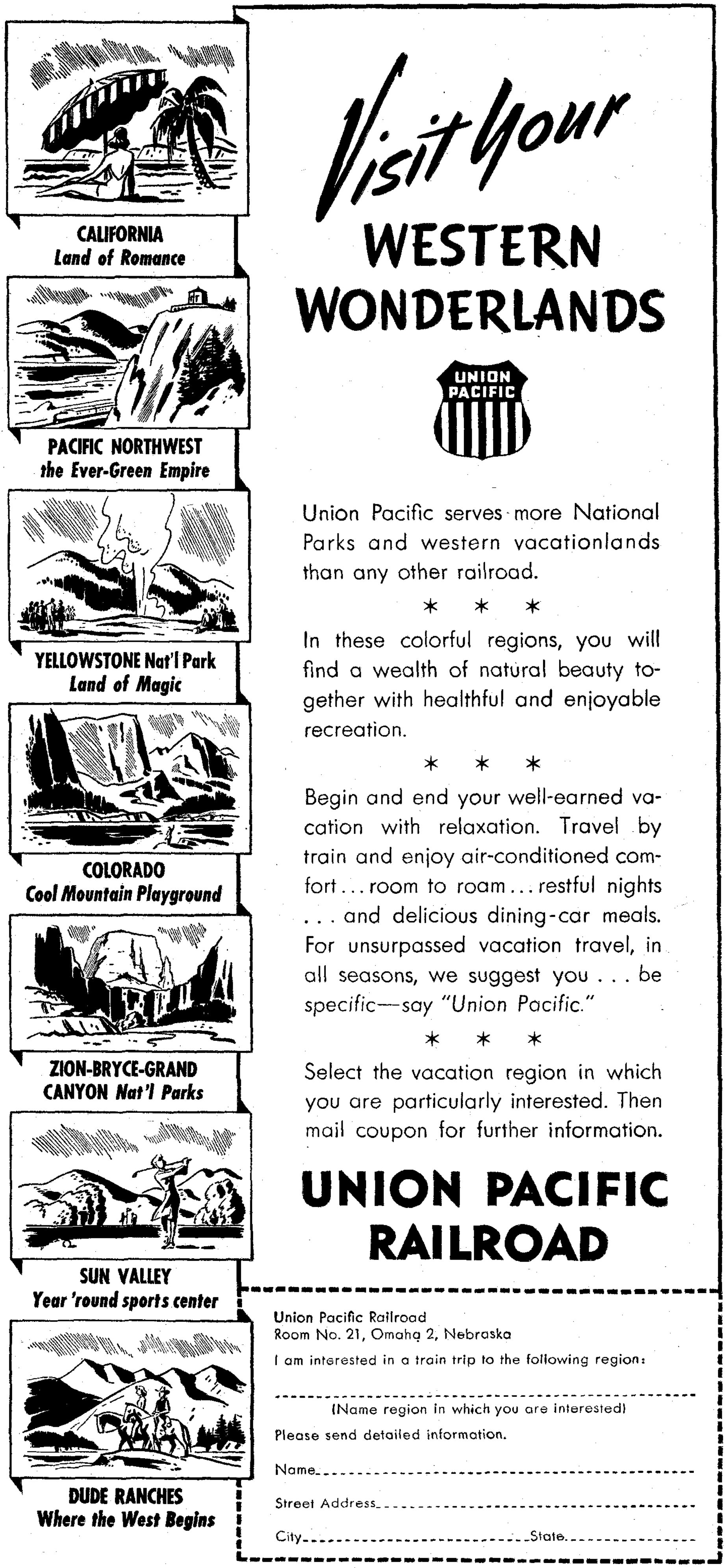
The magic of the occasion fell upon the host and hostess as well, for the years fell away and Mr. Nabors wore a genial boyish smile and the lilting girlish laughter from Mrs. Nabors' happy lips proclaimed them both captives of the joyous spirit of youth.

At two minutes to twelve the young folks "made night hideous" with blasts and howls and noise makers were distributed and rattles and whistles, a merry climax to the passing year.

An hour later the last car drove away down the hill and as the laughter and shouts of "Happy New Year" had died away, the silence of a winter night settled down in sharp contrast.

One by one the lights in Briarwood winked out and as the Man in the Moon looked down on the fairy-like beauty and tranquility of Briarwood, he said to himself: "That was a splendid party. Why don't grown folks give more like that?"
—*Mansfield* (*La.*) *Enterprise.*

Did he get an answer?



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BOOKS

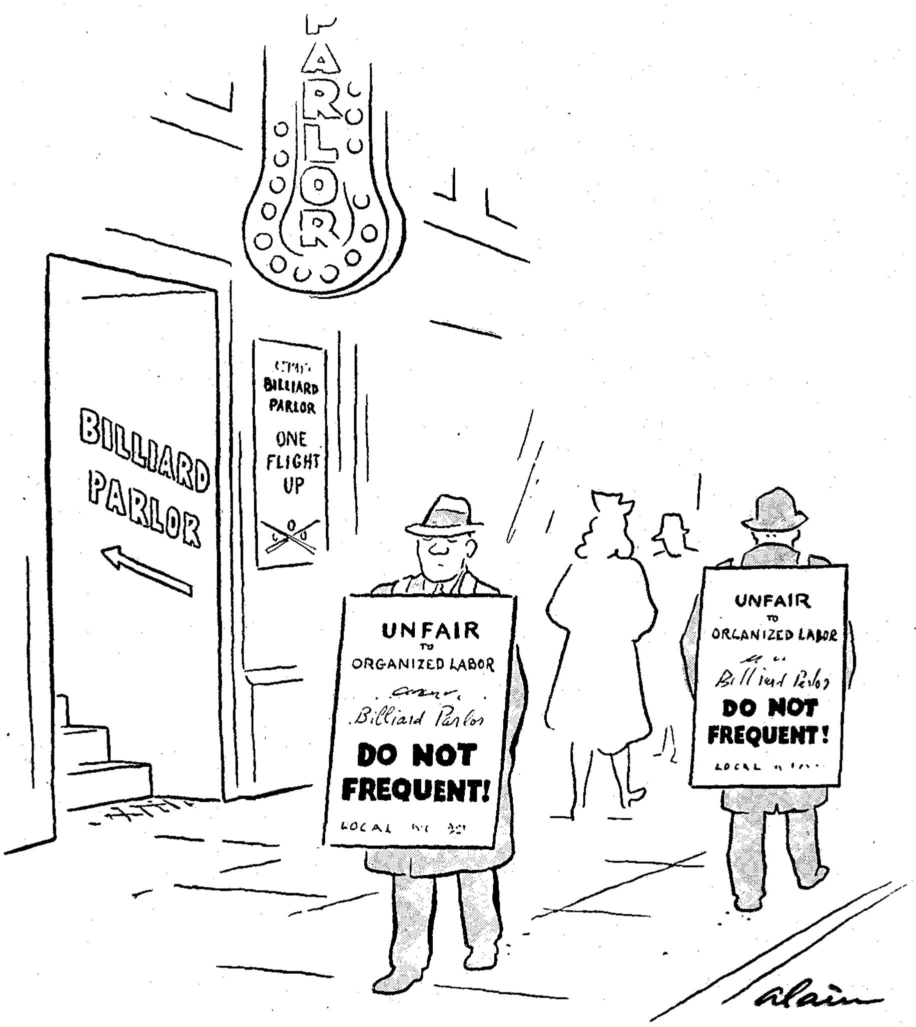
Single Men in Barracks

MR. CALDER WILLINGHAM's first novel, "End as a Man" (Vanguard), is a remarkable work in almost every respect except style and narrative ingenuity. As the title and first few pages make clear, Mr. Willingham's intention is satire; that is, satire in its earlier sense—a literary exposure of vice by one whose observation of it has sated him to the point of angry revulsion. The author's story has to do with the customs and moral climate of a Spartan military school somewhere in the Deep South, and with their effect upon the psychology of the inmates. The effect is, to put it moderately, horrible. If there is a single variety of evil unknown to the young gentlemen of Mr. Willingham's military school, it is certainly unknown to me; indeed, there are some sins in Mr. Willingham's book that seem altogether implausible.

In his effort to present the conduct and conversation of his cadets with complete fidelity, Mr. Willingham spares his readers no obscene imagery or scatological detail. Quantitatively, this book must set a record, even for contemporary literature, in its employment of short and startling English words. I have no doubt, however, of Mr. Willingham's moral purpose or of his passionate and even fanatical sincerity; from one point of view, I suppose, it could be said that his vocabulary was prescribed by the necessity of reproducing that incessant and monotonous stream of blasphemy and obscenity which seems to be only one of many unfortunate concomitants of the chivalric life. But I am of the persuasion which holds that a perfected narrative art could produce the effect while avoiding the affront.

Mr. Willingham, who calls his school simply The Academy, may have a specific establishment in mind. I cannot say, for my own experience of military schools, which is entirely literary, does not go much beyond Fardale Academy and Putnam Hall and whatever it is that the United Services College is called in "Stalky & Co." I have, therefore, no means of measuring the degree of exaggeration in Mr. Willingham's picture of life in such an institution. In some respects, it must be said, it coincides rather remarkably with a description I once read of an Austrian military school attended by Rainer Maria Rilke. The real objects of Mr. Willingham's satire, I take it, are the fallacious premises of military discipline, and especially the notion that boys are made brave, truthful, loyal, and generous through moral intimidation and physical fear. What the regimen of systematic bullying and of meticulous and unremitting supervision at The Academy really produces are—if we can trust Mr. Willingham—sadists, liars, lechers, cheats, toadies, blackmailers, and sodomists. Thus, intentionally or not, this novel, like most novels nowadays, has political implications; it seems to offer a warning of what we may expect in a militarized society, ruled by the alumni of The Academy and others like them. Fear is the leitmotiv in the lives of these spruce and smart cadets, in their tall hats and glistening visors, their pipe-clayed cross-belts, their furbished buttons and spotless gloves; they respect only what makes them afraid, find pleasure only in what fears they can inspire.

Perhaps it would be fairer to say that, in making them what they are, The Academy merely completes a job begun by nature or by the rural Southern ethos. Most of Mr. Willingham's recruits were apparently nasty young cads before they ever put on a uniform, and some of them seem to have spent an earlier incarnation in one of Mr. Erskine Caldwell's novels. One, however, a young neurotic of Midwestern origins called Sow-belly Simmons, has a morbid religiosity and wants to become a chaplain. He cries and is sick at his stomach when he is tormented, which is, naturally, quite often—and he is also subjected to some rather monstrous indignities. But despite all this, the half-mad Simmons is the least corruptible of the lot. The story is concerned principally with the experiences of another recruit, Robert Marquales. Marquales, it would seem, is better equipped for life in a military academy, for he has a glib tongue and a sharp instinct for the main chance. He comes under the patronage and influence of an



Postman, Postman, Did you bring a letter?
Postman, Postman, Two would suit me better
~~ I can hardly wait to see
What is in your bag for me

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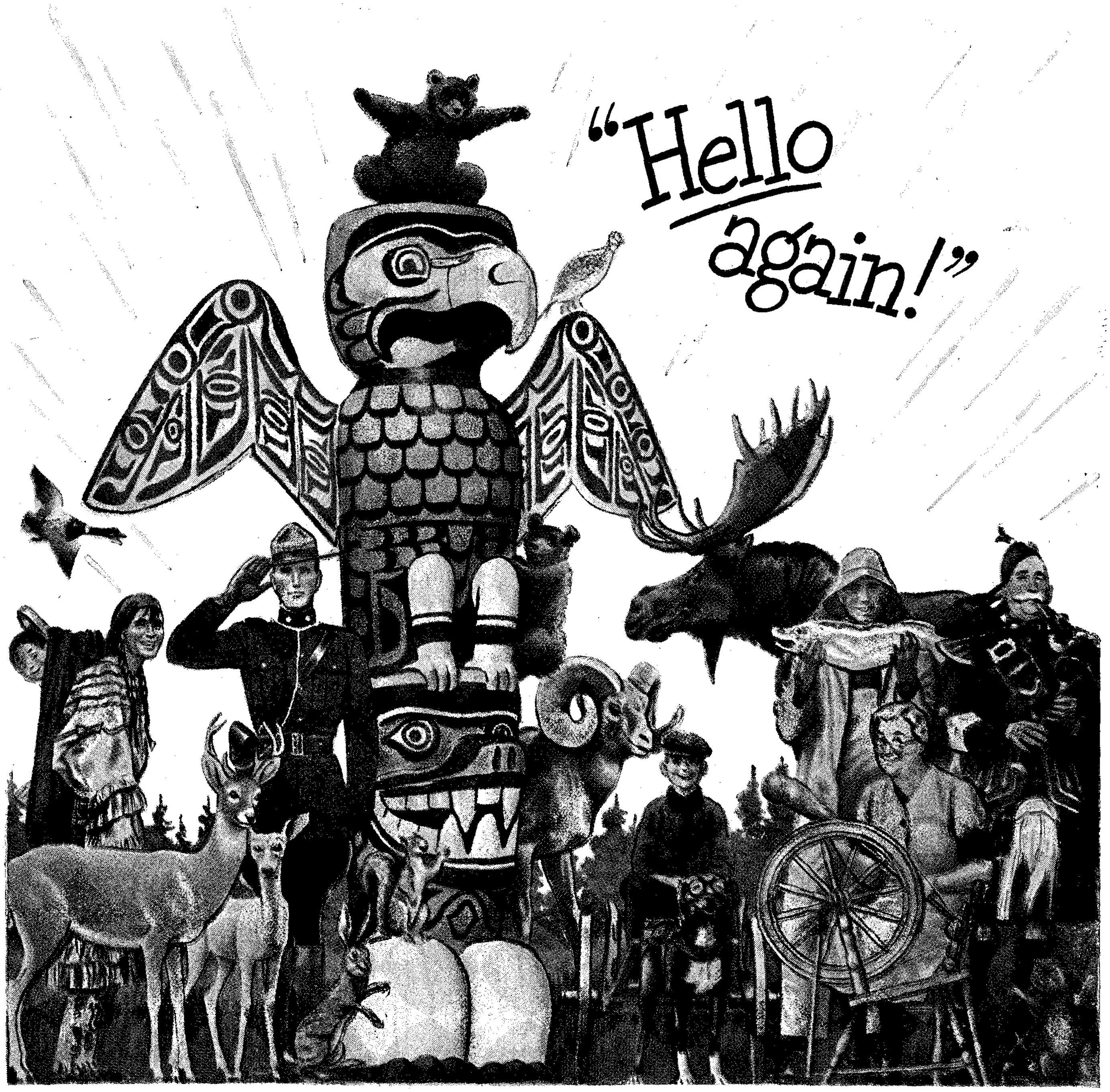
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intelligent, ruthless, and completely depraved upperclassman, Sergeant Jocko de Paris. After no great internal struggle, Marquales allows himself to be drawn into some clandestine social activities forbidden by regulations, including a poker game that he knows to be dishonest and by which he is willing to profit. When the scandal is discovered, as the consequence of a drunken brawl, Marquales readily turns informer and saves himself from dishonorable expulsion by betraying his patron.

Mr. Willingham's narrative method, in the prevalently fashionable manner, relies wherever possible upon dialogue. There are pages upon pages of it in the idiom I have already described, much of it unnecessary, some of it preposterous—as in a macabre scene involving two overt and two latent homosexual cadets, an elderly nymphomaniac, an imbecile Negress, a madman, and a doctor. When it is necessary to describe action, Mr. Willingham's prose has something of the sharp, metallic rigidity of his cadets, who are forever sucking in their guts, hauling back their chins, and cutting their corners square. Yet with all its technical crudities and philosophic immaturity, this is a novel capable of evoking, even in a seasoned reader, something like cathartic terror. This is partly because of Mr. Willingham's success in calling his characters to life, but mainly, I think, it is the strange, satanic atmosphere with which he manages to invest his book. "Power," said Burckhardt, "is of its nature evil," and "End as a Man" is testimony in support. Almost all the people in Mr. Willingham's story are idolaters of power—even the commandant, General Draughton, with his narrow nobility, exalted priggishness, and willful blindness to the moral consequences of his system. "End as a Man," then, is the earnest of an unusual but as yet wholly undisciplined talent. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Willingham will do when he is in less of a rage.

—J. M. LALLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MOUNTAIN LION, by Jean Stafford (Harcourt, Brace). Readers of Miss Stafford's "Boston Adventure" will be pleased to learn that she has written a second novel that is hard to match these days for subtlety and understanding. The story concerns a brother and sister in a small California town during the painful, uncertain years of late childhood and

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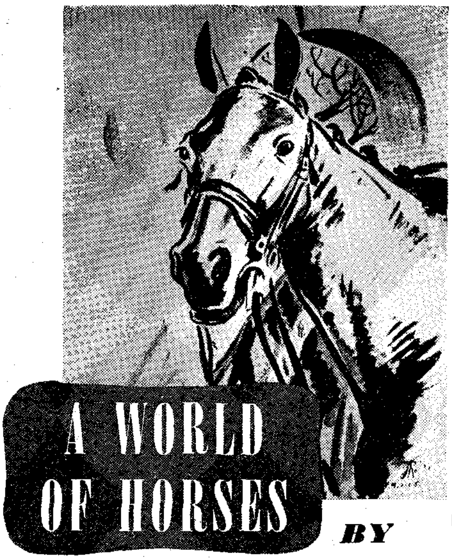

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—THE NEW YORKER

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WHITTLESEY

early adolescence. Both are maladjusted—the girl to a point that is next to paranoia—and both are made unhappy by their emotional dependence upon each other. When they take up a freer life on an uncle's ranch, the boy escapes, perhaps only temporarily, his neuroses and the effects of his sister's warped affection for him. The girl's release from her psychosis is different and tragically final. A sharply focussed study rather than a broad exploration of adolescence, written wittily, lucidly, and with great respect for the resources of the language.

THE CRUISE OF THE BREADWINNER, by H. E. Bates (Little, Brown). A dirty little fishing boat sets out from an English town on coastal patrol during the recent war. In the Channel, she picks up a Royal Air Force pilot who has been shot down by a German plane and later rescues the German who did the shooting. The cruise takes less than a day, and the unpretentious story less than an hour to read, but the book contains a sense, rarely communicated by current fiction, of the dignity of the human race.

A GARDEN TO THE EASTWARD, by Harold Lamb (Doubleday). A none too successful mixture of love, archeology, and present-day politics. An American, having bought an ancient bronze horse in Cairo, sets out to have a look at a certain spot in the mountains of Kurdistan, from which he believes the statue came. Along the way, he meets an unhappy American girl, and together they come across a city, hidden on a mountaintop, that was founded in Babylonian times. Up to this point, you are likely to find the going very slow, but when the young Americans become involved in the political jockeyings of the Russians and the British in the country nearby and in the fighting between Kurds and Iranians, the narrative picks up considerably. Mr. Lamb is so convincing about his Near East that as long as he sticks to fact, or even conjecture, he is good. Unfortunately, he is bent on dragging in a love affair between his paper-thin major characters and becomes more engrossed in it than the reader is likely to be.

DOPPELGANGERS, by H. F. Heard (Vanguard). The author, presenting an imaginative and rather terrifying picture of life on this planet fifty years from now, tells the story of the struggle between two tyrannies—a government and an underground opposition. The first section of the novel, full of fascinating detail incident to the year 1997 and animated by the plottings of the underground to create, by plastic surgery, an exact double of the dictator, is an expertly done thriller. When, however, the double assumes power, Mr. Heard becomes sternly absorbed in his message, which you may take seriously or dismiss as a lot of mystical fudge. In either case, parts of the book are likely to interest you.

THE TIME MACHINE, by H. G. Wells (Random House). A reprint of one of Mr. Wells' earliest ventures into the future, an era that seems very cozy and credible alongside Mr. Heard's gruesome new world. Moreover, after fifty years this still stands up as a remarkably entertaining story.

GENERAL

FABULOUS VOYAGER: JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES," by Richard M. Kain (University of Chicago Press). This book has perhaps some value as a series of popular tours through the complexities of Joyce's novel, and the appendices contain useful concordances to the characters, to the mentality of Leopold Bloom, and to the psychological motifs associated with Bloom and Dedalus. But it has little importance as criticism, the writing is banal, and it is marred by such ineptitudes as the description of the dream ballad in "Finnegans Wake," with its Freudian confusions of sense and its woozy rhyme and metre, as being "in the manner of a W. S. Gilbert lyric." There are few writers who throw into relief mediocrity on the part of their critics so fatally as does Joyce. This book has a certain interest in showing that Joyce, like Shakespeare, is not merely for a cult but for everybody, and one feels that Professor Kain, who teaches English at the University of Louisville, might give a very good course in modern literature. He can navigate Joyce's Dublin and introduce the reader to its people because these have been solidly created, yet the art and the point of view of Joyce are hardly in this well-meaning work.

PHILOSOPHER'S QUEST, by Irwin Edman (Viking). A collection of ruminative essays on the philosophical way of life—some of them parables, others fictionized reminiscences and intellectual fantasies. Dr. Edman apparently had a good deal of quiet fun writing these pieces; he goes in freely for irony and ribs such things as psychoanalysis, American publicity methods, and even philosophy itself with a sly good humor. The book makes thoughtful reading, and while it has a faint flavor of academicism, the author, who seems to be interested in everything, lets his mind wander far outside the study and the classroom. The world, you might say, is his cloister.

THE PRESIDENTS AND THE PRESS, by James E. Pollard (Macmillan). A staggering piece of scholarship, which traces Presidential relations with the American press from George Washington's time to Harry Truman's, skipping not one President. Professor Pollard points out that the White House press conference (initiated by Woodrow Wilson and raised to full stature by Franklin D. Roosevelt) is a unique institution, for nowhere else does the head of a government regularly see journalists and lay himself open to their questions. This history shows that relations between the Chief Executive and the newspapers have never been wholly smooth; Washington had his troubles and raged as heartily at the "scurrility and nonsensical declamation" of the gazettes in his day as Coolidge and Hoover did in theirs.

BOSTON: CRADLE OF LIBERTY, by John Jennings (Doubleday). Boston up to the Revolution, and particularly the part the port of Boston played in Colonial history. Mr. Jennings says that the lively seagoing trade of Massachusetts was the main reason the British merchants sought such repressive measures as the Acts of Trade and Navigation and the Stamp Act. The story, which goes over a certain amount of old ground (Captain Kidd, witch hunting, the Tea Party, and so on), has been effectively livened by fresh material. The book is a serious historical study, but the writing is on the so-called popular side. Illustrated.

NO EXIT & THE FLIES, by Jean-Paul Sartre (Knopf). Two plays by the leading French proponent of Existentialism. The first, you may remember, was produced on Broadway this season, with indifferent success. Reading it, you can see why it failed; it just isn't dramatic, or, rather, theatrical. Nevertheless, this story of a man and two women consigned to a hotel room in Hell for eternity is an arresting piece of writing and makes it apparent that Sartre is a considerable literary talent. "The Flies"—the Orestes-Electra story again—is less interesting. The English transla-

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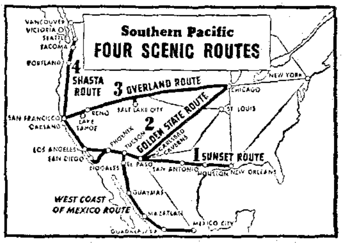

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tions, even though done by Stuart Gilbert, are somewhat stilted; "Oh, leave me in peace!" is not a very convincing idiom for "*Lâchez-moi!*" These are the first of Sartre's plays to be printed in English. Even if they are not very enlightening as to the meaning of Existentialism, they are well worth your time.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT, by Ronald Kirkbride (Frederick Fell). It must have taken considerable nerve to embark on this project. Mr. Kirkbride has shuffled through de Maupassant's fiction and correspondence, selecting what he regarded as biographical data, and then constructed a narrative, purportedly told by a mistress, of the last few years of de Maupassant's life. The emphasis is on the erotic and the sensational (*vide* the title). There is much of interest in the book, but whether it even approaches accuracy is anyone's guess.

OF GUILT AND HOPE, by Martin Niemoeller (Philosophical Library). There has been a lot of writing on this side of the Atlantic, much of it partisan and cocksure, about Pastor Niemoeller's rather puzzling martyrdom at the hands of the Nazis and about where the Pastor stands at this confused moment in German history. In this collection of two sermons, a letter, and an interview recorded by an American Army chaplain, the reader has a chance to judge the case for himself. Some people will be annoyed by a note of whining here and there, and probably few will be able to swallow one sentence, in which the Pastor attempts to ease his people's conscience. It is from the sermon that was addressed to all Germans and that gives the book its title, and it reads, in part, "You know, our Lord Jesus cannot ask us what we cannot do, for He bears our burden and our guilt."

DANCE MEMORANDA, by Merle Armitage; edited by Edwin Corle (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An unusual and extremely good-looking book, beginning with a collection of brief and highly subjective critiques of various dancers by Mr. Armitage and going on to include an album of superb photographs of the important dancers of our time in action and repose (some of them inserted, one suspects, for comic value) and a large number of reproductions of drawings, paintings, and sculptures inspired by the dance.

HOW TO SAIL, by Carl D. Lane (Norton). The author of "The Boatman's Manual" expands his earlier remarks on sailing to such effect that literate novices can learn a lot about the art before they ever go to sea. Hulls, gear, sails, winds, navigation, and docking are among Mr. Lane's topics, and what he has to say about them will also interest veteran sailors who like to see how their own theories stack up against others. Many drawings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GALLOWS FOR THE GROOM, by D. B. Olsen (Doubleday). Mr. Pennyfeather, the California professor who did some mousy, middle-aged detection in "Bring the Bride a Shroud," tackles a case that starts with the disappearance of a valuable set of apostle spoons from an estate on the Coast, now used as a bird sanctuary, and ends with a couple of murders. Considering what he's up against in this curious setting, Mr. Pennyfeather does a laudable job of figuring everything out. Neatly planned, but sort of arch.

WITH INTENT TO DECEIVE, by Manning Coles (Doubleday). The jocose Tommy Hambledon, of the British Intelligence, collaborates with Scotland Yard in investigating the theft of some funds secreted in South America by the Nazis and brought to England by the thieves. Several murders, complicated by a case of assumed identity, keep Hambledon and his friends on their toes up to the last, explanatory minute. Fairly satisfactory, if you still hanker for spy stories.

EXPERIMENT IN CRIME, by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead). A new problem for those noted, if long-winded, collaborators, Superintendent Jimmy Waghorn and Dr. Priestly. This time, they chew over the death of a British industrialist, who is believed to have been the victim of a hit-and-run driver until very sinister developments indicate that he was murdered. The Doctor's solution is achieved by methods that some readers will consider unorthodox; in fact, Priestly fans may be a bit disappointed in this one.

•

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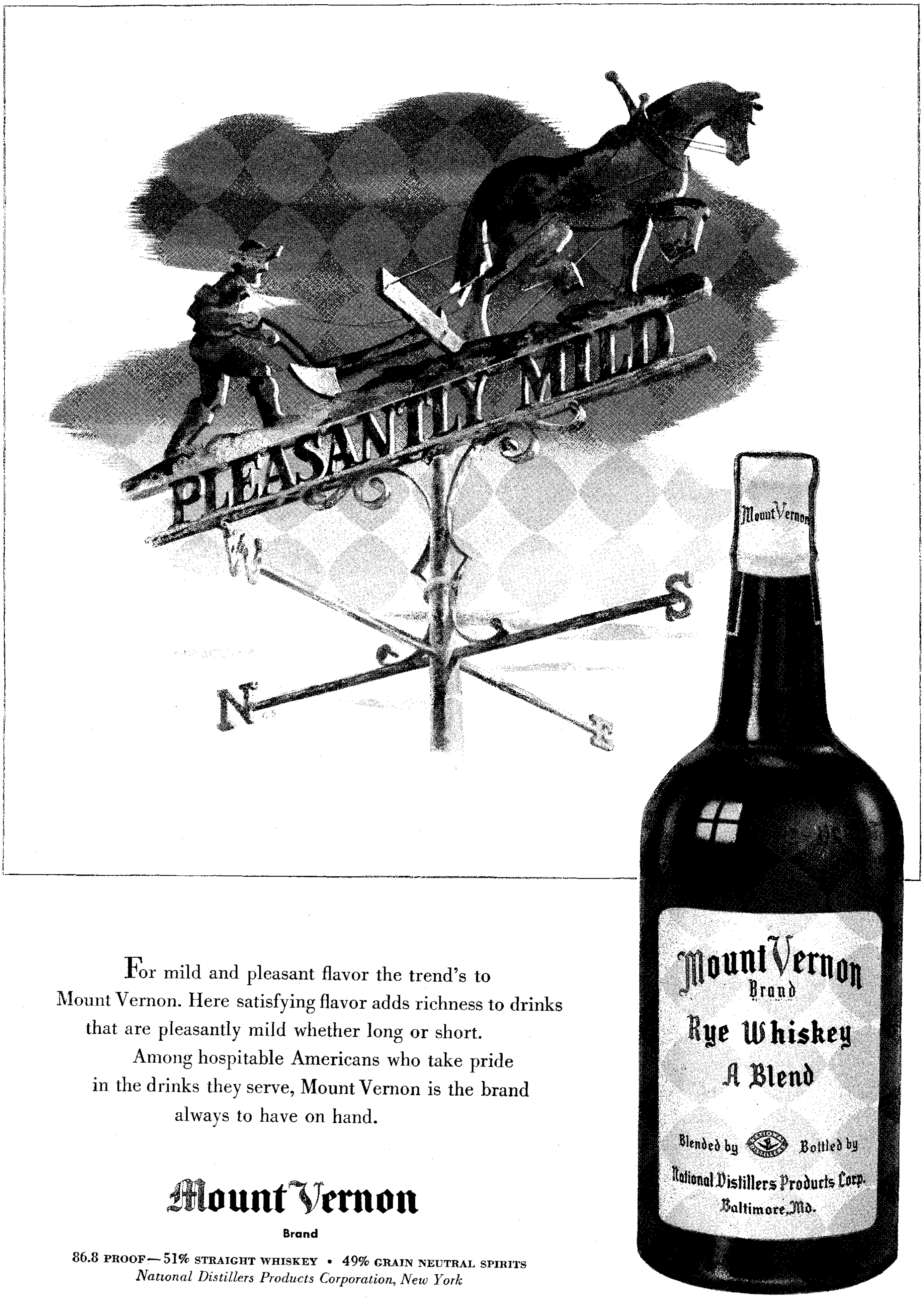
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